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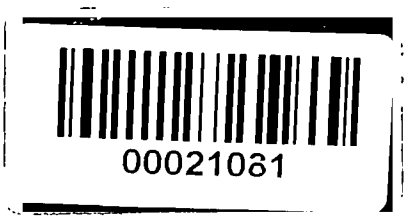

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NOLLEKENS

AND

HIS TIMES.

CHAPTER XV.

Cause of Mr. Nollekens dismissing his Confessor.—Songs of his youthful days.—His bed.—Unquiet nights productive of charity.—Liberality to his domestics.—Coarseness of his food and manner of eating.—Inferiority of his wardrobe, and meanness of his domestic arrangements.—Character of his drawings and those of other Sculptors.—His Monumental designs and models.—Infirmity of his latter days, and death.—Attested copy of his Will and Codicils.

ONE rainy morning, Nollekens, after confession, invited his holy father to stay till the weather cleared up. The wet, however, continued till dinner was ready, and Nollekens felt obliged to ask the Priest to partake of a bird, one of the last of a present from his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. Down they sat; the

reverend man helped his host to a wing, and then carved for himself, assuring Nollekens that he never indulged in much food; though he soon picked the rest of the bones. "I have no pudding," said Nollekens, "but won't you have a glass of wine? Oh, you have got some ale." However, Bronze brought in a bottle of wine; and on the remove, Nollekens, after taking a glass, went, as usual, to sleep. The priest, after enjoying himself, was desired by Nollekens, while removing the handkerchief from his head, to take another glass. "Tank you, Sare, I have a finish de bottel."—"The devil you have!" muttered Nollekens. "Now, Sare," continued his Reverence, "ass de rain be ovare, I vil take my leaf."—"Well, do so," said Nollekens, who was not only determined to let him go without his coffee, but gave strict orders to Bronze not to let the old rascal in again. "Why, do you know," continued he, "that he ate up all that large bird, for he only gave me one wing; and he swallowed all the ale; and out of a whole bottle of wine, I had only one glass!"

After this, being without a Confessor, Mrs. Holt, his kind attendant, read his prayers to him; but when she had gone through them, his feelings were so little affected by his religious

duties, that he always made her conclude her labours by reading either "Gay's Fables," or "The Beggar's Opera!" at the latter of which, when she came to certain songs, he would laugh most heartily, saying, "I used to sing them songs once; and it was when I was courting my *Polly*."

I recollect that the bedstead upon which Mr. Nollekens slept of late years was four-posted; the curtains being yellow, orange, red, and black, and when first put up, they made a most gorgeous display: though he had for many years but one counterpane, of which he was so extremely choice, that he would not suffer it to be washed, but Mrs. Holt, being ashamed to see it, put on one of her own of a much superior quality. When he saw it upon the bed, he swore at her, and asked her why it had been washed? but upon her informing him that it was one of her own, he allowed it to remain, saying, "Well, indeed, it does look very comfortable."*

* When this counterpane required washing, Mrs. Holt put on his own, at which he angrily cried out, "I won't have it on, I always sleep better without one; I don't like a counterpane;" to which she answered, that "The poorest creature in a workhouse had a rug on his bed, and that she would have it on."

Mrs. Holt, to whom I am obliged for many particulars in these volumes, who had by her amiable disposition and strict attention to cleanliness, rendered the two last years of Mr. Nollekens's life more comfortable than any period of his existence, informed me that when he could not rest in his bed, he would frequently endeavour to raise himself up, and call to her to know if she was asleep. Mrs. Holt, who rested upon a hard sofa by the side of his bed, would answer, "I 'm here, Sir; can I give you any thing?"—*Nollekens.* "Sit up; I can't sleep: I can't rest. Is there any body that I know that wants a little money to do 'em good?"—*Mrs. Holt.* "Yes, Sir, there is Mrs. ——."—*Nollekens.* "Well, in the morning I 'll send her ten pounds."—"That 's a good old boy," said she, patting him on the back, "you will eat a better dinner for it to-morrow, and enjoy it." And Mrs. Holt has added, that she never knew him to forget his promise.

With all his propensity for saving, he indulged for many years in the gratification of making his household domestics a present of a little sum of money on his birth-day; and lately, upon this occasion, he became even more

generous, by bestowing on them, to their great astonishment, ten and twenty pounds each.

A broad-necked gooseberry-bottle, leather-bunged, containing coffee, which had been purchased and ground full forty years, was brought out when he intended to give a particular friend a treat; but it was so dried to the sides of the bottle, that it was with difficulty he could scrape together enough for the purpose, and even when it *was* made, time had so altered its properties, from the top having been but half closed, that it was impossible to tell what it had originally been. He used to say, however, of this turbid mixture, "Some people fine their coffee with the skin of a sole, but for my part, I think this is clear enough for any body!"

Mrs. Wilson, a most amiable lady, one of the daughters of Mr. Major, the late celebrated Engraver of the Stamp-Office, was once asked to stay and drink tea with him. As Mr. Nollekens was putting in more tea than he would for himself, he was stopped by Mrs. Wilson, who observed, that she was afraid he had misunderstood her, for she could not stay: on which he muttered, "Oh! I'm glad you spoke," and then returned half the tea out of the pot to the canister. I do not wonder that so elegant a

woman as Mrs. Wilson declined his invitation, particularly at this time, when the paralytic seizures which he had undergone, rendered his society at some times insupportable; for, independent of his natural stupidity and ignorance in conversation, his bodily humours appeared in several parts of his person as well as his face, which was seldom free from scorbutic eruptions, particularly about his mouth. Indeed, poor man! his appearance and want of decent manners rendered it impossible for any one accustomed to tolerable society, to associate with him; and yet there were persons, whose servants would send such an object from their master's door, who actually sat down and partook of his boiled rabbit smothered with parsley and butter, even when he had thick napkins four times doubled under his chin. For my own part, I must say, I always declined accepting an invitation, though I have seen ladies arrive in their carriages, with an expectation of being remembered when next he made his Will; for it was pretty well known, that in the course of the last twenty-five years, he had made several, in some of which he had remembered all his old friends. However, I shall for the present drop this subject, and state to my readers the few amusements which he enjoyed at this period.

His principal attendant, Goblet, who at this time was empowered with the full control of the studio, stone-yard, and gate, cleared a space of ground which he formed into a small garden, purposely to be viewed from a window of an upper room, into which he and Mrs. Holt, and sometimes poor Bronze, guided the castored-chair with the man who had for years repeatedly promised to make them all happy for life. Of these three persons, Mr. Nollekens made the most free with Bronze; he listened to her silly nonsense with the full expectation of hearing what she had often said, and then would joke in his way in return; and though she was not over-cleanly in her domestic habits or person, he voraciously ate the food prepared by her hands. His attendant, Mrs. Holt, always cooked her own dinner; for lately, though Nollekens's savoury dish was sometimes relished by a crafty visitor, she declined eating with him, well knowing how negligent Bronze was as to the state of her culinary articles before she used them. Indeed, Bronze, in her grey-haired state, became addicted to drinking, and then Mrs. Holt would not allow her to dress any thing more for her master, but kindly cooked his dinner herself.

Perhaps there never was a Royal Academician, or even a servant of one, whose wardrobes

were so scantily provided with change of dress as those of Mr. Nollekens and his old servant Bronze. He had but one night-cap, two shirts, and three pairs of stockings; two coats, one of them his *Pourpre de Pape*, one pair of small-clothes, and two waistcoats. His shoes had been repeatedly mended and nailed; they were two odd ones, and the best of his last two pair. This was the amount of his dress: indeed, so niggardly was he as to his clothes, that when Mrs. Holt took possession of his effects, she declared she would not live with him, unless he had a new coat and waistcoat. With this reasonable request he complied, saying nothing about any other part of his dress. Poor Bronze, who had to support herself upon what were called board-wages, had barely a change, and looked more like the wife of a chimney-sweeper than any other kind of human being. As for table linen, two small breakfast napkins and a large old tablecloth, a descendant in the family, which, when used, was always folded into four, was the whole of his stock; for he possessed no doileys; and Bronze declared to me that she had never seen such a thing as a jack-towel in the house, nor even the nail-holes where one had been. She always washed without soap: there were no hearth-stones nor black-lead dust for the

stoves; nor a cake of whitening for the kitchen-grate; nor even a yard of oil-cloth to preserve the stones from grease, much less an old bit of bed-side carpet, to keep the bones of poor old Bronze free from rheumatism.

In this state, Mrs. Holt found things at No. 9, Mortimer-street, and in a worse condition did they appear when the secrets of the prison-house were laid open, as will be found after the insertion of Mr. Nollekens's Will in a future page of this volume.

Of late years he diverted himself with several sketch-books filled with outlines and measurements of busts, statues, groups, and basso-relievos, which he had most industriously and carefully made during his residence in Italy from numerous fragments, and several celebrated antiques in the Vatican, the Palaces, and Villas Bassano, Belvidere, Bologna, Borghese, Frascati, Giustiniani, Loretto, Mantua, Massani, Tivoli, &c.

These sketch-books, which are now mostly in the possession of Mrs. Palmer, may very justly be considered to contain some of his best drawings, and are beyond doubt most valuable memoranda. Of the interesting subjects delineated,—particularly as to their measurements, which in my belief are strictly accurate,—the outlines in my mind bear too visibly the cold

hand of perseverance only, since they are not executed with any thing like the feeling with which Flaxman drew; and when compared with his Italian studies, also made from some of the same antiques, they fall far short of the mind visible in every thing Flaxman touched, even in his earliest years. However this may be, and feebly as Nollekens's copies were made, he unquestionably not only considerably outstripped his master Scheemakers, but, to do him only common justice, his strides were considered greatly beyond the usual extent of the abilities in drawing of the Sculptors of his early days; Rysbrack excepted, whose drawings, though certainly considerably mannered, possess a fertility of invention, and a spirit of style in their execution, seldom emanating from the hand of a Sculptor of modern times.* They are for the most part washed in bistre, and are frequently to be met with. Michel Angelo's

* Painters, and indeed Engravers, at that time were much better draughtsmen than the Sculptors. There were Moser, Mortimer, Cipriani, West, Barry, Bartolozzi, Sherwin, Ryland, Strutt, Legat, and Grignon, who drew the figure well. Since their time we have been enabled to boast of Blake, Flaxman, Lawrence, Stothard, Furney, Ryley, Howard, Hilton, Etty, Briggs, and Morton, all faithful and constant delineators of form and muscular action.

productions as a draughtsman were divinely magnificent, and they are pre-eminently placed in all collections where they are to be found; he drew with the pen or charcoal, and also in red chalk, but most of his finest drawings are in black chalk, in which he seemed to delight, if we may judge from the exquisite manner in which many of them are finished.*

During Nollekens's juvenile practice, he received a few lessons in drawing from a Sculptor, now but little known, Michel Henry Spang, a Dane,† who drew the figure beautifully and with anatomical truth; a most essential component of the art, indispensably requisite for all those who would climb to the summit of Fame; but this invaluable acquirement was neglected by Nollekens, nor did he at any period of his

* When I had the honour of viewing Sir Thomas Lawrence's princely collection of drawings by Michel Angelo and Raffaelle, their productions alone engaged my admiration from seven o'clock till past eleven. Jeremiah Harman, Esq. has also some most powerful drawings by Michel Angelo, which were brought into England by W. Y. Ottley, Esq.

† Spang, who produced that small anatomical figure so well known to every draughtsman who assiduously studies his art. He also designed and executed the figures on the pediment of Earl Spencer's house in the Green-park, and the decorations on the screen at the Admiralty.

life venture to carve a subject in which a knowledge of anatomy would have been extensively wanted: his naked figures were of the most simple class, being either a young Bacchus, a Diana, or a Venus, with limbs sleek, plump, and round; but I never knew him, like Banks, to attempt the grandeur of a Jupiter, or even the strength of a gladiator. His monumental effigies, too, were always so draped and placid, that very little expression of muscle was exercised. Nollekens's large academical drawings, made when he was Visitor in the Royal Academy, were feebly executed, his men were destitute of animation, and his females often lame in the joints; their faces were usually finished-up at home from his wife, and in compliment to her, he generally contrived to give them little noses.

There were in the Academy at the time when Mr. Nollekens was visitor, three young Sculptors, who drew remarkably well, Flaxman, Proctor, and Deare; whose abilities were so much noticed by their fellow-students, that Nollekens gave up his practice of drawing for that of modelling the figure in basso-relievo, and many of his productions possessed great merit. Having throughout his long life had fewer vexations than most men by reason of his natural imbecility, he was on all

occasions industriously inclined to his art, and was never known to riot in dissipation; on the contrary, whenever he was not engaged in modelling, he employed himself, particularly in the evening, in making designs upon the backs of letters, and other scraps of paper, for every description of monument of the simple kind, such as a female weeping or entwining festoons of flowers over an urn, or a child with an inverted torch; and for one and the same monument I have known him make half a dozen or more trials.* These sketches were often in pencil, or sometimes finished in Indian-ink, but many of his later ones were drawn only with charcoal; he kept them always at hand, to show to a gentleman who had lost his wife, or a lady who had been deprived of her husband or child; and he has often been heard to say, when he has received an order for a monument, "You see I take 'em when the tear's in the eye."

The greatest pleasure our Sculptor ever received, was when modelling small figures in

* Quantities of these sketches were purchased at his auction by Mrs. Palmer, who, having so many of his works, at one time had an idea of building a room for their reception; as I have been informed by Mr. Taylor, the pupil of Frank Hayman, who still continues an inquisitive and communicative man, notwithstanding his great age, which now and then screens him from the retort-courteous.

clay, either singly or in groups, which he had baked; and in consequence of his refusing to sell them, and giving very few away, they became so extremely numerous, that they not only afforded a great display of his industry, but considerable entertainment to his friends.

His talent in this way was esteemed superior to many things executed by him of a large size; and it would ill become me, after venturing to amuse my readers with my old master's weaknesses, if I were, by my silence upon these beautiful models, to deprive him of one particle of that share of praise to which he was so deservedly entitled for their composition and spirit; for though he was but a poor artist as a draughtsman, no one equalled him in his time as a modeller, particularly in his Venuses. There is in some of them, notwithstanding their want of that grace, which he might have derived from the antique, a luxuriant display of Nature's elegance, of which there was then no sculptor better able to make a selection. His models towards the decline of his practice, were not possessed of much variety of composition; and as for his attempts in his latter years, they very much resembled the productions of a dozing man. However, I will still do him the justice to own, that they were in some points

natural, and to the last evinced a strong attachment to his branch of the art, although produced in his second childhood. As a proof of my assertion, Sir William Beechey has a little group possessing much merit, which Nollekens modelled from his design only a short time before his last attack; though he would then occasionally leave off, and give Bronze, his poor old servant, money to dance his favourite cat, "Jenny Dawdle," round about the room to please him; and at which he would always laugh himself heartily into a fit of coughing, and continue to laugh and cough, with tears of pleasure trickling down his cheeks upon his bib, until Bronze declared the cat to be quite tired enough for that morning.*

In this state of imbecility, he continued to exist for a considerable time, under the kind superintendence of his housekeeper Mrs. Holt, who deserves the highest praise for the feeling manner in which she watched over him. As

* This cat, the favourite of her master, his constant companion at his breakfast and dinner-table, *being no longer praised and petted* by her master's visitors *after his death*, was kindly rescued from unthinking boys, or the stealers of cats for the sake of their skins, by Mrs. Holt, who took her to her home, which she had left to oblige Mr. Nollekens, where it now enjoys a warm-hearted fireside friend. As for the fate of poor Bronze, alas! a future page will declare it.

for his faithful servant poor Betty, whose name was dropped at the beginning of this work for that of Bronze, she was too old and feeble to do much; her hair had become grey in his service, and she was not altogether unlike the figure of the poor old soul so wretchedly employed in lighting the fire in the miser's room, represented by Hogarth in his first plate of the Rake's Progress. Goblet, his principal carver, who had slept in the house for some months, was at all times ready, night and day, to render him every assistance in his power, for which he had been induced to give up his own domestic comforts. His medical attendant was Sir Anthony Carlisle, who for a long time had visited him at all hours, and who was always with him at the shortest possible notice; and whose kind and skilful hand frequently relieved his sufferings, for he had been visited in the course of his life with three paralytic seizures.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Nollekens at length departed this life in the drawing-room on the first floor, at the south-east corner of his house, April 23d, 1823, in the presence of Mrs. Holt and Mr. Goblet, who immediately sent to inform the three Executors; of which number he had, upon the death of my honoured friend the Rev. Edward Balme, chosen me to

be one. I considered it my duty to attend the same day, when I found Sir William Beechey. The next day Mr. Douce met us; and the Will was read. Of this document the following is an attested copy, without the least animadversion:—

"This is the last Will and Testament of me, Joseph Nollekens, of Mortimer-street, in the Parish of Saint Mary-le-bone, in the County of Middlesex, Esquire: I desire that my body be decently deposited in the vault under the parish church of Paddington, in the said County; and that there be not any scarfs given at my funeral, but that I be buried in a plain black coffin without any gilt ornaments. And that all such just debts as I shall owe at the time of my decease, and my funeral and testamentary charges and expenses be paid and satisfied. I give to Mrs. Frances Burslem, of Michleover, in the County of Derby, the sum of two hundred pounds. I give to Mrs. Mary Lee, late the widow of my esteemed friend, Caleb Whitefoord, Esquire, deceased, the sum of one hundred pounds, to be paid into her own proper hands, for her sole and separate use, and for which her receipt alone (notwithstanding her coverture) shall be a sufficient discharge to

my Executors hereinafter named. I give to Mr. Lee, the husband of the said Mary Lee, the sum of five hundred pounds, in trust for Maria Whiteford, Caleb Whiteford, Charles Whiteford, Harriet Whiteford, and John Whiteford, children of the said Mary Lee, by her said former husband, in equal shares, and to be paid them at their respective ages of twenty-one years; but if any, or either of them, shall happen to die before attaining that age, then as to the parts of him, her, or them, so dying, in trust for the survivors or survivor of them, equally between such survivors, if more than one; and the interest of their said several shares to be in the mean time paid or applied towards their respective maintenance or education. And I direct that the receipt of the said Mr. Lee shall be a sufficient discharge to my Executors for the same legacy. And that they shall not afterwards be liable to see to the application or disposition of the said legacy, or any part thereof, I give to the said Mr. Lee, the sum of one hundred pounds, as an acknowledgement for the trouble he will have in the execution of the aforesaid trust. I give to Mary Ann Bonomi, Agnes Bonomi, Justina Bonomi, Ignatius Bonomi, Joseph Bonomi, and Charles Bonomi,

children of my late friend, Mrs. Rosa Bonomi, one hundred pounds each, to be paid them at their respective ages of twenty-one years; but if any, or either of them, shall happen to die before attaining that age, then I give the aforesaid legacy or legacies of him, her, or them, so dying, unto the survivors or survivor of them, equally between such survivors, if more than one. And I direct that the interest of their said several legacies may, if deemed necessary, be in the mean time paid or applied towards their respective maintenance or education. I give to my friend, Mrs. Mary Lloyd, widow of the late Captain Hugh Lloyd, one hundred pounds. I give to my friend, Sir William Beechey, two hundred pounds. I give to Mrs. Mary Zoffany, three hundred pounds. I give to Mrs. Green, widow of the late Valentine Green, one hundred pounds. I give to my worthy friend, Francis Douce, Esquire, the book of all my prints by Albert Durer, together with the print of the Triumphant Arch of the Emperor Maximilian; also the golden medallion which I obtained at Rome, in the year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-eight; but I request that he do, at his decease, leave and bequeath the said prints unto the British Museum. I give to my worthy friend, the Reverend

Mr. Kerrick, one hundred pounds; and I desire that he the said Mr. Kerrick do select from my Prints of Reubens, twelve of them for his collection, and which twelve Prints I hereby bequeath to him. I give to my old friend, Benjamin West, Esquire, one hundred pounds, with the model of his bust. I give to my old friend, Richard Cosway, Esquire, one hundred pounds. I give to the Reverend Mr. Wollaston, of South Weale, one hundred pounds, as a token of my regard for him. I give to my old friend, Mr. J. Taylor, of Cirencester-place, Mary-le-bone, one hundred pounds. I give and remit to my friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Rumsey, the principal and interest due from her to me, on her promissory note for one hundred pounds; and I direct that the said note be delivered up to her to be cancelled. I give to my esteemed friend, Mrs. Walford, one hundred pounds. I give to Mr. Charles Robertson, of Great Marlborough-street, fifty pounds, as a testimony of the regard I have for him. I give to Mrs. Byrne, widow of the late Mr. Byrne, Engraver, one hundred pounds. I give to Miss Susanna Devins, two hundred pounds. I give to the Reverend Doctor Charles Symmons, two hundred pounds. I give to Mr. John Woodcock, cousin of my late dear wife, three hundred pounds. I

give to Mr. John Soilleux, of Notting-hill, Kensington, one hundred pounds. I give to Doctor Rudeman, of Bryanstone-street, fifty pounds. I give to Mrs. Mary Holt, fifty pounds. I give to Mrs. Gerrard, nineteen guineas. I give to Hancock, my Hair-dresser, nineteen guineas. I give to Mary Bailleux, now in Saint George's workhouse, forty pounds. I give to Mrs. Henshall, nineteen guineas. I give to Elizabeth Clements, my servant, nineteen guineas. I give to Mary Fearey, my late servant, all my wearing apparel, clothes, and body-linen. I give to Sebastian Gahagan, Alexander Goblet, and George Lupton, three of my workmen, one hundred pounds each, to be paid as soon as convenient after my decease; and to George Gahagan, another of my said workmen, twenty pounds, to be paid in like manner. I give to Louisa Goblet, daughter of the said Alexander Goblet, thirty pounds. I give to the said Mary Fearey, to Ann Clibbon, my late servant, and to Dodemy, (another of my workmen) an annuity of thirty pounds to each of them, for their respective lives, to be paid by equal half yearly payments, the first of such payments to be made at the end of six calendar months next after my decease. I give to the Trustees or Treasurer, for

the time being, of the Saint Patrick Orphan Charity School, three hundred pounds for the benefit of the said school. I give to the Treasurer or Treasurers of the Middlesex Hospital, three hundred pounds for the benefit of the said hospital. I give to the Treasurer or Treasurers of the Parish Charity School of Saint Mary-le-bone, three hundred pounds for the benefit of the said school. I give to the Treasurer or Treasurers of the Society for the Relief of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts, three hundred pounds, for the purposes of the said society. I give to the Treasurer or Treasurers of the Meeting or Contribution for the Relief of distressed Seamen, held at the King's Head Tavern in the Poultry, nineteen guineas, to be applied for the purposes of the said meeting. I desire that my collection of virtu in antiques, marbles, busts, models, printed books, prints, and drawings, (except such books and prints as I have hereinbefore given) be sold by public auction; and that the said Alexander Goblet be employed to arrange, repair, and clean my said marbles, busts, and models, to fit them for sale, under the direction of my executors; and that he, the said Alexander Goblet, be paid for his trouble therein, at the rate of one guinea per day, during such time as he shall be

so engaged, and which I suppose may be effected in three or four days; and I desire that my said antiques, marbles, busts, models, books, prints, and drawings, (except as aforesaid,) be sold by Mr. Christie, of Pall Mall. I give to the said Francis Douce, Esquire, and to the Reverend Edward Balme, the Executors of this my Will, five hundred pounds each, as an acknowledgement for their trouble. I give to Mrs. Sadler my leasehold house, situate and being No. 66, Great Portland-street, now in her occupation; and all my estate, term, and interest therein. I give to Mrs. Hawkins my leasehold house, situate in Edward-street, Manchester-square, now in her occupation; and all my estate, term and interest therein. I give to Jasper Peck, Esquire, my four leasehold houses, situate in St. James's-street; my four other houses, situate in Edward-street, aforesaid; my two ground-rents of two houses, in the same street; my leasehold house in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square; and my two corner houses in Norton-street and Clipstone-street, and all my estate and interest therein respectively. And as to my property in the funds at the Bank of England, the monies to arise by the sales hereinbefore directed, the debts that shall be owing to me at my decease, and all other

the residue of my estate and effects whatsoever, I give the same to Mr. Francis Russell Palmer, of Cumberland-place, New-road, and the said Francis Douce, and Mr. Edward Balme, equally to be divided between them. And I appoint the said Francis Douce and Edward Balme, Executors of this my Will. And I declare that they, or either of them, or their respective Executors, shall not be charged or chargeable with, or answerable or accountable for any loss or damage that may happen of or to my estate and effects, or any part thereof, so as the same happens without their wilful neglect or default; and that they, or any, or either of them, shall not be answerable or accountable for the others or other of them, or for the receipts, payments, acts, neglects, or defaults of the others or other of them, but each of them only for himself, and his own receipts, payments, acts, neglects, and defaults. And that they my said Executors, and their respective Executors, shall and may, by, from, and out of my estate and effects, or any part thereof, deduct, retain, and reimburse himself and themselves respectively; all such costs, charges, and expenses as they shall respectively pay, sustain, or be put unto, in or about the execution of this my Will or relating thereto. And I do hereby revoke and

make void all and every other will and wills by me at any time or times heretofore made, and do publish and declare this to be my last Will and Testament. In witness whereof, I have to this my last Will and Testament contained in three sheets of paper, set my hand and seal (that is to say) have set my hand to the two first sheets, and to this third and last sheet have set my hand and seal, this twenty-first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L.S.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Joseph Nollekens the Testator, as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who at his request in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

HENRY JEANNERET,
EDWARD CARY GROJAN, } Golden-square.

No. 1.

I give to Mrs. Harness of Stanmore in the County of Middlesex a Cousin of my late dear wife *Mary* Nollekens, three hundred pounds and I publish and declare this to be a Codicil to

my foregoing Will witness my hand and seal this twenty seventh day of March one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L. S.

Signed sealed and published by the said Joseph Nollekens in the presence of us

HENRY JEANNERET,
W. T. STUBBS.

No. 2.

I will and direct that the annuity of thirty pounds by my Will given to Mary Fearey therein named be increased to an annuity of fifty pounds and that the annuity of thirty pounds by my said Will given to Ann Clibbon therein also named be increased to an annuity of forty pounds which increased annuities I give to them respectively (in lieu of the said annuities given them by my said Will) and to be paid half yearly as in my said Will mentioned I give to Mr. Henshall of Mortimer street Stone Mason (over and above the legacy by my said Will given to Mrs. Henshall his wife) the sum of one hundred pounds and I publish and declare this to be a further Codicil

to my said Will, witness my hand and seal this twenty fourth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L. S.

Signed, sealed, and published, by the said Joseph Nollekens, in the presence of us,

HENRY JEANNERET,
EDW. CARY GROJAN.

No. 3.

Has a presant to Maria Verninck daughter of the Reverend Doctor and the Honorable Mrs. Verninck, of Camberwell who was the Goddaughter of my late dear wife Mrs. Nollekens and was in May last six years of age the sum of two hundred pounds Also, I have given to Sophia Baroness de Belmont the sum of two hundred pounds as a remembrance I had of her late worthy father God bless them boath. These are boath paid October the 29th, 1818.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

I desire that Mr. Carlisle the Surgent be presented with a note of fifty pounds for his attendance on me.

No. 4.

It is my desier and request that my executors do make a presant of the sum of two hundred pounds to each of the daughters of Mr. John Woodcock cousens of my late dear wife Maria Nollekens, that they shall not be at the expence of the legacy duty *videlicet*, Mary Ann Woodcock and her sister Mrs. Cockell, wife of Mr. Cockell, Surgen, of Bronwick Terrace, Hackney Road this 20th day of November 1818.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

(Witness)

WM. WINGFIELD,

George street, Hanover-square.

No. 5.

I revoke the legacy or bequest in my foregoing Will contained of my property in the funds at the Bank of England the monies to arise by the sales in my said Will, directed the debts that shall be owing to me at my decease, and all other the residue of my estate and effects to Mr. Francis Russell Palmer, Mr. Francis Douce, and Mr. Edward Balme equally between them; and in lieu and stead thereof, I give and bequeath my said property in the funds at the Bank of England the said monies to arise by

the aforesaid sales, the said debts that shall be owing to me at my decease and all other the said residue of my estate and effects whatsoever unto the said Francis Russell Palmer Francis Douse Edward Balme and the Reverend Mr. Kerrick in my said Will named equally to be divided between them the said Francis Russell Palmer Francis Douse Edward Balme and Mr. Kerrick And I publish and declare this to be a further Codicil to my said Will Witness my hand and seal this twenty-ninth day of January, One thousand eight hundred and nineteen.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L. S.

Signed, sealed, and published by the said Joseph Nollekens in the presence of us,

HENRY JEANNERET.
W. T. STUBBS.

No. 6.

I do hereby revoke every legacy and bequest by my Will or Codicils given to or in favor of, Dodemy, and also the legacy of one hundred pounds to Alexander Goblet and instead of the said last legacy, I give to the said Alexander Goblet an annuity of thirty pounds for his life to commence from my de-

cease, and to be payable half-yearly. Witness my hand and seal the fifteenth day of April, 1819.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L.S.

(Witness)
HENRY JEANNERET.
JOSEPH BONOMI.

No. 7.

Mortimer street 27th September 1819.

It is my desire that my executors do give as a present from me to Mrs. Elizabeth Gee widow of No. 4, King-street, Golden-square the sum of fifty pounds, as a token of my regard for her.

And it is my desire that my executors do give, in the same manner as above, the sum of fifty pounds to Mrs. Ray, the wife of Lieut. Ray as a token of my regard for her and her ffamily like of my friend Mr. Trumbold in America.

And it is my desire that twenty pounds shall be given to Mrs Rouw the wife of Mr. Rouw the Modler for the regard I have for her, for her sole use and benefit, and the long slabb of marble in my yard shall be given to him for his own use. Also, that young Pastorini shall be given twenty pounds as a token of my regard for him.

And it is my request that in case of the demise of my hair dresser Hancock a legacy of twenty pounds shall be given to his daughter.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

(Signed in the presence of me)
JOHN WORNINCK, D.D. &c.
Camberwell Grove.

No. 8.

Whereas, by a former memorandum I had directed that the marble in the yard and the working tools in the study should be equally divided and one-half of the same given to Mr. Alexander Goblet I do hereby revoke such former direction and instead thereof do hereby will and direct that the whole of the said marble and all the working tools in the study be delivered by my Executors to the said Alexander Goblet for his sole use and benefit in consideration of his care and attention to me.

And whereas in the aforesaid memorandum, I had directed that my books drawings and prints should be sold by auction by Mr. King I do hereby direct that they be so sold by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

February the 7th, 1820.

No. 9.

It is my desier that I wish that my executors will give as a presant the sum of fifty guineas unto Henry Goblet for the servises he has done for me.

J. NOLLEKENS.

August 14th, 1820.

No. 10.

All the working tools in the shop I give to his father with the marble in the yard and the boards and utenserals for working the jack I lent to Lupto above a year ago he ought to return it I have paid and for what.—

J. NOLLEKENS.

This 14th of August, 1820.

No. 11.

This 28th day of January 1822.

Memorandum that in case of my death all the marble in the yard the tools in the shop Bankers mod tools for carving the rasp in the draw with and the draw in the parlour shall be the property of Alex. Goblet.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

(Witness my hand.)

MARY HOLT.

No. 12.

Codicil to my Will.

It is my request that the legacy of fifty pounds per annum which I have left in my Will, besides my cloaths and body linen left to Mary Fiery, now Mrs. Edmonds, be revoked, and I give the said fifty pounds per annum to Mary Holt for her life, together with my cloaths and body linen, for the care she has taken of me in my weak state of body. This is my desire, to which I set my hand and seal, this thirtieth day of July, Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-two.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L.S.

(Witness)
A. H. CHAMBERS.
WM. GADSBY.

No. 13.

Since executing this Will, the Reverend Edward Balme, one of the Executors therein named, has departed this life, and I do therefore appoint as my Executors, Sir William Beechy, Knight; Francis Douce, Esquire; and Thomas Smith, Esquire, of the British Museum, the joint Executors of this my Will; and I do now hereby give to the said Sir William

Beechy the sum of one hundred pounds for his trouble, and to the said Thomas Smith one hundred pounds for his trouble; I do likewise hereby give and bequeath to Henry Francis Goblet, the son of Alexander Goblet, one hundred pounds, and to Mrs. Mary Holt the additional sum of one hundred pounds to what I may have already given her by this Will, which I do in all other respects hereby confirm; as witness my hand, this sixth day of December, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-two.

J. NOLLEKENS.

(Signed in the presence of us)
JOHN MEAKIN.
THOMAS MATTHEW.

No. 14.

It is my desire that my Executors pay to Mr. Peter Rouw, the Modeller, the sum of one hundred pounds. As witness my hand, this twenty-eighth day of December, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-two.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

Died 23rd April, 1823.

CHAPTER XVI.

Funeral of Mr. Nollekens.—His wardrobe.—List of his intended bequests.—Professional anecdotes of him.—Modelling in full dress.—Taking casts from dead subjects.—His mask of Mr. Pitt.—Statue erected at Cambridge.—Mrs. Siddons's remarks on it.—Economy and profits of the Sculptor.—Bust of Lord Londonderry.—Economy in fuel.—Fuseli's opinion of Nollekens.—His bust of Mr. Coutts; anecdotes of its execution.—His collection of casts and models.—Wigs painted by Lely and Kneller.—Wycherley and Fielding wigs.—Old system of wig-stealing.—Mr. Nollekens's features of likeness in his busts.—His busts of Mr. Fox.

On the day of the funeral, May the 1st, 1823, at eleven o'clock, the hour proposed for the meeting of the carriages invited to attend it, only four appeared, namely, the Hon. Thomas Grenville's, Mr. Chambers', Mr. Palmer's; and last of all, that which the mob saluted as my Lord Mayor's. The cry was, "Lord Mayor! Lord Mayor!"—"Lord Mayor!" rejoined the stately coachman, drawing on his sable glove;

"the Duke of Wellington's, if you please,—Lord Mayor, indeed!" and really the coach and dressings were truly splendid and worthy of so noble a Duke. The Rev. Thomas Kerrick, or, in true spelling, Kerrich, Principal Librarian to the University of Cambridge, did not appear. The mourners were all in waiting; and Mr. Douce arrived at twelve. The street-lamp-irons and windows were thronged to see "The Miser's Funeral;" and all was now in silent motion. The first coach contained Francis Douce, Esq. an Executor, and one of the residuary-legatees. Sir William Beechey, also an Executor, but not a residuary-legatee, was obliged to attend his own interests in touching up his pictures in the Royal Academy-room, previous to the opening of the Exhibition. The second in the coach was the late Dr. Simmonds, of Chiswick, an old and steady friend to the deceased; the third was Russel Palmer, Esq. the son of Mrs. Palmer, an acquaintance of some standing with the deceased; and the fourth was myself, an Executor, but, like Sir William Beechey, no residuary-legatee. The other mourners were, Mr. Woodcock, a cousin of Mrs. Nollekens, to whom a small legacy had been left; Mr. Nelson Beechey, for his father; Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, the gentleman who sold part of the property; Raphael and Benjamin West, Esquires,

sons of the late venerable President; the Rev. Stephen Weston; Mr. Jeanneret, who was sent for after Mr. Nollekens's death to read the will; Mr. Gahagan; Mr. Goblet sen. and his son; Mr. Rouw, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Soilleux.* Being now in a state of motion, the conversation between Dr. Simmonds and myself fell upon the notices in the newspapers respecting the very extraordinary manner in which it was stated that Mr. Nollekens's money was to be distributed. As the coach in which I was, turned round Harley-street, I had a perfect view of the procession, and the crowd that followed the Duke of Wellington's carriage was immense; it was a new one, built for state occasions. By the time we got into the New Road, the concourse of people was beyond all conception; for it was May-day, and the chimney-sweepers in their trappings, and the Jacks-in-the-green, or Bunter's Garland, had all followed what they still looked upon as my Lord Mayor's coach. Indeed, so strongly was this believed by the drivers of the Paddington stages, whose horses

* Early on the day of the funeral, when Sir William Beechey and myself found that Mr. Peck, one of Mr. Nollekens's two nearest relations, had not been included in the list of those invited, we immediately directed Mr. Turner, the undertaker, to send a coach to the Temple for that gentleman, but it arrived too late for him to attend.

were gaily decked with ribbons of various dyes, that they, out of respect or fear of the City magistrate, fell back and slowly followed the Duke's coach.

By the time we had arrived at the Yorkshire Stingo, a crowd of milk-maids and inferior maid-servants, who had been dancing and drinking on the green all the morning, so choked up the turnpike, that for some time a stoppage took place. At last, the mob, finding it to be only a funeral, and that it was going to Paddington, the greater part of our company left us to follow their accustomed gambols. On our arrival at the church-yard, Old Dodimy was waiting to see the last of his master, with whom had he remained, most likely he would have had the annuity of thirty pounds once bequeathed him; but since transferred to Lewis Goblet, Sculptor, as a reward for his long and faithful services. Before this time, however, Goblet was not noticed, though he had received many assurances from Mr. Nollekens that he had left him and his family comfortably in his will. When the funeral was over, Mr. Douce returned from the church-yard to his house in Kensington-square, and most of the other mourners returned to the house of the deceased, in order to hear the Will read. This I, as an Executor, firmly insisted upon, and it was

accordingly read in the presence of many persons now living.

Some time was employed by two of the Executors and the three solicitors, in looking over Mr. Nollekens's property, before the Will was proved. At one of these meetings, Mr. Nollekens's wardrobe, was inspected, when we found it to consist of his court-coat of *Pourpre de Pape*, in which he was married; his hat, sword, and bag; two shirts; two pairs of worsted stockings, one table-cloth, three sheets, and two pillow-cases, but all these were in such a state of decay, that, with other rags, Mrs. Holt informed me she could only procure *one pound five shillings* for her legacy. His smart green velvet-cap, one of the two kindly presented to him by a lady, Mrs. Holt presented to a friend.

During the investigation of his papers, I was in anxious expectation of finding a Will subsequent to the one produced, as he had been for years in the habit of signing many Wills, in all of which he assured me he had recollected me and my family. "That you may depend upon, Tom," were his words. In the year 1810, he showed me a list of the names of one hundred persons, to every one of whom he said he intended to leave one thousand pounds!

Of this list, which was in his own handwriting, he said I might make a copy to show to my

wife; but I only drew out the names of those persons whom I knew, and as I never destroy any paper of the least moment, I am enabled to insert the following copy.

Mr. Arnald.	Mr. Chantrey.
Sir William Beechey.	Mr. Christie.
Lady Beechey.	Mr. Collins.
Countess de Belmont.	Mr. Colnaghi.
Mr. Bone.	Mr. Combe.
Mrs. Bone.	Mr. Cosway.
Joseph Bonomi.	Mrs. Cosway.
Bonomi, Jun.	Mr. Peter Coxe.
Mrs. Bonomi.	Charles Cranmer.†
Miss Bonomi.	Mr. Dean.
Agnes Bonomi.	Mr. Devall.
Mr. Browne.	Mr. Farrington.
Mrs. Byrne.	Mrs. Fox.
Mr. Byrne.	Mr. Gahagan.
Miss Byrne.	Mr. Gahagan, Jun.
Mr. Carlisle.	Miss Gerrard.
Lady Chambers.*	Mr. Gregory.
Mr. Chambers.	Mr. Goblet.
Mrs. Chambers.	Mrs. Goblet.
Miss Chambers.	Henry Goblet.

* The wife of Sir Robert Chambers, Chief-Justice of India. Sir Robert and his lady are mentioned by Boswell, in his Life of Doctor Johnson. Lady Chambers is the daughter of the late Joseph Wilton, Esq. R.A.

† One of the early models at the Royal Academy, who sat to Angelica Kauffmann when she resided with her father in Golden-square.

Louisa Goblet.
Mr. Harness.
Mr. Adair Hawkins.
Mr. Henshall.
Mr. Howard.
Mr. Joseph.
Mr. Kenrick.
Mr. Knight, Jun.
Sir Thomas Lawrence.
Mr. Lonsdale.
Mrs. Lloyd.
Mr. Lupton.
Mr. Northcote.
Mrs. Palmer.
Mr. Palmer.
Mr. William Pether.
Mr. Panzetta.
Mr. Planta.
Mr. Poingnon.
Mr. Richards.
Mr. Rossi.
Mr. Rouw.
Mrs. Rouw.
Mr. N. Smith.
Mr. J. T. Smith.
Mrs. Smith.
N. J. Smith, Jun.
Jane Smith.
Johanna Smith.
Mr. Sharp.
Dr. Simmonds.
Mr. John Taylor.
Mr. Ward.
Mr. West.
Mrs. West.
Mrs. Wilson.
Mr. Wivell.
Mr. Woodcock.
Mrs. Zoffany.*

Having illustrated the peculiar manners of Mr. Nollekens in his ordinary life, I shall now introduce a few professional anecdotes of him

* Mr. Nollekens, who had been extremely intimate with Mr. Zoffany, when approaching his 80th year offered his hand to his widow, who very civilly declined it, prudently observing, "No, Sir, the world would then say, she has married him for his money." Mrs. Zoffany, when she found poor Bronze had been set down in his Will for only 19*l.* 19*s.* very generously gave Mrs. Holt a guinea for her, long before she received her own legacy.

as an artist, which will probably be not less amusing to the reader.

During the time an illustrious personage was sitting for his bust, he could not refrain from smiling at his friend, who stood behind Nollekens, at the truly ridiculous manner in which the artist had inconvenienced himself for the occasion. His powdered toupet,* which was stiffly pomatumed, stood pointedly erect; and he had, for the first time, put on a coat, to which the tailor had given an enormously high buckramed cape, so that, like Allscrip's, in "The Heiress," his head appeared as if it were in the pillory. To look over this cape, Nollekens had for some time painfully exerted himself, by stretching his neck to its fullest possible extent; but, as he proceeded with his model, his body by degrees relaxed, and his head at last was so completely buried within the cape, that nothing but the pinnacle of his toupet was visible above it. This ridiculous exit of Nollekens's head so operated upon the risibility of the noble sitter, that, at last, he irresistibly indulged in a liberal fit of laughter, which so

* Mr. Nollekens, when at Rome, wore his long hair tied up in a club; when he arrived in England he commenced wearing hair-powder, and continued the use of it till his hair became thin; he then, at the recommendation of Caleb Whitefoord, had it all cut off, and wore a natural wig without powder.

irritated the little Sculptor, who had for some time noticed their smiles, that, instead of good-temperedly finding fault with the tailor, he lost sight of propriety, and thrusting his thumb into the mouth of the model, impetuously exclaimed, with a treble wag of his head, "*If you laugh, I'll make a fool of ye!*"

Nollekens, after reading the death of any great person in the newspaper, generally ordered some plaster to be got ready, so that he might attend at a minute's notice. One day, when a lady who had sent for him desired him not to make so free with her dear husband's corpse, he observed, "Oh, bless ye, you had better let me close his eyelids; for then, when I cast him in my mould, he 'll look for all the world as if he was asleep. Why do you take on so? you do wrong to *prey* upon such a dismal prospect; do leave the room to me and my man; I am used to it, it makes no impression on me; I have got a good many noted down in my journal."

Mr. Sebastian Gahagan, the Sculptor, Mr. Nollekens's assistant, attended him to cast the face of Lord Lake, after his decease; his Lordship's brother was then inconsolably pacing the room, but Mr. Nollekens shook him by the elbow, and applied to him for a little sweet-oil, a large basin, some water, and pen, ink, and paper.

The gentleman, astonished at his want of decency, referred him to the servant; and Nollekens, after he had taken the mask, muttered the following soliloquy: "Now, let me see, I must begin to measure him; where 's my callipers? I must take him from his chin to the upper pinnacle of his head; I 'll put him down in ink; ay, that will do; now, I must have him from his nose to the back part of his skull; well, now let 's take his shoulders; now for his neck; well, now I 've got him all."

On Mr. Nollekens's return from Putney Common, after taking Mr. Pitt's mask, he observed to Mr. Gahagan, pointing to it on the opposite seat of the coach, "There, I would not take fifty guineas for that mask, I can tell ye." He would have done wrong if he had; for from this mask and Hoppner's picture, which was lent him by Lord Mulgrave, he was enabled to produce the statue erected in the Senate-house of Cambridge, for which he received three thousand guineas.*

* Mr. Gahagan carved this statue of Pitt, for which Mr. Nollekens paid him, I am sorry to say, a miserably small sum; and I really think, those who now bask in the sunshine of Mr. Nollekens's immense wealth should take into consideration, the letter which he addressed to the Executors shortly after the death of his old master.

Mr. George Lupton, the Statuary, of Keppel-row, New-road, informed me that he went to Cambridge with his men to put up Mr. Pitt's monument; and when he had erected the pedestal upon which it was to stand, he wrote to Mr. Nollekens and informed him of its being ready; but as he did not come immediately, Mr. Lupton placed the figure upon it. Soon after this, Mr. Nollekens arrived, and exclaimed, "Thank God! it is up." He went to Cambridge in a very shabby coat, notwithstanding he intended to accept the invitation of the heads of the University, and to feed upon what Lupton called "The fat of the land;" the Rev. Thomas Kerrich being one of his feeders. It is said that Nollekens charged one thousand pounds for Pitt's pedestal; but Lupton assured me that he had only twelve pounds for the working expenses, and that Nollekens bought the stone remarkably cheap at Mr. Deval's sale, he thinks at about nine shillings the cube foot. He also farther observed that Chantrey was nothing to Nollekens, with respect to his charges.

The erection of this effigy was thus noticed by Prince Hoare, Esq. in his Academic Annals of 1809. "Statue of the Right Hon. William Pitt; to be placed in the Senate-house in the University of Cambridge: by ge-

neral subscription of the Members of the University." (Executed by Joseph Nollekens, R.A.) This great statesman and orator is represented in the act of speaking, holding a roll of paper in his left hand. The attitude is designed to convey an idea of that commanding energy and decision, with which he was accustomed to address the House of Commons. He is habited in the gown worn by the Masters of Arts in the University. The statue is to be erected in the Senate-House, at the eastern end of the room, in the place where the figure of *Glory* at present stands."

The "Guide through the University of Cambridge," published in 1814, after describing the statue of the Duke of Somerset, by Rysbrack, states, "that on the right is a statue of the Right Hon. W. Pitt, erected at the expense of different Members of the University; upwards of 7000*l.* being subscribed for that purpose. This statue was executed by Nollekens, and is considered by many good judges to be his *chef d'œuvre.*"

Mr. Knight, one of the principal superintendents of the works at the New London Bridge, informed me that when Mrs. Siddons arrived to look at this statue, Mr. Nollekens was touching up the drapery; and that he heard that

lady remark to the Sculptor, that in her opinion he was frittering the folds. Nollekens at first replied only by a kind of a double grunt; but when that lady left the studio, he declared that he was glad she was gone, for she knew nothing about the matter. Now, in the opinion of several artists of eminence, Mrs. Siddons, who has very fine taste, and a considerable share of talent as a modeller, was perfectly correct.*

When Mr. Nollekens had finished the monument of the three Captains, ordered by Government to be erected in Westminster Abbey, it remained in his studio for nearly fourteen years, waiting for the inscription; and he being at last out of all patience, petitioned the late King, then at Weymouth, to take it into his royal consideration. The late Mr. Pitt was so highly displeased at his interference, that he never would sit to Mr. Nollekens for his bust, nor recommend him in any way whatever; and yet it is a fact, that after the decease of that great statesman, Mr. Nollekens made no less a sum by him than 15,000*l.*, according to the following calculation. The statue and pedestal for

* Many of my readers may remember the head of Adam, which Mrs. Siddons exhibited at the Royal Academy, some years back; but very few can recollect that performance with more pleasure than myself.

Trinity College, Cambridge, four thousand pounds. He also executed at least seventy-four busts in marble, for almost every one of which he had one hundred and twenty guineas; and there were upwards of six hundred casts taken at six guineas each. The marble for the figure did not ultimately cost him more than twenty pounds; for he had so cunningly economized the block, that he cut out from the corners several pieces for various busts: and even farther than this, the block not being long enough by the depth of Mr. Pitt's head, he contrived to drill out a lump from between the legs large enough for the head, which he put on the shoulders of the block. The arm was also carved from a single *piece;* and yet for this figure, *pieced* in a manner which the sculptors of Italy would have been ashamed of, he received the unheard-of price of three thousand guineas, and one thousand for the pedestal; giving the Sculptor who carved it, only the odd three hundred pounds for his trouble. For the busts in marble, he paid Gahagan, Goblet, and another Sculptor of inferior merit, twenty-four pounds each, upon the average.

When the late Marquis of Londonderry was sitting for his bust, coals were at an enormous

price; and the noble Lord, who had been for some time shivering in his seat, took the opportunity, when the Sculptor went out for more clay, of throwing some coals upon the fire. "Oh! my good Lord, I don't know what Mr. Nollekens will say!" exclaimed Mrs. Nollekens, who was bolstered up and bound to an old night-chair by the fireside: "Never mind, my good lady," answered his Lordship; "tell him to put them into my bill."—Lonsdale, the Portrait-painter, who found him one severe winter's evening starving himself before a handful of fire, requested to be permitted to throw a few coals on; and before Mr. Nollekens could reply, on they were. Lonsdale, strongly suspecting that they would be taken off as soon as he was gone, was determined to be convinced; and when he had reached the street-door, pretended to have forgotten something, re-ascended to the room, and found him, as he suspected, taking them off with the fire-feeder, so strongly recommended to him by the Bishop of St. Asaph; at the same time muttering to himself, "*Shameful!* shameful extravagance!" He never left the kind-hearted Lonsdale a legacy; at least, I know of none; though it was his intention to have put him down in a former Will for 1000*l.*

John Knowles, Esq. the friend, and for many

years the constant companion, of Fuseli, communicated to me the remarks which that artist made to him respecting the talents of Nollekens.

"Mr. Coutts said to me yesterday," observed Fuseli, 'My family have urged me to sit for a bust to be executed in marble. Now, as you know, Fuseli, that the price is not an object, pray tell me who you think will execute it best?' I had no difficulty in doing this; for although Nollekens is superannuated in many particulars, yet in a bust he stands unrivalled. If Mr. Coutts had required a group of figures, I should have recommended Flaxman; but for a bust, give me Nollekens."

This bust of the late Mr. Coutts, the Banker, was one of Nollekens's last productions, and one in which he appeared to take much pleasure: but I must say that, as to likeness, it is certainly ridiculously severe. In my mind, it displays the distorted features of a distressed person labouring under the heavy pangs of poverty, penury, or peevishness, neither of which cheerless characteristics did Mr. Coutts at any period of his life possess. Indeed, it is what I deem a Cruikshank-caricature countenance. Chantrey has succeeded much better, and, indeed, completely, in his statue of him.* Mrs.

* This statue is placed in the Duchess of St. Alban's drawing-room, in her Grace's town-house, Piccadilly.

Nollekens assured me, that during the numerous sittings which that wealthy man gave Mr. Nollekens, no one could be more attentive to him than Mrs. Coutts, who never failed to bring with her in her carriage some of the most delicious and comforting soups or refreshments that could possibly be made; which she herself warmed in a saucepan over the parlour fire: "and I declare, my good Sir," continued Mrs. Nollekens, "I believe it did me as much good to see old Mr. Coutts enjoy every spoonful of it, as it would have done had it passed through my own mouth."

These savoury-soup scenes must have been comically curious, as well as truly melancholy; for at that time Mrs. Nollekens was in her last stage of existence, with her spine nearly bent double. A wry neck had much twisted her head, which, in the best possible position, reclined upon a wing of a nurse's old-fashioned high-backed night-chair,* covered with a broad

* In the latter part of Mrs. Nollekens's life, her husband would frequently make drawings of her, either in her chair, or as her maid was leading her up or down stairs: these sketches he showed to Mr. Jackson; observing to him, even in her presence, "Only see how much she has altered in a short time! That drawing I made in July, and this in August."—"Ay, Sir," observed Mrs. Nollekens, who was almost bent double in the great arm-chair, "you never would make a drawing of me when I was fit to be seen."

chequered red and white stuff; and her swollen legs, which were almost useless, were placed upon a stool for the day, by her "flesh-brush rubber," a woman who regularly attended her for an hour every morning. Then Mr. Coutts was blowing his broth, attended by Mrs. Coutts, a lively woman, most fashionably dressed; whilst Nollekens, to use the commonest of all similes, nearly as deaf as a post, was prosecuting his bust, and at the same time, repeating his loud interrogations as to the price of stocks to his sitter; who had twice most good-temperedly stayed the spoon, when it was considerably more than half-way to his mouth, and turned his head to answer him. As for the old conversation upon his early amusement of bell-tolling, that was a pleasure our Artist had given up, ever since he became a patient of the celebrated Aurist, Mr. Maule, who advised him by all means to keep his ears well stuffed with cotton.

Mr. Henning, the Sculptor, when employed by Lady Moira to make a model in wax from Lord Moira's bust by Nollekens, was under the necessity of going to the artist's house to take the likeness; and he was in hope, from a man standing so high in his profession, that he should derive considerable benefit from his conversation; but in this expectation he was, after repeatedly

trying to bring him into discourse, most grievously disappointed.*

Fiamingo's models of boys were great favourites with Mr. Nollekens: he had several originals in clay, which he procured from Antwerp; and upon which he placed so high a value, that, though frequent and considerable offers were made, he would not part with them. Indeed he would not even listen to his flattering friend Angelica Kauffmann, who practised her wheedlings to the fullest extent of her fascinating powers, to become mistress of only one of the most inferior of his collection. He laid out little money in England in plaster casts, for most of those he possessed he brought from Rome; unless Papera, who, in the commencement of his career, carried the new things round to the artists in baskets, brought him a Fiamingo child which he had never seen. I

* Mr. Henning had been previously introduced to Mr. Nollekens by his old friend, James Dawkins, Esq. who would now and then joke him as to his Venuses. Mrs Henning informed me, that Mr. Dawkins assured him, that his uncle's work of Palmyra and Balbeck had cost him no less a sum than fifty thousand pounds; his attendants in the Deserts being so numerous, that he seldom had fewer than three hundred men to protect him and assist in his discoveries. Surely this noble enterprise demands the most liberal notice of the future biographer of Mr. Dawkins.

recollect a basso-relievo of boys, which he admired very much, until Papera named John Deare as the modeller: when his admiration, I am sorry to say, decreased into the following remarks:—"Yes, it is; he is a clever fellow, certainly; but I don't see the wonderful merit in his Marine Venus that Sir Richard Worsley talks so much about; and there's Mr. Penn, with his Landing of Julius Cæsar; it's a clever thing, and so I have always told him."

Nollekens, whenever he could contrive it, avoided a representation of flowing hair in marble, particularly in curled wigs; though in his bust of Lord Chancellor Bathurst, he was obliged to attend strictly to costume. The manner in which the wig of that bust is modelled, proves what I firmly believe to be the fact, that such profusion of hair either perplexed him, or was too expensive in the workmanship. Indeed, his master, Scheemakers, never shone in the art of wig-making, as his bust of Sir Hans Sloane, in the British Museum, sufficiently proves. His predecessor, Bird, in the wig of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in Westminster Abbey, bad as it is, was more successful in its tooling. That of Doctor Lockyer, in Saint Mary Overies, and those on the statues of Sir John Cutler, in the College of Physicians, and Grocers' Hall, are very little su-

perior. Roubiliac's statue of Sir John Cass, at Saint Botolph's, Aldgate, exhibits a particularly tasteful wig;* but, notwithstanding his skill displayed in that instance, he was not fond of introducing it, and endeavoured to persuade his sitters to take their wigs off. His busts of Pope, Lord Bolingbroke, Martin Folkes, Doctors Mead and Frewin, and numerous others of men of literature, are without wigs. Jonathan Richardson has etched his own portrait and that of Lord Somers in flowing wigs; and these two prints exhibit more flow of curl and spirit of needle than any I can instance. Indeed, they are complete specimens of tasteful flowing hair; and yet Richardson has also etched his own head, and many more of Lord Bolingbroke and Pope, without wigs; which proves that he preferred the natural shape of the head.

Nollekens's bust of Doctor Johnson is without his wig, but with very thick and heavy locks, which much displeased the Doctor, who insisted upon it that all persons should be pourtrayed as they are seen in company; adding, that though a man for ease may wear a night-cap in his own chamber, he ought not to look like one

* This fine statue has lately been most villainously painted of various colours, in order to make it appear as *natural as life*, or like the *Westminster Abbey* wax-work.

who had taken physic. I recollect that Wilkie, the Academician, once observed to an artist who was about to paint his own portrait without his cravat, with his shirt-collar thrown open to exhibit his neck, "Oh don't do that; you 'll look as if you were going to be shaved."

In the representation of hair, the spirited Painter has a decided superiority over the most exquisite and dexterous Sculptor; not only in colour and texture, but also as to time. The former is enabled to produce in one hour with his elastic and oily pencil; as much as would take the latter six weeks with his chisel and drill; as may be seen in the beautifully flowing hair of Vandyke, Dobson, Lely, and Kneller, and the laboured works of the best Sculptors. The difference in a Lely wig from that of a Kneller, is, that the former generally falls down the shoulders in front, and the latter is thrown over the shoulders behind.

It must, however, be understood, that though Kneller and Lely thus differed, they did not paint all their sitters according to their own fashion of wearing their wigs. On the contrary, we find by Blooteling's print of Thomas Earl of Danby, that his wig was peculiar. At the bottom of the sides of the wig, which falls over the front of the shoulders, there are three

regularly distinct curls stiffly rolled up. But of all the wig-dandies of those days, the Duke of Ormond appears to have been the most fanciful; and I am supported in this conjecture by the four different portraits of that nobleman, engraven by Faithorne, Loggan, Williams, and White; which, though they all have large and flowing wigs, conspicuously vary in their modes of curling.

It may possibly be within the recollection of some few of my readers, when gentlemen indulged in an immensely expensive purchase of deep and flowing curled wigs, such as Wycherley and "Beau Fielding" wore; and I have been credibly informed, that the enormous sum of fifty guineas was given by the best-dressing men of the time for a truly fashionable wig of the above description. Such wigs continued to be worn by many men of the old school during the latter part of the profession of Zincke, the Enamel-painter, whose portraits exhibit many of them. Sir James Thornhill and Jonathan Richardson wore flowing wigs, and so likewise did Sir James's son-in-law Hogarth, in the early part of his professional career. In the latter years of his life, he wore a Busby-wig when dressed; though, whilst painting, he preferred a velvet cap. There are persons now

living, who recollect seeing the father of the late Mr. Prime, of Witton,* wearing a flowing wig, or what is better known in the Burletta of Tom Thumb, a Doodle and a Noodle. Mrs. Nollekens has frequently been heard to relate, that during the early part of Mr. Welch's magistracy, gentlemen were continually annoyed, and frequently robbed of their wigs in the open street and in mid-day. She stated that this method of wig-stealing was singularly daring, as well as laughably curious. A man dressed like a baker, bending beneath a large loaded bread-basket, which he had hoisted upon his shoulders, waited until the first gentleman wearing a costly wig was about to turn the corner of a street in a crowded thoroughfare; and then, just as an accomplice ran forcibly against him, a boy concealed in the baker's basket, knocked off the gentleman's gold-laced hat, and instantly snatched his wig. Whilst the gentleman was stooping to pick up his hat, the fictitious baker made off, with his dexterous assistant, till he came to the first convenient turning, where he released the boy, who walked away with his booty neatly folded up in a school-

* This gentleman resided in the house which had been the mansion of Sir Godfrey Kneller; the staircase of which, painted by that artist, remains perfectly in its original state.

boy's satchel, which he threw carelessly over his shoulder, as if slowly going to school, with his round, "shining, morning face;" leaving the baker with a loaf or two in his basket, pretending to be waiting at a customer's door, at which it was supposed he had knocked. After numerous depredations of this kind, the bakers' men, who were avoided by the Wycherleys,* were determined not to be mistaken; and no longer carried their baskets hoisted on their shoulders, but swung them over the arm, and have ever since carried them at their backs; so that the wearers of wigs might see the contents of their bread-baskets.

But to return to our Sculptor: in my opinion, Mr. Nollekens trusted more to the eyes,

* From Smith's portrait of Wycherley, engraven in 1703, we may conclude that he was, as reported, a very handsome man; and by the sleekness of the curls of his wig, that he took great pains with it; indeed, so much was it the fashion to attend to the easy grace of the curls, that it was his custom, while standing in the pit of the theatre conversing with ladies in the boxes, to comb and adjust his discomposed locks. Wigcombs, which were made of most beautiful specimens of tortoise-shell, and most fancifully engraven with representations of flowers and birds, and indeed sometimes inlaid with mother-of-pearl with their owners' names, were contained in a side-pocket case of the size of a thin octavo volume, for the purpose of having them always about their persons.

nose, and mouth, for a likeness, than to the bones of the head; and in this belief I am supported most powerfully by the mask taken from Mr. Fox after his death. In his busts of that statesman,* the foreheads are low and rugged; whilst that of the mask is even, high, and prominent, full of dignified grandeur, and more so, perhaps, with the exception of Lord Bacon, than that of any other statesman of equal celebrity. The reader may be convinced of the correctness of this remark, by visiting Mr. Deville's Gallery in the Strand, where there are casts taken from both examples.

* Mr. Nollekens modelled and carved two different busts of Mr. Fox. The first was with a toupet and curls above the ears, as that gentleman wore his hair about 1783, just as Sir Joshua Reynolds has painted him; of which bust there are several engravings, the carving being by T. Gaugain. The second bust is with his hair cut close; and of this there are two plates; one by Skelton, for the small edition of Fox's Life of King James the Second, and the other by Evans, from a beautiful drawing by Mr. Howard, for the large edition of the same work. Of the mask taken by Nollekens after death, I am not aware of there being any engraving; ghastly as it is, and totally unlike as the features are to those of Mr. Fox when living, still the shape of the forehead is truly remarkable and interesting.

CHAPTER XVII.

Sale of Mr. Nollekens's collection of Sculpture.—Mending antiques.—Sale of his prints, &c.—Account of his seated female figure.—Patrons of modern English Sculptors.—Antique foot.—Sir Joshua Reynolds's throne-chair.—List of busts, monuments, and statues, executed by Nollekens.—Chronological list of all his sculptures exhibited at the Royal Academy, from 1771 to 1816.—Conclusion.

THE sale of Mr. Nollekens's unsold works, and collection of antique and modern sculptures, took place under the hammer of Mr. Christie, on the premises in Mortimer-street, on Thursday July 3d, 1823, and at the Auctioneer's room in Pall-Mall, on the two days following. The collection consisted of many of Mr. Nollekens's original models, carvings in marble, and works by Italian and other artists, particularly Michel Angelo and Fiamingo.

Mr. Nollekens's statue of a standing Venus in marble, pouring ambrosia on her hair, was purchased by Mrs. Palmer for 231*l.*;* and his model

* This figure is by no means so good as the one of Venus

of a sitting Venus, was bought by the Earl of Egremont. The antique marbles consisted of a statue of Minerva; a noble bust of Commodus, in perfect condition, and several other Imperial busts; one of Mercury; and a very spirited head of a Faun; chiefly purchased at the sales of the late B. Bond Hopkins, Esq. at Pain's Hill; and at the Earl of Besborough's, at Roehampton. These antiques, which were mostly purchased by the Duke of Newcastle, brought full thirty times the money they had cost Mr. Nollekens. His method of mending antiques was rather curious: he would mix the dust of the sort of stone he was mending, with his plaster; so that when dry, if the antiques were of Pentallic marble, the sparkling of the stone-dust in a great measure disguised the joining or mended parts. Mr. Roubiliac, when he had to mend a broken antique, would mix grated Gloucester cheese with his plaster, adding the grounds of porter and the yolk of an egg; which mixture, when dry, forms a very hard cement.

Mr. Nollekens's prints, drawings, and books of prints, were sold by Mr. Evans, in Pall Mall, on Thursday, December 4th, 1823. They principally consisted of nearly the entire works

chiding Cupid, executed by the same artist for his liberal patron Lord Yarborough.

of Nicolas Poussin; a fine collection of the engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures; several sketch-books filled by Mr. Nollekens when at Rome, and numerous drawings, also by him, made upon the backs of letters.

Nollekens's figure with the sandal, carved for Lord Yarborough, was considerably the greatest favourite with the public of all his female figures; but that which he himself took the greatest delight in showing, was seated with her arms round her legs, Lot 21, purchased at his sale at Mr. Christie's, by the Earl of Egremont, for the sum of eighty-four pounds; his Lordship giving it the preference to others by the same artist. He engaged Mr. Rossi, the Academician, to execute it in marble, with strict injunctions that no alteration whatever, not even an improvement upon the model, should be attempted. In giving this order, his Lordship was, in my humble opinion, perfectly correct; for, if improvements had been made, it could no longer have been esteemed as a production of Nollekens's mind; though I am perfectly convinced, that had the figure been carved under his own eye, it would in many instances have been benefited by those corrections which most Sculptors are induced to make whilst they are executing finished carvings from their models.

Mr. Williams, who carved this figure under the superintendence of Mr. Rossi, assured me, that in no instance could he have been engaged upon a more difficult task, especially in carving parts that were so intricately undercut; as the right hand of the figure placed before the right leg, was within a quarter of an inch of the shin-bone, and he had to invent tools of the most singular shapes to enable him to cut and file away the stone. It was the opinion of most artists, that many parts of this figure could have been much improved: they thought the ankles unquestionably too thick; and that, to have given it an air of the antique, the right thigh wanted flesh to fill up the ill-formed nature which Nollekens had strictly copied. The abdomen was far from good; and the face was too old, and of a common character; but the back was considered extremely beautiful. The attitude was a natural one, and acquired by mere chance, as good attitudes often are.

The woman from whom it was modelled, after standing for some time to Mr. Nollekens for parts of a figure upon which he was then engaged, was desired to dress; and, upon her seating herself on the ground, to put on her stockings, her posture so pleased the Sculptor, that he immediately cried, "Stop, don't move; I must model you as you now sit;" and it is a

curious fact, that he, being at that time Visitor of the Royal Academy, placed the woman, who sat as the model there, precisely in the same position. It is also rather singular, that the above-mentioned Mr. Williams, who carved the figure for Mr. Rossi, is in possession of a drawing made by his father at the Academy, from the female who was so placed.

When Mr. Nollekens had completed this model, the late Earl of Carlisle purchased it, with an intention of having it carved in marble, and placed with the numerous other works of Art at Castle Howard; but upon some family objections being made, his Lordship gave the artist a portion of the purchase-money to resign his bargain, and it actually remained unsold for many years previous to the death of our Sculptor. It is now, however, honoured with a pedestal at Petworth, amidst numerous specimens of modern Art, of which Lord Egremont, to his eternal honour be it spoken, is a most liberal encourager. This Nobleman is not only in possession of Mr. Rossi's beautiful group of Celadon and Amelia; but, I am happy to state, has also commissioned the same artist to execute another figure for him. His Lordship will likewise have the good fortune to possess the group of the Angel

Michael and Satan, one of the grandest works of the late Professor Flaxman, and perhaps equal to the productions of this, or any age of former times. The modern Sculptors, however, are not only indebted to the patronage of the above Nobleman, but also to that of their Graces the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, and Newcastle, who are in possession of some of the finest specimens of their abilities. Indeed our Sculptors of talent have so glorious a Patron in his Most Gracious Sovereign, that the greatest part of the Nobility and persons of opulence endeavour to vie with each other in the decoration of their halls and galleries; and in a few years, it may reasonably be expected, the mansions of wealthy Englishmen will exhibit such a display of native talent, that it will at once astonish and confound most of our Continental visitors and rivals.

Sir Thomas Lawrence is the fortunate possessor of an antique foot, valued by Nollekens as highly as any specimen in his collection; of which precious relique he has been heard to tell the following story. When he was at Rome, he often endeavoured to persuade Cardinal Albani, to whom it belonged, to part with it, but without success. At last, when Nollekens was about to come to England, the Cardinal, who knew no other way of getting

possession of a female Torso, which Nollekens possessed, gave him the foot for it.

It has also been stated, that the Cardinal stole the foot in order to give it to Nollekens; and some, who stick at nothing, have said that Nollekens stole it from the Cardinal. This, however, I do not believe, as I never will encourage the thought of his being dishonest, or even in the slightest degree dishonourable. It is now kept by Sir Thomas Lawrence, under a glass shade; and it must have measured one foot five inches and a quarter from the heel to the great toe, before the tip of that member was mutilated. Sir Thomas Lawrence, when first he acquired it, was inclined to consider it as belonging to the famous Torso; the marble being the same, and the proportions agreeing most perfectly: but, upon a little reflection, the President gave up that pleasing idea, perfectly satisfied that it never could have belonged to that fragment, as the foot treads flat upon the ground, and is unquestionably in the action of a standing figure about to walk, which does not accord with the action of the thighs of the Torso, which, the reader will recollect, is seated.

I was the means of Sir Thomas acquiring another interesting relique of art, as will appear by the following statement.

Twelve months after the death of Dr. Fryer, I found, by a catalogue of his household property, that Sir Joshua Reynolds's throne-chair was inserted for sale by auction; and though I had many friends who were ignorant of that circumstance, and whose love for the Arts would have induced them to have gone to a high price for it, particularly one gentleman of rank and fortune, from whom I and my family have received repeated instances of kindness, I considered it my duty, as an artist, to apprise Sir Thomas Lawrence of its approaching exposition; and, for that proper attention, I had the honour of receiving his warmest thanks. However, on the day of sale, the President had nearly lost it; as the lot was actually about to be knocked down for the paltry sum of ten shillings and sixpence, just as the rescuing bidder entered the room; which enabled him, after a slight contest of biddings, to place the treasure on that very day by Sir Thomas's fireside in Russell-square. Last year, in the ever-memorable sale of the Leicester Gallery of Pictures, consisting entirely of the productions of British artists, a comparatively diminutive chair of French character was conspicuously advertised as the throne-chair of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir Thomas Lawrence, as soon as possible, per-

sonally acquainted Mr. Christie with the absurd mistake; who, upon coming to the lot, with his usual manly fairness, acknowledged the error to the whole company, informing them that the real unostentatious chair was in the possession of the President of the Royal Academy.

Some time before Doctor Fryer's death, I requested him to give me a specimen of Barry's hand-writing, to insert in Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, which my wife has for several years been engaged in illustrating; when he most liberally gave me that artist's first sketch of the letter which he addressed to Lord and Lady Inchiquin, upon their honouring him with the presentation of the above-mentioned chair. And as many of my readers may not be in possession of Dr. Fryer's Life of Barry, where the perfect letter is inserted, I here give a copy of the first confused draught which now adorns my wife's book.

"Mr. Barry presents his respectful compliments to Lord and Lady Inchiquin, with every acknowledgment and thanks for their inestimable favour conferred on him this morning, in the gift of Sir Joshua's chair.

"Alas! this chair, that has had such a glorious

career of fortune, instrumental as it has been in giving the most advantageous stability to the otherwise fleeting, perishable graces of a Lady Sarah Bunbury, or a Waldegrave, or in perpetuating the negligent, honest exterior of the authors of the Rambler, the Traveller, and of almost every one whom the public admiration gave a currency for abilities, beauty, rank, or fashion: the very chair that is immortalized in Mrs. Siddons' tragic muse, where it will have as much celebrity as the chair of Pindar, which for so many ages was shown in the Porch at Olympia.

"This chair, then, of Sir Joshua Reynolds may rest, very well satisfied with the reputation it has gained; and although its present possessor may not be enabled to grace it with any new ornament, yet it can surely count upon finding a most affectionate, reverential conservator, whilst God shall permit it to remain under his care."

"Jan. 30, 1794.
No. 36, Castle-street, Oxford-market."

The next record which I shall insert concerning Mr. Nollekens, is, a list of his principal performances, which I have arranged alphabetically, in order that the reader may readily find the bust, statue, or monument of any particular individual.

BUSTS.

Aberdeen, Lord
Ackland, Miss
Adam, Mr.
Alban's, Duchess of St.
Andover, Lady
*Anson, † Hon. Thomas
Argyle, Duchess of
Arkwright, Mr.
Arkwright, Mrs.
Asaph, Bishop of
Aubyn, Sir John St.
Aubyn, Lady St.
Auckland, Miss
Aufrere, Mr.
Aylesford, Lady

B.

Baillie, Doctor
Banks, Sir Joseph
Bathurst, ‡ Lord Chancellor
Beaufort, Duchess of
*Bedford, Duke of
Bedford, John Duke of
Bedford, Duchess of
Barrington, Lord
Berwick, Lady
*Besborough, Lord
Bolton, Duke of
Borrows, Master
*Bradell, Mrs.
Brook, Lord
Brownlow, Lord
Brownlow, Lady
Brownlow, Lady
*Burney, Admiral
*Burney, M. D.
*Burney, Rev. Doctor

C.

*Canning, Hon. George
Carlisle, Lord
Carr, Mr. John
Castlereagh, Lord
Cavendish, Lord Frederic
*Cavendish, Lord George
Chambers, Doctor

† Mr. Deville, of the Strand, having purchased of Mr. Goblet, Mr. Nollekens's principal assistant, the moulds of those Busts marked with a (*), the reader will be gratified by knowing, that casts of them may now be had as above, at a very reasonable rate.

‡ This bust is in the Registrar's room of the Six Clerks' Office, Chancery-lane. In the Committee room, under the same roof, is a whole-length portrait of the same Chancellor in his robes, by Dance; which has been severely cut at the lower part of the picture.

Charles II., King of England
Chatham, Lord
*Charlemont, Lord
Charlemont,† Lady
Clair, Miss Le
Coke, Mr.
Colpoys, Admiral
Coote, Sir Eyre
*Cornelli, Mrs.
Coutts, Mr.
*Cowper, Lord
Cromwell, Oliver
Cumberland, his R. H. William Duke of

D.

Darnley, Lord
*Darnley, Lady
Dashwood, Mr. Bateman.
Denison, Mr.
Devonshire, Duke of
Dillon, Lord
Donegal, Marquis
Dorset, Duke of
Drummond, Provost ‡
Dunning, Mr.
Dysart, Lady

E.

Ellis, Mrs.
*Erskine, Lord

F.

Farr, Hon. Edward
Finch, Mr. Thomas
*Fitzpatrick, General
Fitzwilliam, Lord
Foley, Mr.
Folkes, Lady
Fox, Hon. Charles James§,

† I have heard Northcote declare, that, in his opinion, the bust of Lady Charlemont is the finest of Nollekens's productions; and, indeed, that he considered it equal to any antique.

‡ George Drummond, so often Provost of Edinburgh, ranks very high among the benefactors to the Royal Infirmary in that city. In memory of its obligations, a bust of him has been placed in the Hall. It was done by Nollekens, and bears the highly complimentary inscription, of 'George Drummond, to whom his country is indebted for all the benefits which it derives from the Royal Infirmary.'"—*History of Edinburgh.*

§ It is said that the Empress Catherine of Russia placed Fox's bust by Nollekens between those of Cicero and Demosthenes. She had no fewer than *twelve* busts of Mr. Fox in marble, all executed by Nollekens to give as presents.

"To the memory of Charles James Fox," written by Mr.

Fraine, Mr.
Fraser, Simon

G.

*George III. King of England.
Gainsborough, Lord
Garrick, Mr. David
Gower, Lord
Gower, Lord G. L.
*Gower, Lady
Gordon, Duke of †
Goldsmith, Oliver
Grafton, Duke of
*Granby, Marquis
*Grenville, Lord
*Greville, Hon. Thomas
Grey, Lord
Gregory, Mr.
*Gwydir, Lord

H.

Hamilton, Mr.
Harringdon, Mr.
Hawkesbury, Lady
Heartley, Lady Louisa
*Helen's, Lord St.
Hillesbury, Lord
Holford, Mr. Robert
*Holland, Lord
Howard, the Hon. Mrs.
Howard, Mrs.

J.

Johnson, Bishop
*Johnson, Doctor ‡
Jersey, Lord

Roscoe, under a bust of him by Nollekens, in a Temple erected to his memory, upon the banks of the Clyde, by Mr. Todd, of Glasgow.

"Champion of Freedom! whose exalted mind
Grasp'd at the general good of human kind!
Patriot! whose view could stretch from pole to pole,
And, whilst he bless'd his country, loved the whole!"

† This bust of the Duke of Gordon is considered one of Nollekens's finest works.

‡ At Nollekens's sale, Mr. Chantrey requested me to bid for the first cast of this head of Dr. Johnson. Upon my asking him how far he would go for it, he observed, "You buy it, for I shall think it cheap at any price; as it is, in my opinion, by far the finest head our friend ever produced;" and, indeed, it seemed to be considered so by another bidder, who made me pay ten guineas for it, almost four times the money Nollekens charged for the common casts.

K.

Keate, George
Keith, Lord
Key, Rev. Mr.
Keebel, Mr.
King, Admiral
Kirby, Mrs.

L.

Lake, Lord
Lauderdale, Lord
Levi, Moses
Lee, Mr.
*Liverpool, Lord
Liverpool, Lady
Lucan, the Daughter of Lord

M.

Madox, Mr.
Malone, Anthony
*Mansfield, Lord
Mansolini, Anna, at Bologna
Manners, Lady
Mathias, Mr.
Marchant, Master
Maud, Mr.
Maud, Mr.
Meath, Bishop
*Milton, Lord
Mitford, Master
Moira, Lord
Monck, Lady Elizabeth
Montagu, Mr.
*Mulgrave, Lord

N.

Neal, General
*Newcastle, Duke of
Newborough, Lord
Newborough, Lady
North, Hon. Dudley

O.

Orme, Robert

P.

Paoli, General
Parr, Count
Peranesi, J. B.
Pelham, Hon. Mr.
Pelham, Hon. Mrs.
*Perceval, Hon. Spencer
Percy, Lord
Petre, Lord
*Pitt, Hon. William‡
Popham, Mr.
Pringle, Sir John

† In a letter by Nollekens, dated November 27th, 1812, with which I have lately been favoured by the Rev. Henry Crowe, of Bath, to whom it is addressed, it is stated that his price for a bust in marble was then one hundred and fifty guineas; to which he adds that he had at that time orders for fifteen busts of Mr. Perceval at that price.

‡ The busts of Pitt and Fox, according to the theatrical

R.

Richards, Mr.
Richards, Mr. John
Roberts, Doctor
Robinson, Sir William
Robinson, Sir Sept.
Rockingham, Marquis of
Roos, Lord
Rutland, Duke of
Rutland, Duchess of
Rutland, Duchess of, Isabella
Russia, Empress of

S.

Salesbury, Lady
Saville, Sir George
Simmonds, Daughter of Mr.
Somerset, Duke of
Spencer, Lord
Spencer, Lord Robert
Stanhope, Sir William
Stafford, Marquis of
*Sterne, Rev. Laurence
Stonor, Mr.
Stroonlof, General
Stuart, Lord Henry
Stuart, Sir John
Sykes, Sir Christopher

T.

* Taylor, Mr.
Townley, Mr. Charles
Townley, Mr. John
Trevor, Bishop
Tulmarsh, Mr.

W.

*Wales, His Royal Highness Prince of
*Wales, Her Royal Highness Princess of
Waddell, Mr. William
*Warwick, Lord
Welch, Mr. Saunders
Welch, Mrs. wife to the above
Wellesley, Marquis
*Wellesley, Hon. Pole
*Wellesley, Hon. William
*Wellington, Duke of
West, B. P. R. A.
*Whitbread, Samuel
Woodburne, Colonel
Woodhouse, Mr.
*Wyndham, Hon. William
*Wynne, Sir W. W.
William III. King of England

Y.

*York, His Royal Highness Duke of
York, Her Royal Highness Duchess of

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phrase, were called "Nollekens's *stock* pieces," for they were always in requisition,

MONUMENTS EXECUTED BY MR. NOLLEKENS.

A.

Ashburton, Lord

B.

Bathurst, Lord
Barwell, Henry
Bateman, Lord
Baring, John
Besborough, Lord
Boston, Lord
Boscawen, Mr.
Birch, Taylor
Bodwell, Mr.
Booth, Sir Charles
Boyn, Lady
Boyde, Lady
Buckworth, Mr.

C.

Coke, Mrs.†
Champion, Major
Chase, Mr.
Cunliffe, Sir Foster

D.

Darby, Mrs.
Dashwood, Sir John
Davenport,
Dorset, Duke of
Dysart, Lord

E.

Earl, Mrs.
Elwes, Mr.

F.

Finch, Rev. Dr.
Fuller John

G.

Goldsmith, Oliver

H.

Howard, Mrs. ‡
Hill, Joseph

I.

Irwin, Lady
Irby, Mrs.

J.

Jervoise, Mrs.

K.

Keate, George
Kent, H. R. H. Duke of

† This monument cost about 2000*l*. The whole of the figures were carved by Goblet.

‡ It has been roundly asserted, that Nollekens took the composition of this monument from that erected to the Cardinal Richelieu. Be this as it may, the figure of the child alone is equal to any thing ancient or modern, and the praise bestowed on that, Nollekens is unequivocally entitled to. The figure of Religion, in this monument, was carved by Goblet.

L.

Leigh, Lord
Long, Charles*
Lovaine, Lord

M.

Mackenzie, Stewart
Manners, Lord Robert
Mitford, Mrs.
Mordant, Sir J.
Mortman, Mr.
Mynell,

N.

Noel, General

P.

Pinfold, Sir Thomas
Pringle, Sir John

R.

Robinson, Sir Sept.

S.

Salesbury, Sir Thomas
Sand, Lord
Standish, Mr.
Sayer, Admiral
Southell, Edward
Seymour, Lady Anne
Spencer, Earl
Shipley, Mrs.†
Stuart, Sir Charles

T.

Talbot, Lady
Trevers, Lord
Tyrell, Sir J.

W.

Willis, Dr. Robert
Wyndham, William
Wyndham, Family
Worcester, Bishop
Wynn, Lady

STATUES EXECUTED BY MR. NOLLEKENS IN MARBLE.

Denison, Robert ..... } For a Mausoleum.
Denison, William..... }

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* This monument, consisting of a boy with an inverted torch, was erected at Saxmundham: for a notice and drawing of which I have been obliged to the Rev. John Mitford, Editor of an edition of Gray's Works, published in 1814.

† The wife of the late Bishop of St. Asaph, who was a brother of Shipley, the drawing-master, of the Strand, where Nollekens went to draw of an evening when a boy.

Diana	Marquis of Rockingham.
Juno	Ditto.
Mercury	Lord Yarborough.
Pitt, Hon. William	Senate house, Cambridge.
Rockingham, Marquis of	Earl Fitzwilliam.
Venus*	Marquis of Rockingham.
Venus chiding Cupid†	Lord Yarborough.
Venus	Mr. Chamberlayne, Hampshire.
Venus anointing her hair	Bought at Mr. Nollekens's auction by Mrs. Palmer.

Among the few chimney-pieces executed by Mr. Nollekens, one of a superior kind was sent to Edinburgh for Mr. Scott.

Mr. Nollekens also executed five masks upon keystones for Somerset House, after drawings made purposely by Mr. Cipriani. He likewise executed orders of a very inferior kind, by putting them out to be done by the masons of the New-road; the profits of which were not inconsiderable, as he never gave them more than a quarter of what he charged himself.

* A noble Lord when viewing Mr. Nollekens's statue of Venus perfuming her hair, asked the artist from whence he took the idea of thus employing her. Surely it must have been from Homer? Nollekens made no reply; in fact, he knew very little of Homer.

† Nollekens was so provoked by an accident which happened to one of his figures during the exhibition at Somerset House, that he threatened F. M. Newton, the Secretary, who made light of the affair, should this Venus be in any way injured, to break every bone in his skin.

As the manner in which every man of talent advances in his art is interesting to the enquiring mind, I have extracted, from a set of the Royal Academy Exhibition Catalogues, the subjects produced by Mr. Nollekens as they stand chronologically.

No. 1771.

139 A bust of a nobleman, in marble.
140 A model of Bacchus.
141 A ditto, Pætus and Arria, a group.

1772.

168 A bust of a gentleman, in marble.
169 A statue of Bacchus, ditto.*

1773.

211 A statue in marble, representing Venus taking off her sandal.
212 Cupid and Psyche, in basso-relievo.
213 Hope leaning on an urn.
214 Portrait of a young lady.

1774.

190 A bust of his Majesty, in marble.

1775.

208 A bust of a nobleman, in marble.
209 Venus chiding Cupid, a model.
210 A bust, ditto.

1776

199 A statue of Juno, in marble.
200 A bust, ditto.

* The original beautiful little model from which this statue was carved, is in the possession of my friend John Gawler Bridge, Esq.

201 A bust, in marble.
202 A ditto.

1777.

249 A bust of a nobleman, in marble.
250 Ditto of a gentleman, ditto.
251 Ditto ditto ditto.
252 A bust of a gentleman, in marble.
253 Ditto of a lady, a model.
254 Ditto of a gentleman, ditto.

1778.

216 A marble group of Venus chiding Cupid.
217 A statue of Diana.
218 A model of two children, designed for a monument.
219 A bust of a gentleman.

1779.

217 A bust of a nobleman, in marble.
218 Ditto of a general.
219 A model of a monumental figure.

1782.

529 A monumental bas-relievo.
535 A figure of Adonis.
556 A Cupid sharpening his arrow.

1783.

464 Figure of Mercury, in marble.

1784.

497 Bust of a lady.
498 Bust of a nobleman.
520 Bust of a lady.

1785.

635 Busto of a gentleman.

1788.

597 A monumental figure.
605 A monumental figure.
647 Figure of Britannia.

1789.

605 Bust of a gentleman.

1790.

660 Lord Robert Manners expiring in the arms of Victory, intended by the late Duke of Rutland for a monument to be placed in the chapel at Belvoir Castle.

1791.

632 Bust of a gentleman.

633 Bust of a lady.

1792.

498 A bust of a lady.

1793.

585 Bust of a lady.

652 Bust of a gentleman.

1799.

622 Bust of a lady of quality.

933 Bust of a nobleman.

940 Bust of a lady.

951 Bust of a nobleman.

961 Bust of a nobleman.

972 A Venus.

1800.

988 Bust of a gentleman.

989 Bust of a nobleman.

1031 Venus anointing her hair.

1082 A monumental group, to the memory of a lady who died in child-bed, supported by Religion.

1801.

999 Portrait of Mr. John Townley, in the form of a Terminus.

1001 Bust of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

1002 Bust of a young gentleman.
1007 A bust of Lady Hawkesbury.
1008 Bust of a young gentleman.
1009 Bust of Lord Petre.
1024 A sepulchral bas-relief to the memory of the late Duke of Dorset.

1802.

1059 Bust of Dr. Burney.
1063 A design for a monument to the memory of a late celebrated general, supported by Wisdom and Justice.
1064 A sketch; The Graces.
1065 Bust of the late Duke of Bedford.
1066 A sketch, Adam and Eve.
1067 A sketch of a monument for a naval officer expiring in the arms of Victory.
1073 Bust of the Hon. C. J. Fox.
1074 A sketch; the Slaughter of the Innocents.

1803.

924 Pudicity: a sketch.
925 Bust of Mr. Stonor.
930 Lot and his two Daughters: a sketch.
931 Dædalus and Icarus: a sketch.
932 The Judgment of Paris: a sketch.
1024 Bust of Lord Moira.

1804.

947 Portrait of the Hon. C. Grey.
948 Portrait of Miss C. Symmons.
949 Portrait of the Right Hon. General Fitzpatrick.
950 Portrait of the Earl of Lauderdale.
951 Portrait of Lord R. Spencer.

1805.

689 A sketch of an Hercules.
690 A sketch of a Faun playing.
693 A medallion of the late Miss Ackland, daughter of J. Ackland, Esq.
694 A sketch of Laocoon and his Sons.
695 A bust of the Marquis of Stafford.
711 A design of a monument, intended for Westminster Abbey, to the memory of two naval officers.
783 A bust of the late C. Townley, Esq.
789 A bust of T. W. Coke, Esq.

1808.

969 Bust of the Hon. Mr. Pelham.
970 Bust of the Earl of Darnley.
971 Bust of the Marquess Wellesley.
972 Bust of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.
978 Bust of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.
979 Bust of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.

1810.

753 His Grace the Duke of Rutland.
766 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Brownlow.
874 Bust of the Hon. Mrs. Pelham.
875 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Grenville.
876 Bust of Her Grace the Duchess of Rutland.
885 Bust of the Countess of Charlemont.
886 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Mulgrave.

1811.

926 A model of a monument of the late Mrs. Coke of Holkham.
938 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Castlereagh.
940 Bust of the Right Hon. Earl of Chatham.

941 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Grenville Leveson Gower.
948 Bust of the Right Hon. W. Wellesley Pole.
949 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Roos.
951 Bust of the Right Hon. George Canning.
952 Bust of Admiral Sir Colpoys, K. B.

1812.

933 Bust of the Countess of Charlemont.*
934 Bust of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy.
936 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Brooke.
937 Bust of Lord Gwydir.

1813.

919 Bust of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.
925 Bust of the Right Hon. Lord G. Cavendish.
926 Bust of H. R. H. the Duke of York.
935 Bust of the Marquess of Wellington.

1814.

781 Bust of S. Whitbread, Esq. M. P.
789 Bust of the Earl of Charlemont.
792 Bust of his Grace the Duke of Grafton.
800 Bust of Earl Cowper.
801 Bust of the Earl of Aberdeen.

1815.

888 Bust of Lord Erskine.
889 Bust of the Rev. C. Burney, D.D.
895 Bust of the Earl of Egremont.

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* In order to account for the recurrence of the same bust, it may be proper to remark that Mr. Nollekens in many instances exhibited the model one year, and a carving from it in marble the next.

1816.

932 Bust of Lord St. Helen's.
950 Bust of T. Coutts, Esq.
951 Bust of the Earl of Liverpool.
961 Bust of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

Such, and so numerous, are the works of Nollekens, who will long be remembered, not only as having held a conspicuous rank among contemporary Artists, in an era abounding in men of genius; but as having, by assiduity rarely surpassed, and parsimony seldom equalled, amassed a princely fortune; from which, however, his avaricious spirit forbade him to derive any comfort or dignity, excepting the poor consolation of being surrounded, in his dotage, by parasites who administered to his unintellectual enjoyments, and flattered even his infirmities, in the hope of sharing the vast property which Death would force him to resign.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

AND ANECDOTES

OF SEVERAL

ARTISTS AND OTHERS

CONTEMPORARY WITH NOLLEKENS.

ROUBILIAC.

LET it be remembered, by those who visit the monuments in Westminster Abbey, that there are no less than six of them by the hand of Roubiliac; viz. those of Argyle, Hargrave, Fleming, Nightingale, Handel, and Warren. Roubiliac, whose fame needs no farther testimonial than that of his works, has sculptured in his figure of Eloquence, in the Duke of Argyle's monument, such a memorial of his powers, that even his friend Pope could not have equalled it by an epitaph.* Roubiliac studied nature carefully; but he was not very choice in his selection, nor did he in general evince much

* Mr. Flaxman, however, has given a different opinion of this artist in the following words. "Roubiliac was an enthusiast in his art, possessed of considerable talents: he copied vulgar nature with zeal, and some of his figures seem alive; but their characters are mean, their expressions grimace, and their forms frequently bad: his draperies are worked with great diligence and labour, from the most disagreeable examples in nature, the folds being either heavy or meagre, frequently without a determined form, and hung on his figures with little meaning. He grouped two figures together (for he never attempted more) better than most of his contemporaries; but his thoughts are conceits, and his compositions epigrams."—See *The Artist*, No. 12, vol. i. page 14.

refinement or elevation of idea. The legs of the figure of Hercules, supporting the bust of Sir Peter Warren, were copied from a chairman's, and the arms from those of a waterman; the muscles of every limb being forcibly strengthened by their respective employments. Roubiliac seldom modelled his drapery for his *monumental* figures, but carved it from the linen itself, which he dipped into warm starch-water, so that when he had pleased himself, he left it to cool and dry, and then proceeded with the marble; this, my father assured me, he did with all the drapery in Nightingale's monument. As a proof of Roubiliac's enthusiasm for his art, the late Mr. Gayfere, Abbey-Mason, related to me the following anecdote.

One day, during the time he was putting up Mrs. Nightingale's monument, Roubiliac's servant, who had a message to deliver, found his master with his arms folded and eyes riveted to the kneeling figure at the north-west corner of Lord Norris's monument. The man, after he had three times requested an answer, was seized by the arm by his master, who softly whispered, "Hush! hush! he vil speak presently!"

This monument of Lord Norris, and also that

truly-exquisite one in the same chapel to the memory of Sir Horace Vere, are supposed to have been the production of an Englishman. They are of the time of James the First; and, in style of art, not unlike the monument of Camden in Poet's Corner, and that erected to the memory of Shakspeare in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon.

About the year 1794, I had the pleasure of passing many happy hours at the table of John Horsley, Esq. late of Epping Forest, the brother of the Bishop of Rochester; and one day, when the conversation happened to fall upon the shapes of ears, I was agreeably interrupted in the following manner. After having stated that Roubiliac had declared, that as Handel,—whose monumental figure he was then modelling,—had so fine an ear for music, he would look for the best he could find for him; and that soon after this determination, when dining with his friend Rich, he exclaimed, "Miss Rich, I vil have your ear"—when I had proceeded thus far with my story, "Bless me! he *did* mould my ear," cried Mrs. Horsley, to my great surprise; for, until that moment, I was ignorant that I had so often been in the company of Rich's daughter. This lady's first husband was Mr. Morris, a woollen-

draper, who succeeded Mr. Rich, conjointly with Mr. Beard, in the management of Covent-garden Theatre.

As to the Vauxhall statue of Handel, which has so often been moved from its original place, it stood, in 1744, on the south side of the Gardens, under an inclosed lofty arch, surmounted by a figure playing the violoncello, attended by two boys; and it was then skreened from the weather by a curtain, which was drawn up when the visitors arrived. The ladies then mostly walked in these and Marylebone Gardens in their hoops, sacques, and caps, as they appeared in their own drawing-rooms; whilst the gentlemen were generally uncovered, with their hats under their arms, and swords and bags, as displayed in Canaletti's, Chatelain's, and Wale's truly interesting drawings, published at the time, and which are now extremely rare. Impressions of these plates are, however, preserved in Mr. Crowle's "Illustrated Pennant," in the British Museum. The statue of Handel, of which there is a beautiful engraving by Bartolozzi, after being moved to various situations in the Gardens, was at length conveyed to the house of Mr. Barrett, at Stockwell; and thence to the entrance-hall of the residence of his son, the Rev. Jonathan Tyers Barrett, D.D. of

No. 14, Duke-street, Westminster.* The model was the property of Mr. Hudson, the Painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds's master, who had it conveyed with a large collection of models to his house at Twickenham, where they remained for several years after Hudson's decease. This collection was sold by the elder Christie, in Pall-Mall, at which time my father purchased the above-mentioned model for five pounds; and at Mr. Nollekens's particular request allowed him to have it. It was resold by Christie at that Artist's auction in Pall-Mall, for the sum of 10*l.* 10*s.*† At Hudson's sale, Mr. Nollekens purchased two models, representing Painting and Sculpture, which Roubiliac had made for the corners of Hudson's parlour chimney-piece; when that artist resided in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. These models were resold at Mr. Nollekens's sale, and bought by Mr. Rowe, the inimitable modeller of portraits in wax, who is at present in possession of them.

* This statue, though the production of a foreigner, ought, as it pourtrays the figure of the immortal Handel, to be purchased for some public situation. It is now to be sold, and may be seen in the hall of Mr. Newton's private house, No. 69, Dean-street, Soho. When Mr. Nollekens was asked by the late Mr. Tyers, what he considered that statue to be worth, he immediately answered, "A thousand guineas."

† Bought by Mr. Hamlet, the Silversmith.

I find from a manuscript in my father's handwriting, that Mr. Roubiliac owed his introduction to Mr. Jonathan Tyers to his friend Cheere, with whom he worked before he ventured upon his own account. It happened in the following manner. At the time Mr. Tyers had engaged in the Vauxhall-garden speculation, he requested the advice of Mr. Cheere as to the best mode of decoration. "I conclude you will have Music," observed Cheere, "therefore you cannot do better than to have a carving of an Apollo. What do you say to a figure of Handel?"—"Good," replied Jonathan, "but that will be too expensive, friend Cheere."—"No," answered the Sculptor; "I have an uncommonly clever fellow working for me now, and introduced to me by Sir Edward Walpole; employ him, and he will produce you a fine statue." This he did, and the following copy of a receipt will at once prove the kind way in which he assisted him.

"June the 9th, 1750.

"I promise to pay Jona. Tyers, or order, twenty pounds on demand, value received.

£.20 00*s*. "L. F. ROUBILIAC."*

* The original of this receipt is in the splendid collection of autographs possessed by my friend William Upcott, Esq. of the London Institution, by whose indefatigable researches and liberal expenditure, many literary treasures have been

My father related the following anecdote of Mr. Roubiliac, who generally was so studiously wrapt up and absorbed in his art, as to lose all individual recollection whatever of person and place unconnected with the subject immediately on his mind. One day, at dinner, during the time he was so intently engaged in modelling the figure of Mr. Nightingale warding off the dart of Death from his wife, he suddenly dropped his knife and fork on his plate, fell back in his chair, and then in an instant darted forward and threw his features into the strongest possible expression of fear; at the same moment fixing his piercing eye so expressively on the country lad who waited at table, that the fellow was as much astonished as the boy listening to the Cock-lane Ghost story, so exquisitely painted by Zoffany, in his picture of the Farmer's Return from London, which is so admirably engraven by J. G. Haid.

A gentleman who had stayed one night at

rescued from oblivion and destruction, to the great joy of the biographer and historian. Indeed, but for his zeal in this pursuit, the public would probably have known nothing of that valuable work, "Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence," which, after passing through two editions in quarto, is now reprinted in five volumes octavo. Mr. Upcott has also produced an excellent publication in three volumes, octavo, entitled, "A Bibliographical Account of the Principal Works relating to English Topography. Lond. 1818."

Slaughter's Coffee-house until past twelve o'clock, discovered that he had forgotten the street-door key of the house where he lodged; and as he had agreed with his landlady not to disturb her other inmates beyond that hour, was prevailed on by Roubiliac to take the other rubber, and sleep in a spare bed much at his service. The gentleman accepted his invitation, and upon Roubiliac showing him the room, wished him a good night; but just as he was nearly undressed, he was horror-stricken at the sight of the corpse of a black woman laid out upon the bed. He immediately vociferated the name of Roubiliac, who upon coming into the room, exclaimed, "Oh dear! my good fren, I beg your pardon! I did not remember poor Mary vas dare: poor Mary! she die yesterday vid de small-poc! Come, come, and you must take part vid my bed—come—poor Mary vas my hos-maid for five six year—more."

The statue of Shakspeare, now in the Hall of the British Museum, was executed by Roubiliac for Mr. Garrick, who placed it in a temple erected for that purpose in his garden at Hampton, where it was to remain during the life of his widow, and at her death was to become the property of the British Museum, as may be seen by his Will, dated the 24th of

September, 1778, printed at the end of the second volume of Davies's Life of Garrick. Mr. Garrick agreed to give Mr. Roubiliac three hundred guineas for it, and the artist was to make use of the best marble he could afford for the money; unfortunately, however, the block turned out full of veins, which rendered the face so hideous to Mr. Garrick, that he declared he could not put it up, as persons might ask, "What! was Shakspeare marked with mulberries?" Roubiliac assured Mr. Garrick that it was the best marble he could use for the price of the figure; but that, in order to make it agreeable to him, he would cut off the head, and replace it with another, carved from a fine clear piece of marble, which he did, to the great pleasure of his employer.*

It is truly remarkable, that the first figure carved by this Sculptor in England, was that of Handel, and that the *last* work on which he was engaged was a monument to the memory of the same Composer.

I shall now close the present sketch of this

* On the upper part of the pedestal upon which this figure of Shakspeare rests, the following inscription is cut in the marble:—

L. F. Roubiliac inv^t. et scu^t. 1758.

very eminent Sculptor, with the following information, which I received from my father.

Lewis Francis Roubiliac, born at Lyons, was a pupil of Balthazar, of Dresden, Sculptor to the Elector of Saxony; and he died on the 11th of January, 1762, and was buried on the 15th, in St. Martin's Church-yard, under the window of the Bell Bagnio. His funeral was attended by the leading members of the Academy in Peter's-court, St. Martin's-lane; and it is rather remarkable, that the very apartment occupied by that Society, was the first work-shop of Roubiliac, after he had left Mr. Cheere, when he sought the public patronage on his own account. The room has since been taken down, rebuilt, and is now occupied as a meeting-house for the Society of Friends. The following is a list of those artists who attended the funeral of the Sculptor: — Mr. Reynolds, (afterwards Sir Joshua,) Moser, Hogarth, Tyler, Sandby, Hayman, Wilton, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Payne, Chambers, (afterwards Sir William,) Serres, Ravenet, the elder Grignon, Meyer, and Hudson; and also his three pupils, John Adkins, Nicholas Read, and my father, Nathaniel Smith.

Roubiliac's sale took place on June 11th, 1762, in which were sold his own portrait, painted by himself, which brought three shillings

and sixpence; and a copy of the Chandos picture of Shakspeare, by Reynolds, which, with seven other pictures, brought only ten shillings! This last lot of eight pictures was bought by my godfather, Old Flaxman, a most worthy man, and father of the late John Flaxman, Esq. P. S. R. A. Mr. Flaxman sold the portrait of Shakspeare immediately, in the sale-room, to an unknown gentleman for three guineas. Mr. Edmond Malone afterwards became possessed of this picture, when he showed it to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who acknowledged that he had painted it for his friend Mr. Roubiliac. Poor Roubiliac died so seriously in debt, that his effects, after all expenses were defrayed, paid only one shilling and sixpence in the pound!

SCHEEMAKERS.

SCHEEMAKERS was a native of Antwerp, a disciple of old Delvaux, and I have frequently heard his pupil Mr. Nollekens relate the following recollections of his life. Scheemakers, when a young man, had so ardent a love for the art of Sculpture, that, notwithstanding his slender means, he was determined to quit Antwerp, and walk to Rome. He commenced his journey in the year 1728, but, before he had accomplished the task, his purse was so considerably reduced, that absolute necessity frequently obliged him to sell a shirt from his knapsack.* During his stay in Italy he was much noticed and encouraged, exercising his talent with great avidity, in making numerous small models from most of the celebrated statues and groups in and about that city, which he brought to England.

It has usually been a practice with me, to ask questions of aged persons, or those who have travelled, and to put down their answers

* It has also been related of Francis Perrier, who, in 1638, produced a book of Antique Statues, in folio, that his poverty was so great, that he accompanied a blind beggar, as his guide, from France to Rome, purposely to study in that splendid school of ancient and modern Sculpture.

as nearly as possible in the words in which they were delivered; and I have invariably found, that the best mode of gaining information from those who are advanced in years, is by having a series of questions ready prepared, so that a long story might not deprive me of the points I might be anxious to obtain. This method I now and then observed with Mr. Nollekens, from whom I received the following answers, as to his master Scheemakers.*

"Was Mr. Scheemakers a native of Antwerp?"—"Yes."

"Is it true that he walked to Rome?"—"He went from Antwerp to Denmark, where he worked as a journeyman, and where he fell ill, and was so reduced, that he was obliged to sell his shirts; when he recovered, he walked to Rome, selling more of his things."

"About what time did he go to Rome?"—"About the year 1700, when he remained but a very short time; he then walked to England, where he found work, and then he went to

* At the time I was thus questioning Mr. Nollekens, I was engaged in collecting materials for a work now greatly advanced, and which I hope hereafter to publish, under the title "J. T. Smith's Walks in London;" so that, unfortunately for the present publication, my inquiries were confined to Scheemakers's productions in the metropolis.

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Rome again, where he stayed longer, about two years; and then he came back to England.

"What works did he execute for London?"—"He did Dr. Chamberlain's monument in Westminster Abbey; the statue of Sir John Barnard in the Royal Exchange; the statue in the India House, of Admiral Pocock, Major Lawrence, and Lord Clive;* the statue of Guy, a bronze, in Guy's Hospital; and the statue of Edward the Sixth, a bronze, in one of the open courts of St. Thomas's Hospital."

"Did he die in England?"—"No, he went to Antwerp, about a year after I returned to England, from Rome (1769), and there he died; he had grown so fat, that when he was kneeling down to say his prayers, he placed his legs under him with his hands."

Scheemakers, on his way to England, visited his birth-place, bringing with him several roots of brocoli, a dish till then little known in perfection at our tables.

He resided in Westminster, in those premises which stood to the north of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and south-east of St. Margaret's Church, which premises were subsequently occupied by his pupil Henry Cheere,

* Upon this figure Mr. Nollekens said I himself worked, just before he went to Rome.

who was afterwards knighted. From this house, Scheemakers moved to Vine-street, as appears by an advertisement in "The London Daily Post and General Advertiser," of Tuesday, December 22nd, 1741, stating, that "Mr. Scheemakers, the Statuary, is removed from Old Palace-yard to Vine-street, Piccadilly."

In 1756, Mr. Langford had two days' sale of Mr. Scheemakers's pictures, models, and marbles, at his rooms under the Piazza, Covent-garden, in which, Lot 15, of the first day, consisted of "two landscapes, with figures and cattle, by Old Nollekens."* Mr. Langford fol-

* Till lately, several pictures painted by Old Nollekens for the first Earl of Tilney, were preserved at Wanstead-house. They were sold by auction in 1822, and are thus described in the Catalogue of the magnificent furniture, &c. of that princely mansion. I have added the prices they produced.—Lot 10. "A pair—the Juvenile Artists and Companion, a Boy spinning his Top," 25*l.* Lot 16. "A pair—the Juvenile Parties; Card-builders and Players at Tetotum," 17*l.* Lot 138. "Dancing Figures, a sketch, in a French carved frame," 1*l.* 2*s.* Lot 225. "Rural Recreations, painted with all the taste and elegance of Watteau," 6*l.* 6*s.* Lot 307. "A Boy beating a Drum, and a small Landscape, and two curious models of the Stag and Fox in wax," 8*l.* 15*s.* Lot 308. "The Wine-Traders, painted with the tasteful elegance of Watteau," 31*l.* 10*s.* Lot 311. "Females Bathing, in a Landscape, with a distant view of Wanstead-house," 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* Lot 314. "Landscape, Buildings," &c. 7*l.* Lot 316. "Landscape and Figures, with a youth playing the guitar; painted in the

lowed this sale with another, which he advertised thus:

"To be sold by Auction, by Mr. Langford, at his house in the Great Piazza, Covent-garden, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 18th and 19th inst. the remainder of the genuine and curious collection of marbles, models, and casts, in groups, figures, and busts, of Mr. Peter Scheemakers, statuary.

"The said collection will be exhibited to public view, on Monday, the 16th inst., and every day after, till the time of Sale, which will begin each day punctually at twelve o'clock.

Catalogues of which will be delivered gratis, on Saturday, the 14th, at Mr. Langford's aforesaid."—*Daily Advertiser*, May 6th, 1757.

Of Scheemakers's models I have frequently heard my father speak with considerable pleasure, when he used to state, that they were placed upon tables, stands, and shelves, covered with green baize, round the auction-room, and

tasteful style of Watteau," 15*l.* Lot 317. "A Fête Champetre and Companion; painted with a free pencil and very gracefully drawn," 26*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* Lot 318. "Interior of the Saloon at Wanstead-house, with an assemblage of Ladies and Gentlemen. A Conversazione," 127*l.* 1*s.* Lot 320. "A Masquerade, painted with great freedom and natural expression," 21*l.* 10*s.* Lot 321. "The Game of Blindman's Buff, in a Landscape," 17*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* The above paintings were sold by Mr. Robins. There were also some specimens at Stowe, executed for Lord Temple, Richard Lord Cobham, and the Earl of Egremont, who is in possession of one which his Lordship purchased at the late Mr. Nollekens's sale at Mr. Christie's. The Marquess of Stafford has several pictures by Old Nollekens, at Trentham. They were painted for his Lordship's father.

made a most beautiful appearance. One of them was a small copy of the Laocoon in marble, which was bought by the Earl of Lincoln. After the sale, some of the purchasers gave the moulders leave to make casts of what they had bought, so that the students could procure them at a reasonable rate, and study from them in their own apartments.

Vevini, a Figure-maker, then living in St. James's-street, made a fine mould of the Laocoon, the very first cast of which is at present in the possession of Mr. John Taylor, of No. 12, Cirencester-place, who has been already frequently mentioned in this work: he is now in his 89th year, and is styled the "Father of the Painters;" having been a pupil of Francis Hayman. Scheemakers, for some time, shared the patronage of the great with Roubiliac and Rysbrack; and not many require to be informed that the statue of Shakspeare in Westminster Abbey was carved by Scheemakers from the design of Kent the Architect; but very few persons appear to be aware, that the beautiful little bronze statue of King Edward VI. in the court-yard of St. Thomas's Hospital, is also by the hand of the same Sculptor. For my own part, I never go into the Borough without indulging myself with a sight of that truly elegant production of Art. Some other specimens of this Artist

were in the collection at Wanstead House, and were sold on Friday, 21st June, 1822, in the tenth day's sale of that mansion, and were as follows: Lot 369, "a very splendid Medicean-shaped vase, four feet six inches high, of statuary marble, finely sculptured in high relief, representing a Sacrifice to Apollo, upon a stone pedestal, with carved heads and festoons." Lot 370, "A ditto, with the subject of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, upon a stone pedestal, same as the last."

In the Temple Church, there is a monument by Scheemakers to the memory of Doctor Mead, with his bust.

My amiable and highly-respected friend, Henry Smedley, Esq. the correctness of whose communications is always implicitly to be depended upon, has favoured me with the following information concerning some other works of this Sculptor.

"Sanctuary, October 13, 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The six busts by Scheemakers, of which I promised you an account, are in the library at Staunton Harold, the seat of Earl Ferrers, and are noticed in Nichols's "Leicestershire." They represent, 1. Hon. Lawrence Shirley, tenth son of first Earl Ferrers. 2. Anne his wife, daughter of Sir Walter Clayes, Bart., and

four of their children, viz.: 3. Lawrence, afterwards fourth Earl Ferrers. 4. Washington (the Admiral) afterwards fifth Earl Ferrers. 5. Elizabeth Shirley, died unmarried. 6. Anne Shirley.

"You are, of course, aware that Scheemakers was also the artist who did the monument of Sir Henry Belasyse, in St Paul's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

"I am, my dear Sir,
Very sincerely yours,
HENRY SMEDLEY."

Scheemakers and Delvaux jun. were also both considerably employed in decorating the gardens belonging to the sumptuous palace at Stowe; and the following is a particular description of their works there, with which I have been favoured by my worthy friend, William James Smith, Esq.* who has kindly written it from the sculptures themselves.

"There are," says he, "two groups in white marble, now in the Flower-garden, said to have been executed as a trial of mastery between them; and according to the tradition, the palm was given to Delvaux: the subjects are 'Vertumnus and Pomona,' and 'Venus and Adonis,' the figures rather less than half the size

* Librarian at Stowe.

of life. In the Temple of Antient Virtue, are statues, life-size, of Lycurgus, Socrates, Homer, and Epaminondas, all by Scheemakers. Under all, are inscriptions in Latin: I will transcribe them in English.

"Under *Lycurgus*,—'Who having planned, with consummate wisdom, a system of laws firmly secured against every encroachment of corruption; and having by the expulsion of riches, banished luxury, avarice and intemperance; established in the state for many ages, perfect liberty and inviolable purity of manners.—The father of his country.'

"Under *Socrates*,—'Who, innocent in the midst of a most corrupted people; the encourager of the good; a worshipper of the one God; from useless speculations, and vain disputes, restored philosophy to the duties of life, and the benefit of society.—The wisest of men.'

"Under *Homer*,—'The first and greatest of poets; the herald of virtue, the giver of immortality; who, by his divine genius, known to all nations, incites all nobly to dare, and firmly to suffer.'

"Under *Epaminondas*,—'By whose valour, prudence, and modesty, the Theban commonwealth gained liberty and empire, military discipline, civil and domestic policy; all which, by losing him, she lost.'

"In the front of the pediment of the Temple of Concord and Victory, is a piece of alto-relievo by Scheemakers, representing the four quarters of the world, bringing their various products to Britannia.

"In the Temple of British Worthies are fourteen busts with English inscriptions under them. I cannot find the name of Scheemakers upon any of them, nor can I ascertain whether they are really by him, or not; though, judging from the style of them, I think it most probable. I will add the inscriptions, some of which are interesting.

"'*Alexander Pope*,—Who, uniting the correctness of judgment to the fire of genius, by the melody and power of his numbers, gave sweetness to sense, and grace to philosophy: he employed the pointed brilliancy of wit to chasten the vices, and the eloquence of poetry to exalt the virtues, of human nature, and, being without a rival in his own age, imitated, and translated, with a spirit equal to the originals, the best poets of antiquity.'

"'*Sir Thomas Gresham*,—Who, by the honourable profession of a merchant, having enriched himself, and his country; for carrying on the commerce of the world, built the Royal Exchange.'

"'*Ignatius Jones*,—Who, to adorn his coun-

try, introduced, and rivalled the Greek and Roman architecture.'

"'*John Milton*,—Whose sublime and unbounded genius equalled a subject that carried him beyond the limits of the world.'

"'*William Shakspeare*,—Whose excellent genius opened to him the whole heart of man, all the mines of fancy, all the stores of nature; and gave him power beyond all other writers to move, astonish, and delight mankind.'

"'*John Locke*,—Who, best of all philosophers, understood the powers of the human mind; the nature, end, and bounds of civil government; and with equal sagacity, refuted the slavish system of usurped authority over the rights, the consciences, or the reason of mankind.'

"'*Sir Isaac Newton*,—Whom the God of nature made to comprehend his works.'

"'*Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam*;—Who, by the strength and light of superior genius, rejecting vain speculation, and fallacious theory, taught to pursue truth, and improve philosophy by the certain method of experiment.'

"'*King Alfred*,—The mildest, justest, most benevolent of Kings; who drove out the Danes, secured the seas, protected learning, established

juries, crushed corruption, guarded liberty, and was the founder of the English constitution.'

"'*Edward Prince of Wales*,—The terror of Europe, the delight of England; who preserved unaltered, in the height of glory and fortune, his natural gentleness and modesty.'

"'*Queen Elizabeth*,—Who confounded the projects, and destroyed the power that threatened to oppress the liberties of Europe; shook off the yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny; restored religion from the corruptions of popery; and by a wise, a moderate, and a popular government gave wealth, security, and respect to England.'

"'*King William the Third*,—Who, by his virtue and constancy, having saved his country from a foreign master, by a bold and generous enterprise, preserved the liberty and religion of Great Britain.'

"'*Sir Walter Raleigh*,—A valiant soldier and an able statesman, who endeavouring to rouse the spirit of his master, for the honour of his country, against the ambition of Spain, fell a sacrifice to the influence of that Court, whose arms he had vanquished, and whose designs he opposed.'

"'*Sir Francis Drake*,—Who, through many perils, was the first of Britons that ventured to sail round the globe, and carried into unknown

seas and nations the knowledge and glory of the English name.'

" 'John Hampden,—Who, with great spirit and consummate abilities, began a noble opposition to an arbitrary court, in the defence of the liberties of his country, supported them in Parliament, and died for them in the field.'

" 'Sir John Barnard,—Who distinguished himself in Parliament by an active and firm opposition to the pernicious and iniquitous practice of stockjobbing: at the same time exerting his utmost abilities to increase the strength of his country, by reducing the interest of the National Debt, which he proposed to the House of Commons in the year 1737; and, with the assistance of Government, carried into effect in the year 1750, on terms of equal justice to particulars and to the state, notwithstanding all the impediments which private interest could oppose to public spirit.'

" Here endeth the list of British Worthies. In the Mason's-yard, there is a statue, larger than life, of George II. crowned, in his robes, by Scheemakers: it formerly stood in the gardens on a handsome Corinthian column, which was taken down to prevent its falling from decay. To my mind, there is much merit in this statue. Queen Caroline yet stands in a retired

part of the gardens—aloft, supported by four Corinthian columns, she is surrounded by trees, and too high to be examined—but the similarity of style is in favour of Scheemakers as the sculptor.

"In the Temple of Friendship, are several busts in white marble. I can discover names, however, upon two only—Richard Grenville, late Earl Temple, by Scheemakers, and the Earl of Westmoreland, by one '*Thomas Ady*, 1742.' Very probably some of the others are by Scheemakers; they possess considerable merit, and are as follow:—Frederick, Prince of Wales, the Earls of Chesterfield and Marchmont, the Lords Cobham, Gower, and Bathurst, William Pitt, late Earl of Chatham, and George Lyttelton, late Lord Lyttelton.

"I believe I have now enumerated all that are, or are suspected to be, the work of Scheemakers."*

* This Sculptor's statue of Shakspeare, similar in composition to that erected in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, which has been recently set up over the principal entrance of Drury-lane Theatre, is of *lead*, and was executed by Cheere, "the leaden-figure man," formerly so highly celebrated at Hyde Park Corner, mentioned in the first volume of this work. This figure has been on the premises, ever since the time of Mr. Whitbread, who gave it to the Theatre. For this information, I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Winston.

RYSBRACK.

Roubiliac and Scheemakers's contemporary, John Michael Rysbrack, was born at Brussels, and was the son of a Landscape-painter, by whom there are several truly spirited etchings. He studied under Theodore Balant, a famous Sculptor; came to England in 1720, and resided in Vere-street, Oxford-street, where he had extensive workshops, which his great run of business required. On these premises he died, and was buried in Marylebone church-yard, near the Church, January 11th, 1770. After his decease, there were sales by auction held at his house, in one of which was an immense number of his own drawings mounted with uniform borders executed in bistre; and some of the most excellent of them are still to be found in the portfolios of collectors. I shall now insert a few contemporary notices respecting some of his works in Sculpture, which have not hitherto been brought together in print, viz.:—

"Mr. Rysbrack carved the monument erected to the memory of Mrs. Oldfield, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey."—*Daily Advertiser*, March 4th, 1730.

"Sir Isaac Newton's monument (in Westminster Abbey) was designed by Kent and executed by Rysbrack; the scaf-

folding was taken from before it, on Saturday, April 24th, 1731."—From the same paper.

John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, Westminster Abbey.

Matthew Prior, ditto.

Admiral Vernon, ditto.

Earl Stanhope, ditto.

"Sir Godfrey Kneller's monument was designed and executed in Westminster Abbey by Michael Rysbrack and Lord Bingley."—*Morning Advertiser*, March, 1757.

"Cambridge, July 14th, 1756. A very fine marble statue, done by Rysbrack, of the late Duke of Somerset, presented by the Duke's illustrious daughters, the Marchioness of Granby and Lady Guernsey."—*Public Advertiser*, July 20th, 1756.

"The noble statue of an Hercules, executed by the ingenious Mr. Rysbrack, is sent down to Sturton (Stourhead), in Wiltshire, the seat of Mr. Hoare, who has built a magnificent temple to receive it."—*Public Advertiser*, Jan. 12, 1757.

There is also a statue of Flora, by Rysbrack, at Stourhead.

"Rysbrack executed an elegant statue of that universally-beloved Governor of the Island of Barbadoes, the Hon. Henry Grenville, which was put up in the Town-Hall, anno 1756."

"A fine statue of that great and learned man, Mr. Locke, who was educated in Christ Church College, Oxon, is finished by Mr. Rysbrack, to be sent to that University."—*Public Advertiser*, Jan. 20, 1757.

Sir Hans Sloane, Physic-garden, Chelsea.

Ditto, a bust in the British Museum.

Charles, Duke of Somerset, and his Duchess, Salisbury Cathedral.

Lady Folkstone, Coleshill, Berks.

Lady Besborough, Derby.

Henry second Duke of Beaufort, Badminton, Gloucestershire.

Henry third Duke, and Charles the fourth Duke, ditto.

John Duke of Marlborough, and his Duchess, Blenheim.

Doctor Radcliffe, Library, Oxford.

King Charles I. for George Selwyn.

Martin Folkes, a bust in the British Museum.

King George II. Greenwich Hospital.

Palladio, Inigo Jones, and Fiamingo, at the Duke of Devonshire's, Chiswick.

Statue of John Willett, Esq. uncle to Ralph Willett, Esq. whole-length, size of life, in the entrance-hall at Merly-House, in Dorsetshire: stands in niche at the south end.

The first sale of this artist's effects took place on April 18th, 1767, at his house in Vere-street, Oxford-street; the second on March 12th 1770; and the third on the 28th of the same month, in which there were not fewer than three hundred drawings by him, chiefly washed in bistre. Mr. Rysbrack presented Mr. Garrick with one of his drawings, the subject being the Three Witches in Macbeth. This drawing is touched with great freedom, and is now in the possession of Mr. Dunn, Treasurer to Drury Lane Theatre.

LIART.

BRYAN, in his "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," speaking of Matthew Liart, the Engraver, erroneously states that "*This artist was born at Paris in* 1736, *but came to England when very young*, where he was employed in engraving some plates for Mr. Boydell's collection." Matthew Liart was born in London, in a house built by his grandfather, a respectable periwig-maker and barber, *on the south-west corner of Compton-street and Crown-street*,* which was, until 1762, called Hog-lane. Liart's family, as well as many other natives of France, settled upon this spot after the Edict of Nantz. The barber's son, Liart's father, who was a maker of survelois, a relishing kind of sausage, placed him with the celebrated Monsieur Ravenet, the Engraver, with whom he remained

* Near an old house with pillars before it, then standing on the site of the entrance to the present chapel in Moor-street: it was called "the French Change," being a place much frequented, and indeed surrounded by natives of France, who came to England after the Edict of Nantz. Here they met, and communicated with each other upon their several concerns; and hence arose the establishment of the numerous à-la-mode beef shops for the convenience of the neighbourhood.

seven years. Liart then occupied his father's second-floor front room, in which he engraved *all his plates.*

He drew at the Royal Academy, where he gained the silver medal for a drawing of a figure from the life; and he also obtained a prize from the Society of Arts. Mr. West has declared that Liart drew the human figure well, and he has frequently been heard to observe, that had he studied the historical and highest class of the art, he was quite certain he would have succeeded. He died about the year 1782, in Compton-street, in the house in which he was born, and in the room in which he engraved, and was buried at Paddington. Mr. Audinet, the Engraver, from whom I received some of the above particulars, and who has a spirited portrait of him painted by Laurenson, *is perfectly satisfied that Liart never even saw the sea.*

Of the various plates engraven by Liart, the two from Mr. West's pictures of Venus and Adonis, and Cephalus and Procris, are unquestionably his best.

CERACCHI.

DURING the time I was under the tuition of Mr. Nollekens, Signor Giuseppe Ceracchi, a Roman, often visited the studio. He came to England in 1773, with letters of recommendation from Nulty, a Sculptor at Rome; was employed by Carlini; and, when he first exhibited at the Royal Academy, his residence was stated to be at that artist's house, in King-square Court, now Carlisle-street, Soho-square.*

Mr. R. Adam, the architect, employed Ceracchi to model a basso-relievo, fourteen feet in length by six feet in height, of the Sacrifice of Bacchus, consisting of twenty figures, in Adams's composition,—a mixture of cement with oil, which is now called mastic, and similar to that used on the columns of the Theatre in the Hay-market,—for the back front of the house of Mr. Desenfans, in Portland-road; at whose decease it was sold by auction to the

* Soho-square was at one time called King's-square; and it is a curious fact, that King's-square-court, now Carlisle-street, was once called "Merry Andrew Street," as appears in a rare little view of Soho-square, in the possession of William Packer, Esq. of Great Baddow, Essex,—in which Monmouth House is to be seen.

proprietors of Coade's Artificial Stone Manufactory in that part of the New Road called "Tottenham Court;" and it is very tastefully modelled. The bust of Sir Joshua Reynolds, sold by the figure-casters, Mr. Northcote informs me, was also modelled by Ceracchi. Baretti, in his "Guide through the Royal Academy," when describing the Strand front of Somerset House, thus speaks of him: "The two figures nearest the centre, were made by Signor Carlini; the two at the extremities, by Signor Ceracchi, an Italian Sculptor, who resided some time in London, whose abilities the architect (Sir William Chambers) wished to encourage and keep among us; but the little employment found in England for Sculptors, however excellent, frustrated his intentions." Ceracchi had, when I was taken to see him, very extensive premises at No. 76, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square; he was a short thin man, with a piercing black eye, and a very blue beard. He was the Honourable Mrs. Damer's master in Sculpture, as that lady declared to me herself.*

Ceracchi, highly gifted as he certainly was,

* He modelled a statue of his pupil, which, since the decease of Lord Frederick Campbell, has been carved in marble, and placed in the Hall of the British Museum.

met with so little encouragement in this country, that after disposing of his property in Margaret-street, he quitted England for Rome, where he continued to practise as a Sculptor until the breaking out of the French Revolution, when he became so violent a partizan and so desperate, that he was condemned to death as the leader of the conspirators connected with the infernal machine contrivance, and was guillotined at Paris in 1801. Ceracchi continued so frantic to the last, that he actually built himself a car, in which he was drawn to the place of execution in the habit of a Roman Emperor. David, the French Painter, with whom Ceracchi had lived in intimacy, was called to speak to his character; but he declared he knew nothing of him beyond his fame as a Sculptor.

LOCATELLI.

JOHN BAPTIST LOCATELLI was a native of Verona, and when he came to England first lodged at No. 9, in the Haymarket, with the father of Charles Rossi, Esq. now an Academician. His next residence was in Bentinck-street, Berwick-street; and his last in England was in Union-street, at the back of Middlesex Hospital, which had been, before the year 1776, the time he entered the premises, occupied by another Italian Sculptor of the name of Angelini; and there it was that the friendly Rossi was placed under Locatelli's roof, as his pupil; but from whom, I can safely say, Rossi acquired no part of his present excellence as a Sculptor. Angelini was an artist of superior talent. He carved a group of the Virgin and Child, in marble, as large as life, and of which he unfortunately could find no better mode of disposing than by lottery. He also carved for Nollekens, and was often, to the no little mortification of his employer, mistaken by strangers as the master of the studio, not only from his superior manners, but by his dashing mode of dressing in a fashionable coat and red morocco slippers. Locatelli became an

object of some notoriety, by a dispute which arose between him and his kind patron, the Earl of Orford, against whom the Sculptor was so highly enraged, that he extensively distributed an octavo pamphlet consisting of one hundred and twenty-five pages in Italian and English, entitled, "A Dissertation of a Colossal group of John Baptist Locatelli." By this little work, which is written in some parts with the spleen and acrimony of a disappointed man, and which was printed without date, it appears that in the year 1782, the Earl of Orford bespoke a colossal group of this Sculptor, without asking what it was to come to. When the subject was named, his Lordship approved of it; but when the model was produced, he refused to take it, although he had advanced the artist 350*l.* on account. The design was Theseus offering assistance to Hercules.

It also appears by this narrative, that a committee of about fifteen gentlemen, among whom were Sir James Wright, Mr. Locke, Mr. Sheldon the Anatomist, (as some of the limbs were stated to have been broken, and others out of joints,) Mr. West, Mr. Cipriani, Mr. Fuseli, and Mr. Procter the Sculptor, had agreed to give their opinions upon it. Fuseli and Procter were rather severe with

the Artist, particularly the latter, who certainly had produced some models of Ixion, &c. which were highly spoken of. Locatelli declared in his pamphlet, by way of setting himself off, that he had been much noticed by the English when at Verona and Venice, and that, during his residence at Milan, he was employed by Count Firmin, M. Tilot, and Cardinal Crescènzi, and that he had executed upwards of *seventy statues and groups* for the brothers Battoni, &c.

So much may be gathered from this pamphlet; but as there are always two stories, at least, to be told in every dispute, the reader is requested to put that of Lord Orford into the other scale of evidence.

His Lordship, who had been extremely kind to Locatelli when abroad, by purchasing several of his models from the antique, the size of life, at one hundred guineas each, a much better price than he had before been accustomed to receive, —particularly noticed the Artist when he arrived in England. Finding that he was unemployed, he ordered him to model the above subject, as suggested by Locatelli, never asking the price; but concluding in his own mind that the sum would be proportionally more from being modelled in England, being a much dearer

country to live in than Italy. Locatelli had, by degrees, obtained money from his patron, amounting altogether to the sum of 350*l.* when his Lordship visited his Artist's studio to see what he was about, and, to his great surprise, he found the group was *colossal*, and, in his opinion, very bad. A dispute then arose, and his Lordship, notwithstanding the majority of the committee had given it against Locatelli, generously paid him a farther sum, and sent the model to Houghton; where it was destroyed, when that mansion unfortunately suffered by fire.

Nollekens's remarks upon this group of Theseus and Hercules, were sometimes laughable enough: he said, "The figures look like the dry skins of two brick-makers stuffed with clotted flocks from an old mattress;" and at other times he observed, "I think Locatelli must have studied Goltzius's Hercules;" a figure well known to the collectors of engravings under the appellation of the potatoe-man, in consequence of his muscles appearing more like that root, than any thing produced either above or below the earth. Mr. Smith, the Sculptor, who designed and executed the cenotaph, erected by the munificent Citizens of London, to the memory of Lord Nelson, in their Guildhall,

was the pupil of this artist; and his son, Charles, a highly-talented Sculptor, has, in his studio in the New Road, some fragments of Locatelli's models, which exhibit very little merit, particularly the portions of a small one of Lord Orford's group, above mentioned.

Robert Adam, the Architect, who occasionally gave Locatelli commissions, among other things employed him to execute a chimney-piece for Harewood House in Yorkshire.

In August 1780, Mr. Nollekens was advised to go to Harrowgate for the benefit of his health; in consequence of which, Mr. Rossi informs me, he carved, under the direction of his master, Locatelli, the basso-relievos, put up by Nollekens, on the outside of the Sessions-house on Clerkenwell Green.

Locatelli, in 1796, left England for Milan, where Buonaparte not only patronized him, but granted him a pension for life. Of his death, Mr. Rossi, my principal informant, is at present ignorant.

PROCTER.

THOMAS PROCTER was born at Settle, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire, April 22nd, 1753. His father, being in humble circumstances, apprenticed him to a tobacconist at Manchester, of whose occupation he soon became tired, and ventured to London, where he procured an engagement in the counting-house of Messrs. Harrison and Ansley, merchants. After remaining in this house for some time, he quitted it to study the arts of Painting and Sculpture; and, after his departure, the partners of the firm, in consequence of his having conducted himself so well, continued their kindness towards him, by giving him money, and receiving him as one of the family, whenever he pleased, at their houses at Tottenham and Clapham. On the 30th of September, 1777, he was admitted a student at the Royal Academy. He was induced, from seeing Barry's picture of Venus rising from the Sea, to paint a large subject of Adam and Eve, from Milton's "Paradise Lost." In 1782, he obtained a premium from the Society of Arts; in 1783, he gained a silver medal at the Royal Academy; and, in 1784, the gold medal was voted him for an Historical

picture. He also painted a picture of the Approach of Venus to the Island of Cyprus. At the time Procter was a candidate for the Royal Academy gold medal, it was much doubted whether he or another brother-student would be successful. When the students on Procter's side found that the prize was awarded to him, they agreed to seize and carry him down-stairs in triumph; which they not only accomplished, but proceeded with him publicly on their shoulders all about the quadrangle of Somerset-place, at the same time vociferating, "Procter! Procter!" Upon this, Barry, who heartily enjoyed the sight, exclaimed, with the usual oath of a blunt Irishman, "The lads have caught the true spirit of the ancient Greeks."

Procter likewise produced a very extraordinary model of Ixion on the wheel, which was thought so well of by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. West, and Sir Abraham Hume, that the worthy Baronet purchased it. He also executed a fine model of Diomedes thrown to his horses, but unfortunately of so large a size, that no one was tempted to buy it; and, as he could not afford to pay for a place to keep it in, he actually knocked it to pieces.

In 1794, when the period arrived at which the Royal Academy was to send a student to

Rome, they fixed upon Procter, but no one knew where to find, or hear any thing of him. However, Mr. West, with his usual zeal, after much inquiry, discovered him in an obscure lodging in a deplorably reduced state. Upon this, he instantly relieved him, invited him to dinner, and promised him letters of introduction to his Roman friends: but alas! during the short preparation for his departure, Mr. West received the sad intelligence of his being found dead in his bed, at his humble lodgings, opposite the Cider-cellar, in Maiden-lane, Covent-garden. He died in his forty-first year, and was buried in Hampstead church-yard.

Mr. Middiman, the celebrated Landscape-engraver, who is now in his seventy-seventh year, related to me the following anecdote of poor Procter. Mr. Rising, a painter and picture-cleaner, one of Procter's most intimate friends, witnessing his disturbed state of mind, arising from pecuniary embarrassment, and a most honourable and anxious wish to leave England for Rome free of every debt, went privately to a gentleman, who held a note for money lent, to whom he represented Procter's distress. The gentleman, whose heart, like those of many other Englishmen, was in its right place, begged of him to desire Procter to make himself

perfectly easy on his account; and to convince him of his safety, immediately threw the note into the fire. Early the next morning, the friendly Rising hastened to communicate the liberality of the gentleman; when, alas! he found that Procter had died in the preceding night. Procter was short in stature, remarkably well-proportioned, and firmly built. His hair and whiskers were of a jet black, the latter of which he suffered to grow with a preposterous projection from his cheeks. His skin was swarthy, but his black eyes were piercingly energetic, particularly when a grand idea had struck his mind, which was well stored with classic reading. He then instantly grappled with his clay; upon which he was sure to leave vigorous marks of superior genius. Mr. West classed him with the first-rate modellers; and indeed he thought so well of him, that when the Royal Academicians agreed to send him to Rome, Mr. West made up his mind to send his son Raphael with him, concluding that by their high talents they would enjoy a most interesting intercourse. I received the following anecdote of him from the venerable Northcote, who is in his eighty-second year.* Procter sent an immense pic-

* Mr. Northcote was born in Market-street, Plymouth, October 22d, old style, 1746.

ture to the Royal Academy to be exhibited; the subject of which, to the best of his recollection, was Druidical. This performance, however, was so indifferent, that the Academicians on the Council advised him to improve it; and, as it was so large a work, accommodation was given him somewhere on the premises. After he had been at work upon it for several days, some of the Council, who were not at all pleased with what he had done, begged of Mr. Northcote to go and look at it; but it was so very deficient in the requisite of painting, that they could not admit it into any of their show-rooms. However, as they thought that it would hurt his feelings to reject it for its want of a painter's expression, they very kindly allowed him to think, that as it was so large, there was no room for it.

As a painter, Mr. Northcote assured me that he could not praise Procter, and yet he said there was mind in most of the things he produced; but as a modeller, he spoke in the highest terms of his talents. During the time Procter was engaged upon his figure of Ixion, Nollekens, who was not then far advanced in life, made the following remark. "I don't see why Procter should make Ixion going round on the wheel, with his eyes almost closed: I am sure I could not sleep under such torture."

I heard Nollekens once ask a painter, who was modelling a figure of Time on the ground struggling with a female, why he made Time sprawling on the ground with her, "You should not do that. Time is always on the wing: no, no, you should make Time pursuing the girl." Mr. Nollekens used to say, that Procter had less merit as a modeller than a painter; though this was not the opinion of Professor Westmacott, who applied to Sir Abraham Hume for the loan of the group of Pirithous and the figure of Ixion on the Wheel, two of Procter's highly-esteemed and best models. These he generously and openly exhibited during his last Lecture delivered at the Royal Academy, expatiated upon them as works of true genius, and declared them to be in many respects highly worthy the attention of the students in Sculpture.

ZOFFANY.

THE history of Zoffany, the painter of that inimitable picture of the Members of the Royal Academy, in the King's most splendid collection, being but little known; I shall introduce the following account of him, received partly from the lips of my friend, Philip Audinet, a pupil of John Hall, the Engraver, whose son, the Rev. Doctor Hall, is now Master of Pembroke College, Oxford; and partly from other sources of equal veracity.

Mr. Audinet's father served his time with Rimbault, a celebrated Musical Clock-maker, who lived in Great St. Andrew's-street, near the Seven Dials. He principally traded to Holland, and made, what were at that time called, "Twelve-tuned Dutchmen;" viz. clocks which played twelve tunes, with moving figures, variously occupied, having scenery painted behind them. As these machines were very complicated, and therefore required a combination of talents, the pricking of the barrels was executed by a famous hand of the name of Bellodi, an Italian, who at that period lived in Short's-gardens, Drury-lane: his son, an excellent maker of barrel-organs, died lately at Pentonville. This

person solicited Rimbault in favour of a poor man, an artist, who was almost starving in a garret, and an inmate of his house. "Let him come to me," said Rimbault; he accordingly went to him, and produced such extraordinary specimens of his talent, that he received immediate employment in painting the fronts of musical clocks.

In the course of time, when the employer and employed became better acquainted with each other, this *clock-face painter* proposed to paint his patron's *face;* which he did so admirably, that it raised him considerably in the opinion of Rimbault, who exerted himself to the fullest extent of his ability to serve him.* Benjamin Wilson, who, at this period, resided in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, No. 56, in the house in which Mr. Philip Audinet now lives, being anxious to procure an assistant who could draw the figure well, a branch of his art in which Wilson was extremely deficient, having confined his talent to the head only,—it so happened that he encountered the above painter

* This truly animated portrait of Rimbault, by Zoffany, is carefully preserved over the chimney-piece of his nephew's front parlour, at No. 9, Denmark-street, Soho. Mr. Rimbault is the Organist to Saint Giles's in the Fields, and one of the most extensive collectors of Rowlandson's drawings.

of clock-faces, and, finding his qualifications exactly to his purpose, engaged him at a salary of about forty pounds a-year, but enjoined him to profound secrecy. Now it happened that Garrick was so convinced that a picture which was exhibiting of himself and Miss Bellamy, in Romeo and Juliet, was not the production of Benjamin Wilson, whose name was to it, that he was determined to find out the painter, and by his perseverance discovered his name to be Zoffany.

Mr. Garrick, then, with that kindness which he always exercised towards artists of talent, gave him immediate employment, and introduced him to his friends, particularly to Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose liberal conduct in his favour, mentioned in Miss Moser's letter, at page 66 of the first volume of this work, was so highly honourable to that immortal painter.

Mr. Zoffany was as fortunate in having Garrick for his study, as the public are in the possession of that painter's delineations of so wonderful an actor; and I believe most persons will agree with me, that, with all the powerful display of the pictorial talent of Reynolds, Dance, Gainsborough, Loutherbourg, and Clint, the pencil of Zoffany in theatrical representations has been unrivalled. Nor, indeed, do I believe, that

at any period, the painter could have had superior assistance in handing his fame to posterity, than from those artists who have engraved his pictures; for the accuracy of which assertion, I shall appeal to the recollection of my reader, by presenting him with a list of the engravings which have been executed from Zoffany's works, which I have arranged according to their date of publication.

Zoffany, pinxt. Jas. M'Ardell, fecit.

Mr. GARRICK and Mrs. CIBBER, in the characters of *Jaffier and Belvidera.—Venice Preserved,* Act 4, Scene 2.

Published March 25, 1764, according to Act of Parliament, sold by J. M'Ardell, at the corner of Henrietta-street, in Covent-garden.

Zoffany, pinxt. J. Boydell, excudt. J. G. Haid, fecit.

Mr. FOOTE, in the character of *Major Sturgeon,* in the *Mayor of Garret.*

Published according to Act of Parliament, August 14th, 1765, by John Boydell, Engraver, in Cheapside, London.

Zoffany, pinxt. J. Boydell, excudt. J. G. Haid, fecit.

Mr. GARRICK, in the *Farmer's Return.*

Published according to Act of Parliament, March 1st, 1766, by J. Boydell Engraver, in Cheapside, London.

J. Zoffany, pinxt. Published Nov. 1st, 1768. J. Finlayson, fecit.

Mr. GARRICK, in the character of *Sir John Brute.*

Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Hullet, Mr. Cough, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Watkens, and Mr. Phillips, *as Watchmen.*

J. Zoffany, pinxt. Published March 1st, 1768. J. Finlayson, fecit.

Mr. SHUTER, Mr. BEARD, and Mr. DUNSTALL, in the characters of *Justice Woodcock*, *Hawthorn*, and *Hodge*.—*Love in a Village*, Act 1, Scene 6.

Sold by Mr. Zoffany, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, Mr. Finlayson, in Berwick-street, Soho, and Mr. Parker, at No. 82, in Cornhill.

J. Zoffany, pinxt. J. Finlayson, fecit.

Mr. FOOTE and Mr. WESTON, in the characters of *the President and Dr. Last.*

J. Zoffany, pinxt.

Mr. GARRICK, in the character of *Abel Drugger*, Mr. BURTON, and Mr. PALMER, in the characters of *Subtle* and *Face*. —*Alchymist*, Act 2, Scene 6.

To Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle, this plate is humbly inscribed, by his Lordship's obedient servant.

Published according to Act of Parliament, January the 12th, 1771, by John Dixon, in Kemp's Row, opposite Ranelagh, Chelsea; and sold by A. Davy, in Duke's-court, St. Martin's-lane, C. Bowles, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and J. Boydell, Cheapside.

J. Zoffany, pinxt. R. Earlom, sculpt.

Mr. KING and Mrs. BADDELEY, in the characters of *Lord Ogleby* and *Miss Fanny Sterling*.—*Clandestine Marriage*, Act 4.

"O, thou amiable creature! command my heart, for it is vanquished."

Published as the Act directs, Nov. 1, 1772, by Robert Sayer, No. 53, in Fleet-street, London.

Published March 30th, 1776, by J. Boydell, Engraver, in Cheapside, London.

J. Zoffany, pinxt. V. Green, Engraver to his Majesty, fecit.

Mr. GARRICK and Mrs. PRITCHARD, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, Act 2, Scene 3.

From the original picture painted by Zoffany, in the possession of George Keate, Esq. to whom this plate is dedicated by his most humble servant, John Boydell.

Sold by J. Watson, in Litchfield-street, Soho.

Zoffany, pinxt. Marchie, fecit.

Mr. MOODY, in the character of *Foigard*.

Zoffany, pinxt. T. Simson, excudit. J. Young, sculpt.

Mr. BRANSBY, Mr. PARSONS, Mr. WATKINS, in the characters of *Æsop*, *Old Man*, and *Servant*.—*Lethe*.

Published April 9th, 1788, by T. Simpson, St. Paul's Church-yard.

J. Zoffany, pinxt. J. Dixon, fecit.

Mr. GARRICK, in the character of *Abel Drugger*, in the *Alchymist*.

Published 1 Jan. 1791, by R. Sayer, and Co. Fleet-street.

Painted by J. Zoffany. Engraved by John Young, Engraver in Mezzotinto to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

The character of *Puff*, in the *Critic*, as represented by THOMAS KING,

Who, with most profound respect, and the utmost gratitude, dedicates this print to those illustrious encouragers of the liberal arts,

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York.

London, Nov. 1803, published by Thomas King, No. 9, New Store-street, Bedford-square.

SHERWIN.

AFTER I had studied about three years under Mr. Nollekens, I became so delighted with the art of engraving, that I endeavoured to imitate several of the etchings of celebrated painters, particularly those of Rembrandt and Ostade; some of which I copied so closely, that my father's old patron, Dr. Hinchcliffe, then Bishop of Peterborough, kindly showed them to Sherwin, who was so pleased with them, that he offered to take me at half the usual premium, and I became his domestic pupil. In consequence of Sherwin being frequently from home, it fell to my lot, alternately with my two fellow-pupils, Newnham and M'Kenzie, to attend the visitors to the painting-room, and to answer their questions. Being considered a good-tempered lad, the ladies noticed me; and young as I was, in consequence of my studying the human figure, I became tolerably familiar with beautiful forms, which knowledge often induced me to contemplate the graceful figures and fascinating features of the fashionable women, who daily thronged to see a drawing which Sherwin was then engaged upon, the subject being the Finding of Moses.

The ideas of this extraordinary artist were generally elegant, and always pleasing; which led him to introduce in this picture the portrait of the Princess Royal of England, as Pharaoh's daughter, and those of the ladies of our Court most distinguished for their beauty as her attendants. Lady Duncannon, and her sister, the Duchess of Devonshire, were in the centre of the composition, surrounded by the rest who composed the group. In this drawing, were exhibited Ladies Jersey, &c; but the most conspicuous figure was that of her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, the present Dowager.

Being frequently in the room when these elegant fashionables came to sit, I had most enviable opportunities of seeing them near; and lovely as most of them unquestionably were, none, in my opinion, eclipsed her Grace of Rutland. I remember placing an engraving of the three Ladies Waldegrave on the carpet before her Grace, by the desire of Sherwin, who was then at his easel, and I must declare that I never beheld a more dignified and beautiful woman: and, indeed, when I last had the honour of seeing her Grace, only a very few years since, I still remained of the same opinion.

Sherwin's drawing, however, fascinating as it certainly was, though it procured him many friends, by the preference which he had given

to the ladies selected, made those who were unsolicited his enemies; and he found to his cost, that paying a woman of high title a compliment at the expense of a greater beauty of inferior rank, was one of the great errors of his life. Indeed, on the other hand, he gave much offence even to some of those ladies whose portraits he *had* introduced, by placing that of Mrs. Townley Ward, whose features were certainly of the grand cast, near to a Duchess, whose beauty could not stand the comparison.

The attraction of this drawing became so great, that footmen were continually thundering at Sherwin's door; and, during the spring months, the succession of carriages was so incessant, that the passers-by would often return to see a celebrated beauty alight or depart. I was much pleased, one morning, by the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, who named most of the portraits; and was highly delighted when Mr. Sherwin desired me to look out a fine proof of his engraving of the Bishop of Peterborough's picture of the Holy Family, painted by N. Poussin, and give it to my old master: with which attention he was so much pleased, that he invited Sherwin to his studio, and offered him the loan of any of his busts to engrave from.

Sherwin had gained the gold medal for an historical picture at the Royal Academy; and Nol-

lekens used to observe, that it was by painting a picture that Bartolozzi became a Royal Academician, and not as an Engraver. However, my old master, upon this occasion, said little, being in the presence of Mrs. Nollekens, to whose advice he now and then paid attention.

Sherwin had a most wonderful faculty in delineating the human form; for I have often seen him begin a figure at the toe, draw upwards, and complete it at the top of the head in a most correct and masterly manner. He had also an extraordinary command over the use of both his hands; and whenever he has been engaged on a very large plate that was difficult to turn, he would let the plate remain before him, throw the graver over from his right hand into his left, and accurately meet the sweeping line he had commenced with the former. His application to his art was by no means regular; he would draw for several days, then walk about and visit his friends, or at other times paint: and one of his best pictures of a female was a whole-length of the beautiful Miss Collins, a daughter of Dr. Collins, of Winchester, afterwards Lady St. John, which is admirably painted. His most spirited one of a gentleman was that of Kinnaird, the Magistrate, father of my friend the Architect, who has lately edited Stuart's Athens. His mode of engraving was rapid in the ex-

treme; for I have often seen him begin a little plate for a ticket, sit up all night, and finish it the next day by breakfast-time. Tom Davies, the Bookseller, applied to him, one Saturday, to engrave a head of Garrick, for that actor's life, at the price of fifteen guineas, and it was to be done immediately. Sherwin, who was, I am sorry to say, too much like many other artists, fond of working upon Sundays, sent this plate of Garrick home on the Monday morning, completely finished, to the great astonishment of Davies, and every one else who knew the fact. Perhaps, however, the plate which he executed in the shortest time, considering its quantity of work, is the portrait of the late Earl of Carlisle, painted by Romney: this engraving Sherwin produced in four days, though he had promised it for more than three months before. It is a beautiful piece of art, and the plate being a private one, the property of the family, and given only to particular friends, it is considered as a great rarity among portrait-collectors. There is a pretty tolerable copy of it in the European Magazine for November 1785, vol. viii. page 327.

Sherwin drew tastefully in red and black chalks, in the style which was afterwards considerably improved and practised by Cosway, who derived from it larger emoluments, than

Sherwin and all the other artists of his day put together.

In Sherwin's studio, I have frequently seen Mrs. Robinson, when in her full bloom; and he actually engraved her portrait at once upon the copper, without any previous drawing. Here I also saw Mrs. Siddons sit, in an attitude of the highest dignity, in the character of the Grecian Daughter;* which portrait he also engraved in a similar way.

John Keyse Sherwin was born at Eastdean, in Sussex, and was noticed, early in life, by William Mitford, Esq. of the Treasury, who was his best friend; and this gentleman is in possession of the historical picture which Sherwin painted, when he obtained the gold medal in the Royal Academy; the subject being Venus soliciting Vulcan to make armour for her son. Perhaps no artist was more noticed by the first families of his time than Sherwin; nor was any man more blessed with sincere friends, among whom was the gentleman above-mentioned, and Doctors Bever, Collins, Chelsum, Wynne, Wyse, Stevens, &c.

Various and often singularly interesting were

* Upon her re-appearance at Drury-lane Theatre, where she had not acted since the days of Garrick; with whom she had played many parts during the last year of his performance.

the scenes which I witnessed during my short stay with Sherwin; and a recollection of some of them, even now, affords me no small degree of pleasure in my evening walks. I well remember one in particular, which always occurs to me whenever I hear the late Lord Fitzwilliam mentioned. One afternoon, his Lordship was shown into our studio, with full expectation of finding Sherwin, according to the declaration of the lad who had opened the door; but, upon his Lordship's being assured that he was not in the house, a huge elephant of a man arose from his seat, and addressed the nobleman nearly in the following manner: "Sare, he *is* at home; my name is Elbell; I am un taileur un habit-maker; I live at No. 65, Vells-street, Oxford-market; he ordere me to come here for amount of my bill; an I have been vaiting here no less dan dese five hour; an until I am distinctly satisfy, I vill not go avay vidout my money. I make for Colonel Topham, Sare, an Major Hanger; an dey never vill serve me in such a vay." Lord Fitzwilliam, after requesting to know the amount of his bill, desired him to write a receipt, and paid him.

As soon as Elbell left the room, his Lordship rang the bell, and ordered the lad to tell his master that the tailor was gone, and that

Lord Fitzwilliam wished to see him. In a few minutes, Sherwin, who had been dressing for Sir Brook Boothby's, entered the room in a scarlet-lapelled coat, with large gilt buttons the size of a half-crown, a white satin waistcoat embroidered with sprigs of jasmine, a pair of black satin small-clothes with Bristol-stone knee-buckles, a pair of Scott's liquid-dye blue silk stockings with Devonshire clocks, long-quartered shoes with large square buckles, which covered the whole of the lower front of his instep down to his toes; a shirt with a frill and ruffles of lace, his hair pomatumed and powdered with an immense toupée, three curls on a side, and tied up with a tremendous club behind. Lord Fitzwilliam exclaimed, "Well, Sherwin, you certainly are a handsome fellow; but most extravagantly dressed. Pray, whose levee are you for now? There, I will for once make you a present of Orator Elbell's receipt for making a fine gentleman."

Of all the men I ever knew, Sherwin was the most difficult to get money from, as he generally lost it in gambling as soon as he got it. His manœuvres to rid himself of a dun were sometimes whimsically ingenious. I recollect a purblind Engraver, of the name of Roberts, the artist who etched the fifty small

views round London, from drawings made by Chatelain, and who had frequently importuned him for cash, being prevailed upon to partake of a bottle of wine, in order to drink success to the Arts, before he paid him. Sherwin, after the second glass, wishing to leave him, and knowing that Roberts could not see correctly beyond the bottle, moved his lay-figure, upon which he had put an old coat, from the corner of the room, and placed it as Roberts's companion; but before he stole out of the studio, he requested Mr. Roberts to keep the bottle by him, and to finish it whilst he wrote answers to some letters for the post. Roberts, who had no idea of his having quitted the table, now and then, as he took an occasional glass, silently bowed, respectfully acknowledging the presence of his host. At last, after some time had elapsed, he ventured to observe that he had a great way to go; but receiving no remark, he got up, walked round the table, and modestly requested payment. Upon no answer being returned, he went close enough to whisper the real state of his situation, when, discovering the trick, he left the house indignantly. However, Sherwin, who had been that evening lucky at play, upon our informing him of poor Roberts's distressed situation, sent him the money

early the next morning, with an additional guinea for the time he had lost, with which he was desired to drink the King's health.

I must here declare, that though Sherwin was so imprudent in his way of living, he was a generous man, and that I have known him to give liberally in charitable contributions, particularly to distressed widows of clergymen, whose melancholy situations I have often heard him deplore; observing that the children of a poor country curate were more to be pitied than those of a London artist; since the latter generally had some qualification by which they could get a living.

Happily for the honour of our country, our societies have augmented, and funds are fast increasing for the better provision of the helpless widows and offspring of debilitated artists, as well as for those who are left destitute by the less fortunate in the Church. It gives me great pleasure to state, that the Artists' Fund dinners are attended by persons of the highest rank and fortune in the kingdom, who most condescendingly undertake the office of stewards; and I fully trust, that in a few years a foundation upon a plan similar to that for the sons and daughters of the Clergy, in St. John's Wood, will be established for the orphans of artists.

GAINSBOROUGH.

THE grandfather of Thomas Gainsborough was a schoolmaster; and the young artist, who was the most unpromising pupil he had, was never better pleased than when he could prevail upon his father to request a holiday for him; for which he wrote in the following manner, "Give Tom a holiday." Tom, not wishing to apply to his father so often as he desired a day's sketching, hit upon the expedient of forgery, and copied this order to the extent of about fifty; but not having any place to put them in, thought of secreting them in the warming-pan, concluding that, as it was the summer season, that utensil would not be in requisition, and, as it hung up in the kitchen, he could watch an opportunity of taking out an order as he wanted it. In this supposition, however, he was disappointed, as one of the family being taken ill during his absence, the warming-pan was to be made use of; and no sooner was it taken down, than the remaining stock of these forged papers was scattered over the place, to the no small surprise of those present; and, upon their being shown to his father, he observed, from

their nicety of imitation, that Tom would certainly come to an untimely end.

In consequence of this discovery, the next time he was absent from school, his father, who knew nothing of his sketching-days, watched him, suspecting that he kept idle company, but in this he was agreeably astonished, when he saw him seat himself upon the side of a bank, and begin to make a drawing of a cluster of dock-leaves; and, upon his return home, he found a quantity of his son's sketches of stumps of trees, styles, sheep, and shepherd boys, which had been secreted in various holes and corners.*

Mr. Gainsborough was a lively writer, as we may see in the two following letters addressed to his friend Henderson, the Actor, inserted in "Letters and Poems, by the late Mr. John Henderson, by John Ireland," printed for Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, in 1786.

"Bath, 27th June, 1773.

"DEAR HENDERSON,

"IF you had not wrote to me as you did, I should have concluded you had been laid down; pray, my boy, take care of yourself this

* For this anecdote, as well as several others, I am obliged to my friend John Jackson, Esq. R.A. who is in possession of several beautiful portraits by Gainsborough.

hot weather, and don't run about London streets, fancying you are catching strokes of *Nature*, at the hazard of your constitution. It was my first school, and deeply read in petticoats I am, therefore you may allow me to caution you.

"Stick to Garrick as close as you can, for your life: you should follow his heels like his shadow in sunshine.

"No one can be so near him as yourself, when you please; and I'm sure, when he sees it strongly as other people do, he must be fond of such an *ape*. You have nothing to do now but to stick to the few great ones of the earth, who seem to have offered you their assistance in bringing you to light, and to brush off all the low ones as fast as they light upon you. You see I hazard the appearing a puppy in your eyes, by pretending to advise you, from the real regard and sincere desire I have of seeing you a great and happy man. Garrick is the greatest creature living, in every respect: he is worth studying in every action. Every view, and every idea of him is worthy of being stored up for imitation; and I have ever found him a generous and sincere friend. Look upon him, Henderson, with your imitative eyes, for when he drops, you'll have nothing but poor old Nature's book to look in. You'll be left in the

dark, or by a farthing candle. Now is your time, my lively fellow! And, do ye hear, don't eat so devilishly; you 'll get too fat when you rest from playing, or get a sudden jigg by illness to bring you down again.

"Adieu, my dear H.

"Believe me your's, &c.

"T. G."

"Bath, July 18, 1773.

"DEAR HENDERSON,

"If I may judge by your last spirited epistle, you are in good keeping; no one eats with a more grateful countenance, or swallows with more good-nature than yourself.

"If this does not seem sense, do but recollect how many hard-featured fellows there are in the world that frown in the midst of enjoyment, chew with unthankfulness, and seem to swallow with pain instead of pleasure; now any one who sees you eat pig and plum sauce, immediately *feels that pleasure* which a plump morsel, smoothly gliding through a narrow glib passage into the regions of bliss, and moistened with the dews of imagination, naturally creates.

"Some iron-faced dogs, you know, seem to chew dry ingratitude, and swallow discontent. Let such be kept to *under parts*, and never

trusted to support a character. In all but eating stick to Garrick; in *that* let him stick to you, for I 'll be curst if you are not his master! Never mind the fools who talk of imitation and copying; all is imitation, and if you quit that natural likeness to Garrick, which your mother bestowed upon you, you 'll be flung——Ask Garrick else.

" Why, Sir, what makes the difference between man and man, is the real performance, and not genius or conception. There are a thousand Garricks, a thousand Giardinis, and Fishers, and Abels. Why only one Garrick with Garrick's eyes, voice, &c.? One Giardini with Giardini's fingers, &c.? But one Fisher with Fisher's dexterity, quickness, &c.? Or more than one Abel with Abel's feeling upon the instrument? All the rest of the world are mere *hearers* and *see'ers*.

" Now, as I said in my last, as Nature seems to have intended the same thing in you as in Garrick, no matter how short or how long, her kind intention must not be crossed. If it is, she will tip the wink to Madam Fortune, and you 'll be kicked down-stairs.

' Think on that, Master Ford.'

" God bless you,

" T. G."

Gainsborough, when advising Henderson to copy Garrick, forgot that Nature had been his own idol; and also the remark so often attributed to Michel Angelo, that 'The man who walks after another, must always be behind him.' Did Shakspeare serve an apprenticeship to any one? Who taught Hogarth to paint the pictures of the *Marriage A-la-mode?* Did Garrick follow the manner of any actor? Was not Wilson, the Landscape-painter, Nature's child? Did Kemble act in the style of others? Did not Sir Joshua, who held the palette as the first of painters, after all his attention to the works of the old masters, both in design and colouring, acknowledge Nature to be his loveliest mistress? The pulses of my young countrymen must ever beat high, when they recollect that *all* the persons above-mentioned were *Englishmen born and bred,* and may correctly, I believe, be considered *six of the greatest men the world has produced.* Sir Joshua has observed, that "too much attention to other men's thoughts, by filling the mind, extinguishes the natural power, like too much fuel on fire." The reader will recollect, too, in a letter from Sir Joshua to N. Pocock, given by Northcote in his second edition of Sir Joshua's Works, at page 90 of the second volume, that

he says, "I would recommend to you, above all things, to *paint* from nature instead of *drawing;* to carry your palette and pencils to the water-side. This was the practice of Vernet, whom I knew at Rome; he then showed me his studies in colours, which struck me very much, for that truth which those works only have, which are produced while the impression is warm from nature."

Gainsborough was interred at Kew, on the 9th of August, 1788.

BACON.

BEFORE I commence a biographical sketch of this celebrated Artist, who was one of the earliest exhibitors in the Royal Academy, and the first individual who received the gold medal as a Modeller in that institution, I think my readers will be interested by the following song, relative to the formation of the Academy itself. It was written by the Rev. Dr. Franklin, who was chosen the first Chaplain to the Establishment, and was sung by Mr. Beard at its institutory dinner. As it was never printed accurately, I here introduce a copy from the original manuscript, with which I was favoured by the author's daughter, Maria Franklin.

THE PATRONS.

A SONG.

HERE'S a health to the Great, who are *Patrons of Arts,*
Who for good British hands have true British hearts;
Abroad who disdain for their pleasures to roam,
But encourage true merit and genius at *Home.*

If I *was* not mistaken, I heard some folks say,
That our guests seem'd to relish the feast of to-day;
That with candour they own, we at least have aim'd well,
And those deserve praise who but strive to excel.

But our artists,—the fact to our shame is well-known,—
Like our wives, are neglected, because they 're our own;

Whilst Italia's fair harlots with rapture we view,
And embrace the dear strangers—to show our *Virtù*.

When good Master Christie tricks out his fine show,
All is not pure gold which there glitters, we know;
But with pompous fine titles he humbugs the town,
If the *names* are but foreign, the trash will go down:

For this purpose, some shrewd picture-merchants, they say,
Keep many a good Raphael and Rubens in pay;
And half the Poussins and Correggios you meet
Were daub'd in a garret in Aldersgate-street:

There with pencils and brushes they drive a snug trade;
There Ancients are form'd and Originals made;
New trifles are shelter'd beneath an old name,
And pictures, like bacon, are *smoked* into fame.

Such arts we disclaim, and such tricks we despise,
On their own little pinions our eaglets shall rise;
And upheld by your praises, perchance they may soar
To the summit of Fame, which they ne'er reach'd before.

When strong prepossession no longer shall blind,
Nor the shackles of Prejudice fetter the mind;
The beauties of Truth then old Time shall unveil,
And merit o'er folly and fashion prevail.

Then let 's drink to the Great, who are Patrons of Arts,
Who for good British hands have good British hearts;
Abroad who disdain for their pleasures to roam,
But encourage true merit and genius at *Home*.

The meetings of the Royal Academy, at its commencement, were at seven o'clock in the evening, as will appear from the following invitation, which was sent to Benjamin West, Esq.

"Royal Academy, 30th day of Oct. 1769.

"SIR,

"You are desired to meet the President, and the rest of the Visitors, at the Royal Academy, in Pall-Mall, on Friday next, the 3d day of November, at seven o'clock in the evening, to examine the layman.

I am Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"F. M. NEWTON, SEC. R.A."

John Bacon, whose father Thomas, was a Cloth-worker, was born in London on the 24th of November, 1740, and was employed, when a boy, in a Pottery at Lambeth, and afterwards by Mrs. Coade, in her Artificial Stone Manufactory,* during which time he obtained no fewer than nine prizes in the Society of Arts. Mr. Bacon commenced carving in marble in 1763.

* Mrs. Coade's Artificial Stone Manufactory was erected in the year 1769, at the King's Arms Stairs, Narrow Wall, Lambeth. In a descriptive catalogue of the contents of this manufactory, published in 1784, what were at that time deemed the advantages of Artificial Stone, are minutely set forth. At page 82, of Nichols's "History and Antiquities of the Parish of Lambeth," speaking of this establishment, the author says, "Here are many statues, which are allowed by the best judges to be master-pieces of Art, from the models of that celebrated artist, John Bacon, Esq."

He then resided in George-yard, near Soho-square, in Oxford-road, and exhibited at the Royal Academy a medallion of King George the Third, and a group of Bacchanalians. In the succeeding year, he produced a model in bas-relief, the subject the Good Samaritan.

In 1771, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy; and exhibited a cast from his model of Mars, a very beautiful performance, of which he carved in marble a statue as large as life, for the Hon. Mr. Pelham, afterwards Lord Yarborough, now in the hall of the present Lord's town-residence in Arlington-street; where there are also numerous busts in marble by Nollekens. The following year, Bacon exhibited a model of a Child; and in 1773, a bust in marble, and a design for his own door-plate in artificial stone.

Johnson, the builder of Berners-street, who had been extremely kind to Bacon in the early part of his life, made a purchase of very extensive premises in Newman-street purposely for him, but entirely without his knowledge. As soon as he communicated to him what he had done, Bacon exclaimed, "How could you do so? I am not able to enter upon any thing of the kind."—"Yes, you are," replied Johnson. "Go into them, and I shall never expect

the money, unless you are quite capable of reimbursing me."* In 1774, Mr. Bacon took possession of these premises, No. 17, Newman-street, and exhibited a bust of King George III. in marble. In 1775, he produced a model for a marble statue of Minerva in artificial stone; and in 1778, he was chosen an Academician, and presented to the Royal Academy a bust representing Sickness as his reception-piece.

The principal of his other public works are, a bronze statue of King George III. in the court-yard of Somerset-place, and also the attic decorations on the street, and back fronts of the same edifice;† the cenotaph in Guildhall; and the monument in Westminster Abbey,

* In what way this act of kindness ended, I am ignorant; but I have been also credibly informed, that after Johnson became a banker in Bond-street, and when he feared a serious run upon his house, Bacon stepped nobly forward, and lent his kind benefactor forty thousand pounds!!! From this circumstance, whether the loan amounted to such a sum or not, we are to conclude, that a man of Bacon's integrity must have repaid his truly kind friend, Johnson, in the sum he had advanced for the purchase of his premises, before he offered to *lend* him money.

† So states the late Joseph Baretti, when Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy, in his work, entitled, "A Guide through the Royal Academy." This curious and rare pamphlet is unfortunately printed without a date; but, from internal evidence, I conjecture it

erected to the memory of the Earl of Chatham;* the figure of King Henry VI. in the Ante-chapel of Eton College; a monument to the memory of Guy, erected in the Chapel of his Hospital; and also two figures at the front of that building. In 1795, he executed a statue of the great and good Dr. Samuel Johnson, for

to have been published about the year 1780. The following extracts are from pages 6 and 8.

"The attic terminates with a group, consisting of the Arms of the British Empire, supported on one side by the Genius of England, on the other by Fame sounding her trumpet. The whole is a much approved performance of Mr. Bacon."

Speaking of the south, or quadrangular front, the same Author observes, "The *Couronnement*, or attic finishing, by Mr. Bacon, like that of the Strand front, is composed of the British Arms, placed on a cartel, surrounded with sedges and sea-weeds. It is supported by Tritons armed with tridents, and holding a festoon of nets filled with fish and other marine productions."

* I have been informed by a gentleman, who declared he knew it to be a fact, that the engraved inscription of Chatham's monument, in Westminster Abbey, was partly written by Bacon; and he stated the circumstance to have taken place thus:—Bacon had waited a considerable time for the inscription, which had undergone so many alterations, that at last he was bold enough to venture on its completion himself, which, with his usual diffidence, he submitted to the consideration of his employers; and his proposed completion meeting their entire approbation, it was accordingly ordered to be cut upon the tablet.

St. Paul's Cathedral, which was the first monument permitted to be raised in that stupendous fabric. He also executed a statue of Howard the Philanthropist, in the same Church; a monument to the memory of Sterne's Eliza in Bristol Cathedral; one in Salisbury Cathedral to the memory of James Harris, the author of "Hermes," which consists of a figure of Moral Philosophy contemplating a medallion portrait; a statue of Judge Blackstone, for All Souls College, Oxford; a bust of Milton, erected against a column on the north side of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; a statue of Lord Rodney, erected at Kingston, Jamaica; a statue of Lord Cornwallis for India, sent thither after the Sculptor's death; a design for the monument of Captain Duff, to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral; a memorial in honour of the late Marquis Cornwallis, by public subscription at Bombay; a group in honour of the most noble Marquess Wellesley, to be erected at Calcutta, by order of the British inhabitants of that place; a design for the statue, &c. in honour of the same nobleman, to be erected at Bombay, by order of the British inhabitants; and a monument of Lord Lavington, (late) Governor of the Leeward Islands, voted by the Council and Assembly of Antigua.

As an invitation to the youth of talent to persevere assiduously in his studies, I shall now give a chronological list of the various prizes adjudged to Bacon during his unremitted application to his beloved art. To his eternal honour be it spoken, he received the whole of these encouragements between the age of nineteen and thirty-seven—a period of seventeen of his earliest years, which, in the life of man, I regret to say, have hitherto been seldom filled with so much credit.

	£.	s.	d.
In 1759, For a model in clay	10	10	0
1760, For a model in clay . . .	15	15	0
1761, For a model in clay	15	15	0
1763, For a basso-relievo in clay . .	10	10	0
1764, A basso-relievo in clay . . .	15	15	0
1765, A basso-relievo in clay . . .	21	0	0
1771, For a human figure as large as life .	21	0	0
1774, For a human figure as large as life .	52	10	0
1776, For a human figure as large as life .	52	10	0
	£215	5	0

My reader will recollect, that Bacon was the first artist who had the honour of being presented, in 1769, with the gold medal from the Royal Academy, as a modeller. Such a distinguished mark of the estimation of his talents by so honourable a body, consisting of the most

eminent artists of his day, together with the preceding sums amounting to 215*l.* 5*s.* voted to him by the Society of Arts, must excite a blush upon the cheek of those who have trifled away their time, whilst it also acts as a stimulus to others, who are only commencing their career.

Mr. Thornton, a gentleman already mentioned in this work, who married a daughter of Bacon, had frequent conversations with his father-in-law, respecting the works of Roubiliac; particularly upon two of the six monuments erected in Westminster Abbey, viz. Mrs. Nightingale's, and that of the Duke of Argyle. Of the former, Mr. Bacon said, that, fine as it was, he considered it to be far inferior to that of the latter. The figure of Eloquence he looked upon as the finest specimen of Sculpture, and acknowledged its merit to be such, that he was sure he could never equal it. In his opinion of this figure, Mr. Bacon is not singular, as every person of taste who stands before it for five minutes will be convinced.*

Mr. Bacon died on the seventh of August,

* Canova spoke of Waterloo-bridge in the highest terms of approbation; and whenever he had occasion to speak of Sculpture, he declared that the figure of Eloquence in Rou-

1799, and was buried in Whitefield's Chapel, Tottenham-court-road, under the north gallery, where the following inscription has been cut to his memory :—

"What I was as an Artist,
Seemed to me of some importance
While I lived;
But
What I really was as a Believer
In Christ Jesus,
Is the only thing of importance
To me now."

There is an animated bust of Bacon, modelled by his son, a cast of which is preserved with the utmost veneration, by the Sculptor's old and worthy friend, John Simmons, Esq.

In a letter to Prince Hoare, Esq. dated from Newman-street, January 1, 1809, and printed in that gentleman's work entitled "Academic Annals," Bacon's son, and successor, John, gives the following notices of the works he had in hand at that time.

"DEAR SIR,

"THE tedious continuance of our works under the brain and the chisel, often makes one

biliac's monument in Westminster Abbey, was the finest work of modern art which he had seen in this country.

year's description of the works in hand the description of a second, a third, and even a fourth year, (I refer to our more extensive works).

"Those which I shall presently describe are still unfinished. My equestrian statue in bronze of King William III. is completed, and placed in the situation designed for it, in the centre of St. James's-square.

"Believe me to remain,
Sir, &c. &c.
JOHN BACON.

"P.S. I have just now in commencement a statue in marble of our beloved King, a little above the size of life, to be placed in the Bank of Ireland, by order of the Directors. This commission I glory in.*

"To Prince Hoare, Esq. &c."

* The father of the benevolent Archdeacon Markham, the late Archbishop of York, was the elder Bacon's greatest patron; and that amiable divine prevailed upon King George III. to sit to the Sculptor for his bust.

WILTON.

JOSEPH WILTON was born in London, July 16th, 1722. He was the son of a plasterer, who, by a vast increase of income, arising principally from a manufactory, in imitation of that in France, which he established for making the *papier-maché* ornaments for chimney-pieces, and frames for looking-glasses, was enabled to rebuild his premises on the south-west corner of Hedge-lane, Charing-cross;* at the same time enlarging his workshops on the west side of Edward-street, Cavendish-square, where his ornamental works were carried on: in which hundreds of people, including children as well as grown persons, were for several years constantly employed.

Joseph, having a strong natural inclination to become a Sculptor, was carried by his father to Nivelle, in Brabant, to study under Laurent Delvaux, an artist who had for several years resided in London. From Nivelle, in 1744, he went to Paris, where he assiduously studied

* These premises, for many years after Wilton left them, were occupied by a glass-manufacturer of the name of Huncock, for whom Doctor Samuel Johnson wrote a shop-bill.

in the Academy directed by the famous Sculptor, Pigalle, so warmly patronised by Voltaire, of whom Pigalle made a truly spirited bust, casts of which may be had at the plaster-figure shops.

In 1747, after gaining the silver medal, and having acquired the power of cutting marble, he, accompanied by Roubiliac, the Sculptor, went to Rome; where, in 1750, he not only had the honour of receiving the Jubilee gold medal, engraven by Hamerani, given by Pope Benedict XIV. but acquired the patronage of William Locke, Esq.*

* The Locke family was always pre-eminently conspicuous for superior talents, as well as elegance of manners. The above-mentioned gentleman, who was a descendant of the famous author of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," in addition to an amiable disposition, not only exercised his taste for the Fine Arts during his travels, by purchasing antiques, models in terracotta, and fine pictures, which he brought into England, but also by his patronage of modern artists. To Wilton he was generous; and when in Italy, they were inseparable companions; Barrett, the Royal Academician, he employed in painting that beautiful room at his seat in Norbury Park; † and in him, Cipriani found so generous a friend, that for years he took most of the drawings which that artist made, for, whenever Cipriani had filled a book with sketches, he received a draft for twice the amount he asked

† It gives me great pleasure to state, that the present possessor of this classic spot, in his recent repairs, has left Barrett's room uncontaminated.

In 1751, Wilton travelled to Florence, where he executed numerous statues from the antique, as large as the originals, which he sold to foreigners, as well as to noblemen and gentlemen of high rank in England, by whom he was always highly noticed and his works esteemed. In 1755, he returned to his native city, accompanied by Giovanni Baptista Cipriani, William

for it. England is much indebted to Mr. Locke for many fine specimens of Sculpture; and among others, for the statue of the Discobolus, now the property of Mr. Duncombe, the possessor of the marble called Alcibiades' Dog, which was consigned to this country by Noel Constantine Jennings, Esq. a very singular character, but a gentleman of high taste, who expended a large fortune in works of *virtù*. Mr. Locke also brought to England that beautiful picture, by Claude, of Saint Ursula, now in the British Gallery; and possessed Zuccarelli's picture of Macbeth and the Witches, that Painter's masterpiece, so admirably engraven by Woollett. This picture was afterwards the property of the late Mr. Purling, at whose sale it was purchased by Hanbury Tracey, Esq. Benjamin West, Esq. the second son of the late venerable President, showed me the original pen-and-ink study for the principal figures in this picture, which is a truly spirited drawing. I have now an opportunity of correcting a popular opinion as to Claude s incapacity of introducing the human figure into his landscapes. There are in the British Museum altogether nearly two hundred and fifty drawings by Claude, in about three-fourths of which there are figures evidently drawn with the same hand and pen as designed the landscapes, and in many instances most spiritedly executed. It is astonishing to me that persons should have fallen into this error, when so many of Claude's beautiful etchings, which have ever been before the eyes of the

Chambers,* and Capitsoldi, a Sculptor, who modelled in a very superior style.† Upon Wilton's arrival in London, his family and friends received him with open arms; and he occupied his father's house at Charing-cross, where he remained carrying on his works, which at that time were in very high requisition.

In 1758, in conjunction with his amiable friend Cipriani, he was chosen, by his patron the Duke of Richmond, Director to his Grace's Statue-Gallery in Privy-Gardens.‡ Being ap-

public, contain figures most beautifully introduced, and by the same hand and needle which etched the trees.

* Mr. Chambers, (afterwards Sir William,) before he came to this country, was a supercargo of a Swedish East-Indiaman, and soon after his arrival commenced the trade of a carpenter. How he acquired the knowledge in architecture to qualify him for the situation of Surveyor-general, I have never been able to learn.

† Capitsoldi, upon his arrival, took the attic story of a house in Warwick-street, Golden-square, and being short of furniture, painted chairs, pictures, and window-curtains, upon the walls of his sitting-room, most admirably deceptive; so that with two chairs and a small table, he entertained a friend with a breakfast, or an oyster and a pot of porter, in a room completely furnished. At such repasts my father has frequently been his companion. Capitsoldi was a scholar of Algardi, a Roman Sculptor. He subsequently returned to Italy, where he died.

‡ This Gallery was most liberally erected for the use of students in the Arts. It consisted of about thirty casts from

pointed State-coach Carver to the King, he erected suitable and extensive workshops op-

antique statues and basso-relievos; and premiums for merit were promised by the noble Duke, but in consequence of his Grace receiving orders to join his regiment immediately, there was no time for their distribution. Upon which, some of the students most shamefully posted up the following notice against the studio door:

"The Right Honourable the Duke of Richmond, being obliged to join his regiment abroad, will pay the premiums as soon as he comes home."

This paper was very properly taken down, but, upon the Duke's return from Germany, his Grace found one stuck up, apologizing for his poverty, and expressing his sorrow for having promised premiums. For this most malicious conduct of the students concerned, his Grace, for a time, shut up the Gallery, and some of the casts became the property of the Royal Academy, upon its establishment. The above account I received from my father, who was one of many other students who suffered by the misconduct of his disorderly companions.

The Duke's liberality is thus extolled by Hayley in his Epistle to his friend Romney, who was one of the most constant and well-behaved students in his Grace's gallery.

"The youthful noble, on a princely plan,
Encouraged infant art, and first began
Before the studious eye of youth to place
The ancient models of ideal grace."

Doctor Smollett, who was his Grace's chaplain, states that premiums were given by the Duke, but in this the Doctor is certainly in error. The following letter from Woollett, the Engraver, which was inserted in "The Public Advertiser" of Tuesday, August 14th, 1770, will show how sensible the

posite Marylebone-fields, on the south side of what was afterwards named Queen Anne-street East, now called Foley-place, and occupied the large house now remaining at the south-east corner of Portland-street adjoining. Here King George the Third's state-coach for his coronation was built, as it has been before stated; the small model of which, I, when a boy, was carried to see by Mr. Nollekens and my father, it then being preserved in a back-shop where it remained for many years. Wil-

Society of Artists was of his Grace's liberality in re-opening his Gallery.

"His Grace the Duke of Richmond, having been pleased to put his Statue-room under the direction of the Society of Artists of Great Britain, the Society, at their last general meeting, resolved on presenting the following letter to his Grace."

"TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

"MY LORD,

"WE, the President, Directors, and Fellows of the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain, beg your Grace will be pleased to accept our best and sincerest acknowledgments for the many and efficacious instances of encouragement and attention to the Fine Arts in general, for which your Grace is so eminently distinguished, and for that very valuable degree of both now bestowed on our Body in particular.

"The pleasing consideration, that so many of the most eminent and promising geniuses these kingdoms can boast of, have imbibed their excellencies from those inestimable fountains of science afforded them by your Grace's munificence, en-

ton copied the antique with correct measurement, and he also cut the stone with freedom and fleshiness; and his abilities as a designer, if we may judge from models which he brought with him to England from Rome and Florence, bade fair to have produced something highly superior in Sculpture to any thing by an Englishman of his own times.

Notwithstanding he had received some sittings from the King, who had farther honoured him by appointing him his Sculptor, the edge of his inclination for Art was considerably blunted

courages us to hope that the number may be happily and considerably increased by the advantage and assistance your Grace's admirable collection of statues must afford to the endeavours of this Society. Few of those illustrious personages who have introduced, or were the first encouragers of the Arts, have lived to see them brought to any degree of perfection. But it is your Grace's peculiar happiness to see those Arts, which you found in their infancy, carried, through your judicious assistance, to a degree of maturity, which posterity will hardly believe possible for them to have attained in so small a number of years. That your Grace may long enjoy the glorious satisfaction of supporting dawning genius, and protecting merit, is the earnest and unanimous wish of this grateful Society.

"I have the honour of subscribing myself,
Your Grace's most devoted,
And obedient servant,
WM. WOOLLETT, SEC.
By order of the Society.

"Academy, Maiden-lane,
August 9th, 1770."

by his father leaving him a great portion of his property; which induced him to comply with the fashionable habits of his friends, by living in rather a sumptuous manner. I recollect his having a house at Snaresbrook, and, in 1785, occupying one in the Mall at Hammersmith, as well as a town-residence; a family-coach, a phaeton, and numerous saddle-horses, for himself and his sons, to whom he gave a University education. His daughter, Miss Wilton, was thus noticed by Dr. Johnson to Boswell, in a letter dated March 5th, 1774. "Chambers is either married, or almost married, to Miss Wilton, a girl of sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, whom he has, with his lawyer's tongue, persuaded to take her chance with him in the East."*

Wilton produced a few busts; but Nollekens, soon after his arrival in England, deprived him of that part of the encouragement of the country. Amongst those of eminent men, modelled by Wilton, are the following: Sir Francis Bacon, Oliver Cromwell, from the famous mask at Florence, Lord Camden, Lord Dartrey, Thomas Hollis, Admiral Holmes, the Earl of Huntingdon, Doctor Hokey, Martinelli, Sir Isaac

* They were married; and Mr. Chambers, afterwards Sir Robert, dying, Lady Chambers returned to England, and is now residing at Putney.

Newton, Swift, General Wolfe, Admiral West, and the Earl of Chatham.

Some of his busts have considerable merit as to character, particularly that of the famous Earl of Chesterfield, carved by my father, which now adorns the south-west chimney-piece of the Print-room in the British Museum, the invaluable treasures of which I have now had the honour and heartfelt pleasure of having had the care of for upwards of twelve years.

As for Wilton's statues, few of them afforded him a favourable opportunity of displaying his anatomical knowledge; that of our late King, in the dress of a Roman Emperor, lately taken down from its niche in the south-west corner of the Royal Exchange, was by no means a successful performance.* The monument erected in Ireland, to the memory of Lady Anne Dawson, the first wife of the late amiable Lord Dartrey, afterwards Earl of Cremorne, is, in many

* The vacant niche lately occupied by the above-mentioned marble statue, is the last on the eastern side towards the south. Why it was taken down I have not been able to learn; but I fully trust that the Mercers' Company will *not* suffer the "*Royal* Exchange" to remain long without a statue of our late beloved Monarch. Upon farther inquiry, I find the statue is in the possession of Mr. George Bubb, of Grafton-street, the artist employed, by the Mercers' Company, to execute the statues and other ornaments lately put up on the front of the Royal Exchange.

respects, admirable; but I believe, of all his productions, that of Wolfe's monument, in Westminster Abbey, may fairly be considered his masterpiece;* though that of Admiral Holmes has also been well spoken of. Whilst Wilton was living in splendour, for I believe few artists, or even men of considerable fortune, supported a more liberal table, or could be happier in the company of his friends, his house was frequented by men of the first celebrity; such as the late Lord Charlemont, Doctor Johnson, the late Mr. Locke of Norbury Park, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, the immortal Landscape-painter Richard Wilson, to whom he was truly kind, and Joseph Baretti, who, at that time, lived

* Mr. Wilton has been frequently found fault with in respect to this monument, for having entirely stripped the figure of General Wolfe of his shirt and stockings, and, at the same moment, for suffering the soldier in the background to remain in his uniform, in the presence of a figure of Fame, who proclaims the victory, and is ready to crown the victor with a wreath of laurels. My father, who was employed for the space of three years in carving this figure of General Wolfe, and the surrounding attendants, informed me, that Wilton's motive for exhibiting the figure without his clothes, was purposely to display his anatomical knowledge. The figures of the General and the Grenadier are carved out of one block. The spirited and interesting bronze basso-relievo, inlaid in the lower part of this monument, exhibiting the siege of Quebec, was designed and modelled by Capitsoldi.

at N° 10, Edward-street, Cavendish-square.* This last-mentioned visitor was not like the former characters, since he never waited for invitation, being what is generally called a "mutton-fixture;" for at Wilton's he always found a plate at the table,† and a chair by the fire, as well as at Mr. Thrale's and Sir Joshua Reynolds's. He was a fawning flatterer, and, upon some occasions, very awkwardly puffed off his host; as the reader will perceive by the way in which he attempted to flatter him, in the following passages, extracted from his pamphlet, entitled "A Guide through the Royal Academy."

At page 5, speaking of the colossal masks on the Strand-front of Somerset-place, representing Ocean and the eight great Rivers, he says, "The last of these is the work of Signor Car-

* Edward-street was taken down some time since, to make way for Langham-place; the site of Baretti's house is now occupied by Marks's Carriage Repository.

† At the end of Union-street, Middlesex Hospital, stood two magnificent rows of elms, one on each side of a rope-walk; and beneath their shade I have frequently seen Joseph Baretti and Richard Wilson perambulate, until Portland Chapel clock announced "five," the hour of Joseph Wilton's dinner. I have the figures of these men still in my mind's eye. Baretti was of a middling stature, squabby, round-shouldered, and near-sighted; and the Landscape-painter was rather tall, square-shouldered, and well-built, but with a nose, poor man, that had increased to an enormous size. They both wore cocked-hats, and walked with canes.

lini; the other four of Mr. Wilton, all executed with a taste and skill that do great credit to these two able artists." Here he boldly ranks the productions of Wilton with those of Carlini, a very superior artist in every point of view. Again, on the same page, after describing the mask of the Tweed, he observes, "And though it be the last, is certainly not the least able performance of Mr. Wilton." Again, at page 8, "The statues of the attic represent the four parts of the globe; America, armed, and breathing defiance; the rest loaded with tributary fruits and treasures. They are all executed in a very masterly manner by Mr. Wilton."*

Again, at page 15, speaking of a cast of Mr. Locke's beautiful Torso, which that gentleman gave to the Royal Academy, Baretti says, "Venus, that is, the *Torso*, or *Body* of a Vir-

* It is very curious to see how far some people will venture out of their depth to pay a fulsome compliment. In the above instance, Baretti has fallen deeply into the pit; as it is well known that the whole of the carvings on the various fronts of Somerset-place,—excepting Bacon's bronze statue of King George III. and the figure of Father Thames, below his Majesty's feet,—were carved from finished drawings made by Cipriani. What is still more, John Atkins, who, in 1761, gained the first premium of thirty guineas given by the Society of Arts for an historical basso-relievo in Sculpture, and Nathaniel Smith, my father, modelled and carved the whole of them for Wilton, immediately from the drawings, he never having put a tool to them: not that they are perhaps the better for this circumstance; but such is the fact.

gin, the original of which is in Mr. Locke's collection, at his house in Portman-square, restored by *Mr. Wilton*, in his usual masterly manner, and made again into a whole statue. In *Cipriani's* opinion, and I heard him say it several times, this body is more beautiful than that of the Medicean Venus, of which we shall speak when in the next room. It is easily to be remarked, that the Medicean exhibits a young mother, but Mr. Locke's a virgin; and this, I suppose, contributes to give a superiority in point of beauty to this over that, which really appears somewhat heavy, or *goffa*, as the Italians term it, when examined by the side of Mr. Locke's. This *Torso* was found at *Nettuno*, a town in the Roman territory, near the spot where ancient *Antium* stood, and where *Nero* had a palace, containing a choice collection of antique statues. The *Apollo Pythias*, and the *Gladiator repellens*, to be mentioned anon, were also found at *Nettuno*. Hence the probable supposition, that, like this virgin-Venus, they belonged to that collection. This cast was a present of Mr. Locke's to the Royal Academy."

Restored, as Baretti boldly asserts this Torso to have been, by being *made again* into a whole statue by Wilton, in his *usual masterly manner*, I can assure my reader, that soon after it was sent home to Mr. Locke, the parts added by

Wilton were taken away, and the Torso was suffered to remain ever after uncontaminated by modern *limbing*. Of the latter history of this beautiful specimen of art, I beg leave to offer the following statement.

At the time that Mr. Locke was parting with his valuable collection of pictures and antiques, he sold the above Torso to his Grace the Duke of Richmond for a considerable sum of money, though certainly not more than it was worth. In consequence of a fall, during a fire which had taken place in a part of Richmond House, this Torso had been broken into many pieces, which were, however, put together by Mr. Wilton, at the wish of his Grace; but, unfortunately, the mutilated joinings were so visible, that the Torso was no longer pleasing to the Duke, who ordered it to be put down in a lower apartment. Here it remained unnoticed for many years, until an auction which took place after the late Duke's death, in Richmond House, in Privy-Gardens, just before that stately mansion was taken down to make way for the present terrace. Mazzoni, the well-known Figure-moulder, bought the Torso for one guinea; and, after he had taken it home, the late Mr. A. W. Devis, the artist who painted the picture of Nelson's death, now in the Hall of Greenwich Hospital, purchased it of him

for fifteen guineas. One day, shortly afterwards, when I was dining with Devis, he said, "Smith, the Museum ought to have that Torso, and the Trustees may give me their own price." I consequently requested my colleague, the late Mr. Combe, to propose it; but as no price was fixed, the Hon. Trustees declined the offer; upon which, Mr. Devis said they should have it at the price he gave for it; it was then accepted, I was commissioned by Mr. Combe to pay that sum to Mr. Devis, and it is now in the gallery of the British Museum.

I am sorry to declare, that that miserable specimen of leaden-figure taste, the equestrian statue of King George III. lately standing in the centre of Berkeley-square, was executed under the direction of Mr. Wilton, on his premises, in Queen Anne-street, East. It was modelled by a French artist, of the name of Beauprè, recommended to Wilton by Pigalle, as an excellent carver of flowers.

Mr. Wilton, who was for many years extensively employed in producing richly ornamented chimney-pieces, for most of the mansions which were then building by his intimate friend, Sir William Chambers,* had considerable

* Charlemont-house, Dublin, was built by Sir William Chambers. It has a most magnificent library, the ceiling of which was painted by Cipriani; at one end, stands Wilton's

dealings with the Carrara Marble merchants, which enabled him frequently to accommodate his brother artists with marble. Mr. Nollekens, who always avoided the possession of too great a stock, was now and then his customer. At one of their dealings, a dispute arising between them respecting the measurement of the last-

copy of the Venus de' Medici, carved in marble, the size of the original, the bust of the Marquess of Rockingham, and many others by the same artist. The copy of Venus, beautiful as it is, I have been informed, loses much of the effect of the original by being highly polished. In this splendid mansion there is also one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's finest pictures; a portrait of Lord Aylesbury holding a letter addressed to his friend Lord Charlemont. It will be recollected by lovers of painting, who have visited the mansion, that in a bedchamber of this house hangs that most beautiful of all Hogarth's pictures, called "The Lady's last Stake." My friend Colonel Phillips was informed by the late Lord Charlemont, with whom he had been extremely intimate, that Hogarth had promised his Lordship to write a description of his plates, which he said the public had most ignorantly misconceived; and it was his intention, at one time, to have given a *breakfast lecture* upon them in the presence of his Lordship, Horace Walpole, Topham Beauclerk, and others; but time passed on, and the promise, like many others made by great geniuses, was never put into execution. I most sincerely wish that this notice may invite H. P. Standly, Esq. who is in possession of such rich materials, both in prints and manuscripts, to favour the admirers of Hogarth with an explanation of his subjects as far as he can go. I am sure that that gentleman's remarks alone could throw much valuable light upon his works, which if not drawn out within fifty years, perhaps that grim-visaged visitor, the Grand M..ster of all the Lodges, may shut it up for ever.

delivered block, Mr. Wilton commissioned his agent to toss up with Mr. Nollekens, whether it should stand at the measurement delivered with it; and though it was doubtful whether the difference would amount to one shilling, Nollekens accepted the proposed mode of decision, which, unfortunately for him, was declared in favour of Mr. Wilton.

After the close of the American War, fewer monuments were wanted; and Mr. Wilton, finding his extensive premises by much too great a concern, without an increase of orders, particularly so for a man declining in years, sold his property by auction, which principally consisted of blocks of marble, models, and busts, and several elegantly-ornamented chimney-pieces, which had been executed upon speculation. Mr. Wilton, not liking the idea of retiring from society, accepted the Keeper's chair in the Royal Academy, vacated by the demise of Signor Carlini. This seat he filled till his death, which took place on the 25th of November, 1803, in his apartments in Somerset-place. His funeral was most respectfully attended by many old friends, who saw him interred at Wanstead, in Essex, on the 2d of December, 1803.

Mr. Wilton was in height about five feet ten inches, portly and well-looking: he always dressed in the height of fashion, and for many years

wore a bag-wig, which, in his latter days, he changed for one with a long tail, and walked, as Gay might have said, with dignity and a gold-headed cane.* As to his manners, they were perfectly gentlemanlike, which rendered him an agreeable companion. He was one of the Founders of the Royal Academy, and continued to exhibit with that honourable body of artists until he was appointed Keeper. Roubiliac modelled a bust of Wilton, in which he introduced his right arm, with a sculptor's hammer in his hand. It was sent by Mr. Wilton's daughter, Lady Chambers, to Mr. Nollekens's to be repaired, previous to that Lady's presenting it to the Royal Academy; on the front of the pedestal is the following inscription, dictated by Lady Chambers.

"JOSEPH WILTON,
Died Nov. 25, 1803.
This bust, by Roubiliac,
Is presented to the Royal Academy
By his daughter, Lady Chambers."

Mr. Wilton's models and casts were sold June the 8th and 9th, 1786; Lot 40, consisted of masks of *Garrick*, *Roubiliac*, and *Hogarth*, which sold for two pounds seven shillings. I have endeavoured to ascertain the purchaser, but have been unsuccessful.

* "Wrapt in my virtue and a good surtout."—GAY'S TRIVIA.

BANKS.

BEFORE I commence giving some account of this gentleman, I beg leave to introduce a few remarks upon the early state of Sculpture in England; which may not, perhaps, be considered irrelevant to our subject, as they will tend to prove, that, however respectable were the talents of the two artists, whose works I have just mentioned, England had no great Sculptor of mind until the appearance of Thomas Banks.

Perhaps there are few classes of biography for which it is more difficult to obtain materials, than that of the early English Sculptors; particularly those who flourished under the first Henrys and Edwards, prior to whose reigns England can boast of little sculptural skill. In the time of the above splendid monarchs, numerous sacred images and monumental effigies were executed; and nearly all our cathedrals and churches, even to the remotest parts of our land, were adorned and enriched by the sculptor's as well as by the painter's art. I am willing to agree with many of my friends, in believing that the greater number of works of that description, produced in the reign of Henry the Third, were the productions of foreigners;

we must, in those early days, have derived our knowledge from them; but, at the same time, I cannot help stating, that many of our exquisite works were from the hands of Englishmen, particularly in the reigns of Edward III., Henry IV., and Richard II. Indeed I was enabled to prove that to be the case, during my inquiries for the materials for the Antiquities of Westminster, as I met with an astonishing series of particulars, not only as to the stone and the various articles used in painting and glass-staining in those days, but also with the names of the master-mason and others engaged, as well as the subjects of their proposed designs; and the true Englishman will feel pleasure, when he is assured that every artist employed upon the decorations of the Palace of Westminster, was a native of this country.

For instance, in the reign of Edward III. Master Thomas, of Canterbury, was Master-mason in the rebuilding of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster; and John, of Coventry, and Henry, of St. Alban's, were his assistants: Master Richard, of Reading, made two images of Saint Edward and Saint John, for which he received the sum of three pounds six shillings and eight-pence: Hugh de St. Alban's was master of the painters, and John de Chester was master of the glaziers. These names, however,

are not mentioned by Lord Orford, nor his labouring-oar Vertue; and perhaps they neither knew where to look, nor had the power of obtaining such valuable information; but it is much to be regretted that our early historians, Camden, Stow, Speed, &c. have not, like Vasari, handed down to us the names of the artists their contemporaries. The biographer of such persons finds, in that valuable and most interesting of all books upon the arts, not only the names of hundreds of artists, but in some instances an accurate description of their works. We certainly read of our Odos, as the proposed constructors of sacred images and decorators of tombs, but we have no proof of their being actually the artists; and my opinion is, that as they are named as the King's Goldsmiths, they were similar to our present goldsmiths, Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, and, like them, employed their Flaxmans and their Stothards in the production of works in art. We ought not to suppose that our Odos were positively carvers in stone and ivory; nor indeed that they were the actual lapidaries or inlayers of the precious stones, or even setters of their splendid works of jewellery: but how delighted should we be, if the Keepers of our Public Records were to give us an account of our ancient English Cavallinis, our Torregianos, and our Benvenuti

Cellinis! They know well where to search for treasures; and if they are allowed to derive profit by the publication of certain documents, I do most earnestly entreat of them, for the honour of our country, to produce and publish such accounts as they may discover of the early English artists. I am quite certain, that such materials of rare and valuable information, which wait only to be drawn from their concealment, would, in a great measure, set aside the wretched repetitions of the miserably poor mass of materials which our presses at present are so often employed to produce.

So shamefully negligent, however, were the older English writers as to inquiries after the history, or even the names of the greater part of the Sculptors whose works they had seen, and possibly admired, that they have handed very little or nothing to us concerning them. As to the names of Cavallini and Torregiano, which are the first mentioned without the appellation of Goldsmith, I firmly believe more works are attributed to those great men, than they could have executed had they lived to the present time; but they were foreigners, and though they practised in this country, are distant from my present purpose.

Nicholas Stone, born at Woodbury, near Exeter, in 1586, is, I believe, according to print-

ed authority, the first to be mentioned with any certainty; and he has, among numerous truly praiseworthy productions, distributed in various places, enabled us to judge of his abilities, or of those he employed, more particularly by the best of his monuments, which he erected in November, 1615, in the Chapel of the Charter-House, to perpetuate the memory of its benevolent founder, "Good Old Thomas Sutton." If we could discover the names of the Sculptors who executed the monument to the memory of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, and of that put up to Camden, in Westminster Abbey, as well as many others which I could name, probably they might take precedence of Stone in talent, as well as in date, as I strongly conjecture them to have been Englishmen also.

Francis Bird, born in Piccadilly in 1667, was second; but though tolerable in some respects, especially in the monument to the memory of the noted Dr. Busby, erected in Westminster Abbey, yet he ought not in any way to be compared with his predecessor, or the artists employed by him. His Conversion of Saint Paul, and the style of the other figures, particularly that of the statue of Queen Anne,* raised as ornaments to our Metropolitan church, are so despicable, that I am inclined to believe, that

* Lately repaired by John Henning Jun.

the praise due to Busby's figure, for surely no other part of the monument merits notice, should be attributed to the skill of some one employed by him, who, like many a flower, was "born to blush unseen." The miserable effigy of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, by Bird, the statues of Cutler, in the College of Physicians and Grocers' Hall, together with a host of such trash, sufficiently testify the deplorable state in which Sculpture was in his time: and I sincerely believe, anxious as I am to ascertain the names of ancient Sculptors, that it will not be in my power to give an instance of very superior strength of mind, till the starting of that most worthy man, the late Thomas Banks; who was noticed by Sir Joshua Reynolds as the first of our country who had produced any thing like classic Sculpture in England,—farther observing, that his mind was employed upon subjects worthy of an ancient Greek!

Banks was born in Lambeth, on the 22d of December, 1738, and served his apprenticeship to a Wood-carver, during which time he obtained several premiums in the Society of Arts. In 1770, he received the gold medal from the hand of his warm friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds; and exhibited with the Royal Academicians in Pall-Mall, two very superior models in clay of

Æneas and Anchises escaping from Troy, at different points of time. He produced, in the following year, a Cherub decorating an urn, and also an excellent likeness of an old man, who stood as a model in the Academy, whose wife was the first housekeeper of that honourable establishment. In 1772, he sent for exhibition his group of Mercury, Argus, and Io, which was highly spoken of by the public at large, but more particularly by those Academicians who could so well feel its merits, and who had voted so liberally for his going to Rome at the expense of the Royal Academy. Among many other friends, my father gave him a letter of introduction to his old fellow-student Capitsoldi, an artist whose discernment could fairly appreciate Banks's merit. In the same year, he and his wife left their modest mansion in Bird-street, Oxford-street, for the splendid Vatican, where they arrived in the month of August. The following extracts from a letter addressed to my father, dated Rome, July 31st, 1773, may probably be considered as interesting.

"Among the students in Painting, Fuseli cuts the greatest figure; last season he had pictures bespoke to the amount of 1300*l.*, good encouragement for a student, yet nothing more than, from his great abilities, he is justly en-

titled to. Little Wickstead has had most of the portraits to paint last season, owing to the endeavours of Messrs. Norton and Byres to carry every gentleman they could get hold of to see him; but Barron arriving here the beginning of the season, and having great merit in the portrait way, and a good correspondence with the gentlemen, got so many portraits to paint, as proved no small mortification to the aforesaid gentleman, as well as his helpers.*

* Philip Wickstead received instructions from Zoffany; he painted small whole-length portraits with great taste, but his large pictures wanted that force, which few persons accustomed to paint in miniature can acquire. Cosway's large pictures, for instance, were too feebly painted for their size, and betrayed the hand of one who had been more familiar with small things, in which he shone so conspicuously beyond most artists of his time. The same objections may be made to the large works of Cipriani; but Angelica Kauffmann, when she was employed upon pictures beyond her usual size, gave more force than either, particularly in colour, as may be seen in those she painted on the ceiling of the Council-room in the Royal Academy; of which Baretti, in his Guide through that edifice, thus speaks. "The four large oval pictures which adorn the two extremities of the ceiling, are works of the celebrated *Angelica Kauffmann*, whose various accomplishments, as well as her great skill in the art she professes, have long been the subject of admiration. They represent *Invention, Composition, Design, and Colouring*, and are executed with all that grace, elegance, and accuracy, which distinguish the best productions of this extraordinary lady."

Barron is a young man of very conspicuous merit, has the most of Sir Joshua's fine manner of any of his pupils, and it is beyond a doubt, that when he returns to England, he will cut a great figure in his way.* Since I have been in Rome, there has arrived here the above-mentioned Mr. Barron, Mr. Marchant, and Mr.

* Hugh Barron played beautifully on the violin; and he was, as Mr. Banks has stated, a good portrait-painter, and a truly amiable man; being well known to my father. He was unfortunate in having exercised his mimic powers upon Edward Edwards, so as to draw down that little man's ill opinion of his works: and my father related the following anecdote of his imitative skill, as delivered in two voices by Barron. First, however, I must premise, that Mortimer the Painter was remarkably tall, and Edwards a very short man, and, unfortunately, deformed; though he always stood erect, to make the most of himself.

These Artists painted each a picture of the same subject, the Cavern of Despair, from Spenser, which they sent to the Society of Arts for a prize: and during the time their works were hanging up, it happened that Mortimer and Edwards were standing by the side of each other, looking at Edwards's picture. Edwards, quite erect, with his usual importance, striking his cane perpendicularly on the floor, at arms-length, thus addressed his antagonist; "Well, Mr. Mortimer! how do you like my picture?"—"Sir, there are some good parts in it; but why did you make your reptiles so small?" Edwards, putting his left-hand upon his hip, or, what may be better conceived, his arm *a-kimbo*, looking up to Mortimer, observed, "*The smaller the more venomous.*"

Townley; Mr. Whalley, Mr. Damer, and Mr. Keene, and, lastly, Messrs. Humphrey and Romney: I had forgot one Mr. Foy though—a Sculptor, a very ingenious worthy young man; he is doing a copy of the Apollo Belvidere in marble, about five feet and a half high."

In another letter to my father, dated February 4th, in the following year, he says, "Your good friend Capitsoldi has been truly kind to me; he has improved me much by the instructions he has given me in cutting the marble, in which the Italians beat us hollow."

In 1779, Banks returned to England, and ventured to take the house, No. 5, Newman-street;* soon after which he went to St. Petersburg, where he was received by the Empress Catherine with high marks of favour; and he had the honour of leaving, among other specimens of his art, a beautiful model of Cupid pursuing a Butterfly. On his return to England, he exhibited, in 1782, a portrait of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, in terracotta; and the next year a head of a majestic beauty, composed on Mr. Cozens's principles. In 1784

* Upon the death of Mr. Banks, my worthy friend Mr. Howard, the Historical-painter, and Secretary to the Royal Academy, took the house, and has continued to reside in it to the present day.

he produced a figure of Achilles enraged for the loss of Briseis;* and, in 1785, he was chosen an Academician, to the Council-room of which establishment he sent his Falling Giant; a work far superior to any before produced in England, and which, perhaps, never will be surpassed.

His principal works are a colossal figure of Achilles, a model; a basso-relievo of Shakspeare, on the front of the Shakspeare Gallery, executed for Alderman Boydell;† a statue of General Coutts, in the India House; the Dipping of Achilles, for Col. Johnes, of Cardiganshire; a monument of Bishop Newton, in Bow Church; a monument of Mr. Hand, in Cripplegate Church; the monument of Woollett, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; the monument of Baretti, erected under the South Gallery of Saint Mary-le-bone Old Church; the monument of Sir Eyre Coote, in Westminster Abbey; and the monument of Captain Westcott, in St. Paul's.

* This basso-relievo, commonly called "The Frantic Achilles," is to be found in the halls of Jackson, Baily, and other persons of eminence in the Arts.

† This beautiful specimen of English art is still remaining in its original place. The building is now better known under the appellation of the British Gallery.

The following prizes were awarded to Banks by the Society of Arts.

	£.	s.	d.
In 1763, For a basso-relievo in Portland stone .	31	10	0
1765, For a basso-relievo in marble . . .	26	5	0
1766, For a basso-relievo in marble . . .	10	10	0
1769, For a model in clay	21	0	0
1769, For a design for ornamental furniture .	21	0	0
	£.110	5	0

Opposite as Nollekens and Banks were in their modes of study, they were on very good terms as neighbours; the latter frequently visited the former, and would stand over him when he was modelling a bust, conversing upon the abilities of the rising generation. Banks was ever warm in his praises of Flaxman, whose talents, he said, would shine beyond any thing at present visible in modern art. "He blends," said Banks, "a deep knowledge of the antique, with native beauty in its simplest state. I perceive no violation of form, no strained exertion, excepting when nervous energy is called for."—*Nollekens.*

"I don't like him; he holds me very cheap, and he's always talking of the simple line in the antique: why, he has never been at Rome; he has never been over the Alps; he has never been at the top of Mount Vesuvius, where I have washed my hands in the clouds: what

can he know about the matter? he never stays a minute longer than to speak with Smith, when he comes into my studio."—*Banks.* "Well, well, we shall see he will be going to Rome one of these days."—*Nollekens.* "Pray did you go to Christie's, to see the fine collection of models that belonged to Hudson, Sir Joshua's master? he had some pictures and some bronzes."—*Banks.* "No."—*Nollekens.* "Why, they *was* sold in February last; I bought a very pretty lot, of two figures of Painting and Sculpture, that Roubiliac modelled for Hudson's front parlour chimney-piece."—*Banks.* "What did you give for them?"—*Nollekens.* "Why, one pound, three shillings. Lot 36, the model Roubiliac made for Mr. Garrick's figure of Shakspeare at Hampton, was bought by Monsieur Le Brun. Nat Smith bought lot 37, the model of Handel's figure in Vauxhall Gardens; he gave five guineas for it, and he 's going to let me have it at the same money."*

* This sale took place February 25th and 26th, in 1785, several years after the death of Thomas Hudson: it consisted partly of numerous models by Roubiliac, which had been mostly purchased at that Artist's sale, which took place in Saint Martin's-lane, immediately after his death. They had been left by Hudson to a gentleman who resided many years after the death of Hudson in his house at Twickenham.

Hudson observed to his pupil, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who

In order to show the benevolence of Banks, and how truly happy he must have been in rendering assistance to modest genius, I shall request the reader's pardon for the insertion of an anecdote, related in an interesting little book, written by a celebrated author under a feigned name, entitled, "The Looking-Glass: a True History of the Early Years of an Artist; calculated to awaken the attainment: particularly in the cultivation of the Fine Arts. By Theophilus Marcliffe."

The author, in Chapter VIII. states the visits made to Mr. Banks by a youth, who wished, at the age of thirteen years, to gain admittance to draw in the Royal Academy, in the following words. "He remembered the lesson he had learned of exercising the knocker of the door in such a manner, as to announce to the people within, that it was a person not to be despised who stood on the outside. By some inadvertence or perturbation, the knocker slipped from his hand after a single rap. Remarking his error, he now raised it again, and from

had a villa on the summit of Richmond-hill, "Little did I think we should ever have had country-houses opposite to each other:" to whom Sir Joshua replied, "Little did I think, when I was a young man, that I should at any time look down upon Mr. Hudson."

the same perturbation, produced a much louder report than he had intended. Mrs. Banks, or a servant, opened the door to him, and inquired his business. He answered articulately and at full, that he wanted to know whether Mr. Thomas Banks, R. A. and Sculptor to the Royal Academy, lived there. Mr. Banks made his appearance. Our litfle fortune-hunter could not have met with a more gentle and friendly-hearted man, to whom to open his adventurous application.

" ' Well, my little man,' said Mr. Banks, ' what is your business with me?'—' I want, Sir, that you should get me to draw at the Royal Academy.'—' That is not in my power. Things are not, in that respect, as they used to be. Nobody is admitted to draw there but by ballot; and I am only one of the persons upon whose pleasure it depends. But what have you got there? Let me look at your drawing.'—Mr. Banks looked at it. ' Humph! Ay! Time enough yet, my little man! Do you go to school?'—' Yes, Sir.'—' Well; go home, and mind your schooling; and try and make a better drawing of the Apollo; and in a month you may come again and let me see it.'

" He now applied with threefold diligence; thought and thought again, sketched and obli-

terated; and at last, as nearly as possible at the expiration of the month, repeated his visit to Mr. Banks. Mr. Banks was better pleased with his second specimen. He now took him into his study, bade him look about him, and asked him what he thought of one thing and another. He encouraged him, told him to go on with his drawing, and said he might come again in a week. Under the eye of Mr. Banks, the boy's proficiency was visible, and the artist began to conceive a kindness for him."—Little did Mr. Banks think, when he was questioning this youth, that Nature had enriched him with some of her choicest gifts, and that the Royal Academy would in him, at this moment, have had to boast of one of its brightest members, in the name of Mulready.—Mr. Banks* died at his

* Shortly after Mr. Banks's death, the present Mr. Christie, while selling the contents of his studio, incurred the momentary displeasure of Flaxman, by the following observation, made when expatiating upon the fine form of the antique. "You see in these the beauties which our late artist has incorporated in his works." Flaxman hastily, and perhaps with more warmth than he was accustomed to exercise, said, in rather a high tone, "Mr. Banks wanted no assistance;" so highly were his talents appreciated by our late departed Phidias.

In this auction, the late Mr. Blundell, of Ince, bought a large fragment of an antique figure, supposed to have been

house, No. 5, Newman-street, and was buried at Paddington, February 8th, 1805, aged 67.

one of the Arundel Marbles, which was discovered in the following curious manner. When Sir William Chambers was extending the embankment of Somerset-place into the Thames, to dig a foundation for the Terrace of the present building of Somerset-place, the above fragment was dug up. After many conjectures, it was recollected that the Earl of Arundel, who had moved the fragments of his fine collection from his house in the Strand, over to a garden which he then had on the opposite shore, might have lost this in the attempt to convey it thither. As it was marble, it was sent to Mr. Banks by Sir William. Upon comparing this fragment with the etchings of several of the Arundelian fragments given in Nichols's History of Lambeth, it was found to corroborate in marble and style of sculpture. These gardens were afterwards held by Boydell Cuper, a gardener of the Earl's, and were for many years well-known as a place of public resort for music, dancing, &c. under the appellation of Cuper's Gardens; and occasionally, as they were frequented by several fine women, they were called "*Cupid's Gardens.*" I walked over them, when they were occupied by Messrs. Beaufoy, by their Wine and Vinegar Works, and I then saw many of the old lamp-irons along the paling of the gardens. The road on the Surrey side of Waterloo-Bridge passes over the site of these gardens.

CARLINI.

AGOSTINO CARLINI, though an Italian who associated mostly with foreigners, as an early member of our Royal Academy, should not be forgotten in this work. He lived and died in the house, now No. 14, in Carlisle-street, Soho, at the corner of King's-square-court.

Carlini was a man of talent; he executed the colossal masks, representing the rivers Dee, Tyne, and Severn, three of the nine on the key-stones of the Strand front of Somerset-place, and likewise the two centre statues against the same edifice. The statue of Doctor Ward,* who

* Joshua Ward, for whom Dr. Johnson had a most sovereign contempt, was originally a Friar, and not only maker of that popular nostrum usually called "Friar's Balsam," but also of the drops well known under his name. He lived in Pall Mall; gave advice to the poor, gratis, at Whitehall; and boldly and extensively styled himself, "The Restorer of Health, and Father to the Poor." He was large and cumberous, highly consequential, and that kind of person denominated by some people a comely man, but he had, unfortunately for his features, what is called a claret face; though that, like Bardolph's nose, was a perpetual advertisement to him; for, wherever he went, this mark of Fortune's frolic was noticed by the passengers, and drew upon him the blessing of every gin-drinking, furmity woman, or shoe-black, who at that time stood at the corners of most of the streets in London. But notwithstanding this popularity, which he had gained by throwing

was commonly called a quack, and which was presented to the Society of Arts, is, though it possesses no small share of foreign affectation, a pretty fair specimen of his abilities; but perhaps the design for Beckford's cenotaph, of which there is a large bold engraving by his friend Bartolozzi, is the best of his works. Carlini was extremely intimate with Cipriani, to whom, according to the usual modern mode of slandering the Sculptors, it has been said, he was often indebted for his designs.

money to them from his splendid coach, to impede his progress when in great haste to visit a patient, he was often annoyed by the rude and sometimes pointedly witty remarks made upon his claret face; and Hogarth did not suffer him to pass unnoticed. His vanity induced him to have his portrait frequently painted by Bardwell, Loving, &c.; but as these portrayings exhibited his peculiar stigma, he hit upon an expedient of handing himself down to posterity without it, by having his effigy carved in white marble. He therefore employed his old friend Carlini, who had frequently, in early days, assisted him in preparing his Balsam, to produce a statue of him, as large as life, in his usual dress and pompous wig; and in order to make this statue talked of, and seen at the Sculptor's studio, he proposed to allow Carlini two hundred guineas per annum, to enable him to work at it occasionally till it was finished; and this sum the Artist continued annually to receive till his death. The statue was then sent to the Society of Arts, where it was fixed in their great room, in the presence of Barry's grand pictures, so immortalized by Doctor Johnson for their "*grasp of mind;*" though some of my readers will recollect, that the Doctor never professed any knowledge as to painting.

My father, who also made a model, and Carlini, were the unsuccessful candidates for Beckford's monument; and Moore, then living in Wells-street, Oxford-street, was employed to execute the cenotaph in Guildhall—a glaring specimen of marble spoiled; of which scandal said, the task was given to him because he was a native of Hanover. This report, however, when we consider its total want of plausibility, ought never again to be circulated; for is it likely that the City would have given the preference to a native of Hanover for the Sculptor, out of compliment to the King, when they were about to engrave upon its tablet the very speech which must have been most obnoxious to the Monarch? *

Carlini also made an excellent model, about two feet in height, of William Duke of Cum-

* J. F. Moore was the Sculptor who carved the figure of Mrs. Macauley, for the monument put up in St. Stephen's, Walbrook, by her doating admirer, Dr. Thomas Wilson; which, it is said, the same divine had pulled down when that lady offended him by marrying a brother of Graham, the Quack Doctor. I believe the Bishop insisted upon its removal, though some one ordered the figure to be given back to Moore, with full permission to do whatever he pleased with it.

The Doctor also employed Moore to execute a monument to the memory of his wife, leaving the dexter side of the tablet plain, for the insertion of his own death. It was put up in

berland, with a peculiar three-cornered hat, commonly called the "Cumberland Cock." It was purchased by my father at the Sculptor's sale, after his death, which took place in 1790.

Among Carlini's best works were, a model of an equestrian statue of King George III. and an emblematical figure representing Maritime power and riches. When Carlini was Keeper of the Royal Academy, he used to walk from his house to Somerset-place, with a broken tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and dressed in a deplorable great coat; but when he has been going to the Academy-dinner, I have seen him getting into a chair, and full-dressed in a purple silk coat, scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, point-lace ruffles, and a sword and bag.

the chancel of the same church of St. Stephen, in March 1773, eleven years previous to the Doctor's death, which took place on the 15th of April, 1784. This monument is full as worthless a specimen of the Sculptor, as that erected to Alderman Beckford, in Guildhall.

WARE, AND HIS COMPANIONS AT OLD SLAUGHTER'S.

I NEVER pass Whitehall without recollecting the following anecdote, related to me by my father nearly in these words.

A thin sickly little boy, a chimney-sweeper, was amusing himself one morning by drawing, with a piece of chalk, the street-front of Whitehall upon the basement-stones of the building itself, carrying his delineations as high as his little arms could possibly reach; and this he was accomplishing by occasionally running into the middle of the street to look up at the noble edifice, and then returning to the base of the building to proceed with his elevation. It happened that his operations caught the eye of a gentleman of considerable taste and fortune, as he was riding by. He checked the carriage, and after a few minutes' observation, called to the boy to come to him; who, upon being asked as to where he lived, immediately burst into tears, and begged of the gentleman not to tell his master, assuring him he would wipe it all off. "Don't be alarmed," answered the gentleman, at the same time throwing him a shilling, to convince him he intended him no harm.

His benefactor then went instantly to his master, in Charles-court, in the Strand, who gave the boy a most excellent character, at the same time declaring him to be of little use to him, in consequence of his natural bodily weakness. He said that he was fully aware of his fondness for *chalking*, and showed his visitor what a state his walls were in, from the young artist having drawn the portico of St. Martin's Church in various places upon them. The gentleman purchased the remainder of the boy's time; gave him an excellent education; then sent him to Italy; and, upon his return, employed him, and introduced him to his friends as an architect.

This narrative my father heard the Architect himself relate, while he was sitting to Mr. Roubiliac for his bust. He became possessed of considerable property, and built himself a country mansion at Westbourn, north of Bayswater, the very house in which Mr. Cockerell, the Architect, now resides. His town-residence at that time was in Bloomsbury-square, on the western side, in the first house from Hart-street, in which Mr. D'Israeli, the author of several esteemed literary works, now resides. When he was at the height of his celebrity, he compiled a Palladio, in folio, prefixed to which

the anxious reader will find his name—Isaac Ware.*

Ware was a pretty constant visitor of Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane, formerly the rendezvous of Pope, Dryden, and other wits, and much frequented by several eminently clever men of his day; and as the reader, if I may judge from my own curiosity, may like to know some of their names, I shall here insert a few, with their places of residence at the time they and Ware made this their house of meeting.

Gravelot lived on the south side of the Strand, nearly opposite to Southampton-street, where he kept a drawing-school. The designs of this artist are numerous, and all of them tasteful; particularly those which he etched himself for Sir John Hanmer's smallest edition of Shakspeare. His drawings were always minutely finished; as if he had said, "I will leave the engraver nothing to conjecture;" and he was particularly fortunate in having so decided an etcher and engraver in poor old Charles Grignion, though indeed their advantages were mutual, and their names, when the works they embellished are mentioned, are inseparable.

* Early in life, I engraved a very indifferent plate of Ware's bust, which was one of Roubiliac's best performances. I have heard my father declare, that Ware retained the stain of soot in his skin to the day of his death.

JOHN GWYNN resided in Little-court, Castle-street, Leicester-fields. He was an Architect, and he built, among other works, the bridge at Shrewsbury; with which the inhabitants were so much pleased, that a portrait of him was voted to be put up in their Town-hall. He was supported by his steady friend Doctor Johnson, who wrote several powerful letters concerning his talent and integrity; particularly when Gwynn held a long and serious competitorship with Milne for the designing and building of Blackfriars-bridge. Gwynn was the professed author of that most ingenious and entertaining work, entitled, "London and Westminster Improved." His friend, the Doctor, wrote the preface, and, in many instances, corrected the book; and, to the credit of this production, the public have availed themselves of his suggestions, and very copiously too, in the late extensive and liberal improvements of New London, for so it must now be considered.

HOGARTH, at the Golden-head,* on the eastern side of Leicester-fields, now the northern half of Sabloniere's Hotel.

* This head he cut out himself, from pieces of cork glued and bound together. I well remember that it was placed over the street-door.

ROUBILIAC, was an opposite eastern neighbour of Old Slaughter's. His house and other premises were behind the houses in Saint Martin's-lane, the approach to which was by a long passage and gateway, under tenements in the street which were not occupied by him.

HUDSON lived in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, in the house in which Hoole, the Translator of Tasso, lived, and the one lately occupied by Chippendale. It is now divided into Nos. 55 and 56. Hudson painted most of the numerous portraits of the Dilettanti Society, which now surround their dining-room at the Thatched-house Tavern, in St. James's-street. His manner of painting was woolly, possessing little variety of attitude, and no depth of knowledge in reflected lights. All that Hudson was famous for was, that, in consequence of his having money at his command, he was enabled to purchase many fine drawings by the great painters, of which he possessed a choice collection; particularly from the powerful hand of Rembrandt, a master so mighty, that his productions in drawing, etching, and painting, have been increasing in value, ever since his death, to a tenfold degree. I conclude, however, that Rembrandt made but little money, as I have been assured, that at his death his pictures and effects were sold by an order of the

magistrate, or some person empowered, in order that the produce should be distributed among his creditors. I have also been informed, that there is a printed copy of the sale-catalogue still extant, but I have never been able to meet with one. Hudson's name is frequently mentioned, when Sir Joshua Reynolds is spoken of, as having been his master; but Sir Joshua's mind and talent were his own, and a host of Hudsons could have rendered him but little service.

M'ARDELL resided at the Golden Ball, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. Of the numerous and splendid productions of this excellent engraver from pictures by Sir Joshua, nothing can be said after the declaration of Reynolds himself, that 'M'Ardell's prints would immortalize him.' However, I will venture to indulge in one remark more, namely, that that Engraver has conferred immortality also upon himself in his wonderful print from Hogarth's picture of Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital. A brilliant proof of this head, in its finest possible state of condition, in my humble opinion, surpasses any thing in mezzotinto now extant.

LUKE SULLIVAN, a native of Ireland, lodged at the White Bear, Piccadilly. I believe nothing has ever surpassed his etching of the March to Finchley, from Hogarth's picture in the Foundling Hospital. It is full of the Pain-

ter's effe ', and though only an etching, every part is perfectly made out; and I most heartily wish, fine as the finished plate unquestionably is, that Hogarth had also published it in its earliest state. Of this beautiful etching I have an impression under my care in the British Museum; it formerly belonged to my old and stedfast friend, William Packer, Esq. of Great Baddow, Essex; whose collections of Hogarth's works the Honourable Trustees were pleased to purchase for the Print-room. Luke Sullivan was also a most exquisite Miniature-painter, particularly of females. He was a handsome lively fellow; but, being too much attached to what are denominated the good things of this world, he died in a miserable state of disease and poverty.

THEODORE GARDELL lived on the south side of Leicester-fields, now No. 36. Gardell was a Portrait-painter, and was executed for the murder of Mrs. King, his landlady. In Samuel Ireland's Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth, there is a head of a man with a white cap on, said to have been taken by Hogarth from Gardell on the day of his execution. Foote has noticed the gibbet of Gardell in his "Mayor of Garret."

OLD MOSER dwelt in Craven-buildings, Drury-lane. At this time he was Keeper of

the Drawing Academy in Peter's-court, St. Martin's-lane; held in the very room which Roubiliac occupied before he moved to the premises opposite to Slaughter's, where he died, and where his effects were sold to pay his funeral and other debts.

Richard Wilson, the Landscape-painter, lodged in the Great Piazza, Covent-garden. He occupied the front apartments, now used as breakfast-rooms by the proprietor of the Tavistock Hotel; having held these rooms before he left England, and also on his return from Rome. He was not a regular customer of Old Slaughter. His favourite house was the Constitution, Bedford-street, Covent-garden; where he could indulge in a pot of porter more freely, and enjoy the fun of Mortimer, the Painter, who also preferred this house, as it was at no great distance from his own in Church-passage. Wilson told the late Sir George Beaumont, who repeated the anecdote to me the very last time I had the honour of seeing him, that Mortimer made Dr. Arne, who had a very red face with staring eyes, furiously angry, by telling him, that "his eyes looked like two oysters just opened for sauce put upon an oval side-dish of beet-root."

Parry resided on the eastern side of the Haymarket, within a door of the Orange Coffee-house. He was a Welsh Harper, and was much

noticed by Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, who was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse. Although Parry was totally blind, he was acknowledged to be one of the first draught-players in England, and occasionally played with the frequenters of Old Slaughter's. He had a son, an Historical painter, whom Sir Watkin sent to Italy; and the copy of Raffaelle's grand picture of the Transfiguration, which now adorns the staircase of Sir Watkin's house, in St. James's-square, was painted by young Parry, of whom there is a small portrait, etched by Edwards.*

NATHANIEL SMITH, my father, at this time lodged with Mr. Roubiliac. He obtained, in the course of four years, six premiums for productions in art, all whilst under nineteen years of age:† in his twenty-first year, in consequence of a bet at Old Slaughter's, he was introduced

* Of the blind father, there is a pretty little etching by his son, wherein he is seated playing the harp.

† Those readers who have been deprived of the society of a valuable parent, will readily pardon the enumeration of the premiums voted by the Society of Arts to my father. In 1758, for a model in clay of Saint Andrew, he received 15*l.*; in 1759, for a drawing in black and white chalk, 5*l.* 5*s.*; in the same year, for a drawing of Sheep, in Indian ink, 3*l.* 3*s.*; in 1760, for a model of a Buck and Hounds, 9*l.* 9*s.*; in 1761, for a model of the Continence of Scipio, 15*l.* 15*s.*; and in 1762, for a model of Coriolanus and his Mother, 21*l.*

by Mr. Roubiliac, to play at draughts with the famous Parry, above-mentioned, which game lasted about half an hour. My father, perceiving the venerable blind man to be much agitated, would most willingly have lost the game; but as there were bets depending on it, his integrity overpowered his inclination, and he won the game. This circumstance being made known to the other famous players, Sturges, Batridge, &c. my father was soon annoyed with challenges. The Dons at the Barn, a public-house then so called, in St. Martin's-lane, nearly opposite to the church, invited him to become a member; but all these temptations he withstood for the Arts, which he then studied with avidity. The Barn, for many years, was frequented by all the noted players of chess and draughts, and it was there that they often decided games of the first importance, played between persons of the highest rank living in different parts of the world.

T. Rawle* lived in the Strand, and was the inseparable companion of Captain Grose, the Antiquary.

* Shortly after the demise of Mr. Rawle, who was one of his Majesty's Accoutrement-makers, a sale of his effects took place at Mr. Hutchins's, in King-street, Covent-garden, among which were a helmet, a sword, and several letters of Oliver Cromwell; and also an article declared to have been

A report is current, with respect to Slaughter's Coffee-house, that there never had been a person of that name as master of the house; but that it received its appellation of Slaughter's from its earliest period, on account of its having been erected for the use of the men who slaughtered the cattle for the butchers of Newport-market, in an open space then adjoining. This may be the fact, if we believe that coffee was taken as refreshment by slaughter-men, instead of purl or porter; or that it was so called

the identical doublet in which Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament. Another singular lot was a large black wig, with long flowing curls, which was stated to have been worn by King Charles II., for which Suett the Actor, a great collector of wigs, was a bidder, and to prove to the company that it would suit him better than his harum-scarum opponent, put it upon his head, and thus dignified, went on with his biddings, which were sometimes sarcastically serious, and at others ludricously comic. The company, however, though so highly amused, thought it ungenerous to prolong the biddings, and therefore one and all declared that it ought to be knocked down to him before he took it off his head: upon this Suett immediately attempted to take it off, but the ivory hammer, with the ruffled hand of the auctioneer, after being once flourished over his head, gave it in favour of the eccentric comedian. Suett continued to act in this wig for many years in Tom Thumb, and other pieces, till, unfortunately, it was burnt when the Theatre at Birmingham was destroyed by fire. Mrs. Booth, the mother of the justly celebrated actress, my informant, was met by Suett, the morning after the conflagration, who accosted her by exclaiming, "Mrs. Booth, my wig's gone!"

by the neighbouring butchers, in derision of the numerous and fashionable coffee-houses of the day; as for instance, "The Old Man's Coffee-house," and "The Young Man's Coffee-house;" or just as the Italian Operas were satirised, by the introduction of that by Gay, entitled "The Beggar's Opera."

Be this as it may, in my father's time, and also within memory of the most aged people, this Coffee-house was called "*Old* Slaughter's," and not The Slaughter, or The Slaughterer's Coffee-house. As for the other Coffee-house lower down the lane, over which is now written "*New* Slaughter's," that was formerly called *Young* Slaughter's, by way of distinction; which, in my opinion, unquestionably indicates that there might have been persons of that name, and perhaps of the same family, masters of each concern.

On May 2nd, 1827, in the fifteen days' sale of the Rev. Theodore Williams's valuable library, which took place at Messrs. Stewart, Wheatley, and Adlard's, a picture, lot 1947, attributed to the pencil of Hogarth, was knocked down for the sum of one hundred and fifty guineas. The catalogue, in which it was most lavishly extolled, stated that it was a conversation over a bowl of punch at *Old* Slaughter's Coffee-house, in St. Martin's-lane, and that the figures

were portraits of the Painter, Doctor Monsey,* and the landlord, *Old* Slaughter.

From the favourable opinion of the merit of this picture, entertained by my friend Mr. Lewis, of Sussex-place, Regent's-park, I was induced to make some inquiries concerning it, and, to my great surprise, found it to be a picture that had been for the first eleven years of my life in my sleeping-room; and it gives me no small gratification to state, that this picture, so roundly asserted to be from the pencil of Hogarth, was

* For the following anecdote, I am obliged to my intelligent friend, Colonel Molesworth Phillips.

Doctor Monsey, with whom the Colonel was intimately acquainted, went to one of Mrs. Montague's evening-parties in a filthy dirty shirt, attended by his old servant, who had the care of a clean one, which the Doctor, upon his arrival at that lady's house in Portman-square, requested to put on in a private room. He and his man, as most of the apartments were occupied, were put into a small one, which occasionally opened into that where the company were to assemble. The Doctor, thinking he heard some one coming, instead of his giving his shirt to his servant to tie up, put it into one of several china jars, closing it with its cover, in order to know where to find it when he retired. The evening being extremely sultry, and Mrs. Montague's party exceeding her expectation in number, she not only ordered the doors to be thrown open which led into the room in which the Doctor had changed his shirt, but, recollecting she had placed some exquisitely delicious *pót-pourri* into one of her china jars, unfortunately to the exposure of the poor old Doctor's infirmity, opened the one into which he had stuffed, what the laundry-maid might strictly consider foul linen.

produced by Mr. Highmore. I agree with Mr. Lewis as to its being wonderfully well painted; indeed, it is equal, in my opinion, to many productions of Hogarth in the portrait way: but the picture was painted by Highmore for Nathaniel Oldham, my father's godfather, and one of the Artist's patrons! It is neither a scene at Old Slaughter's, nor are the characters depicted portraits of the persons to whom they are attributed in Messrs. Stewart's catalogue.

My father's account of this picture was, that Mr. Oldham had invited three friends to dine with him at his house at Ealing; but being a famous and constant sportsman, he did not arrive till they had dined; and then he found them so comfortably seated with their pipes over a bowl of negus, that he commissioned Highmore to paint the scene, and desired that he might be introduced in it just as he then appeared.

A man on the right, with a white wig and black coat, was an old schoolmaster; and one opposite to him a farmer, both of Ealing; another in the middle, in a red cap, was the artist Highmore; and one with his hat on, behind the farmer's chair, was Nathaniel Oldham. When Mr. Oldham died, his property was sold; but this and one or two other family pictures were given to a relative, of whom my

father purchased it, as it contained the portrait of his godfather. It afterwards became the property of Mr. Bellamy, a Linen-draper, residing in Queen-street, by the Mansion-house.

In thus again incidentally speaking of Hogarth, I will take the opportunity of introducing to the reader the following observation concerning him, of my friend H. R. Willett, Esq.* with which I was so much gratified, that I requested that gentleman to favour me with it in his own words.

"A curious instance of Hogarth's attention to most minute traits of character, occurs in the sixth plate of the *Marriage-à-la-mode*; where, as a farther instance of the avarice and miserable penury of the Alderman, who is stripping his dying daughter of her trinkets, a close observer will perceive, that the servant lad is clothed in one of his master's old coats, which has been shortened, and that the cloth cut off is turned and made into new cuffs: this is more plainly seen in the picture, by the contrast of the colour of them with the faded hue of the coat."

* Mr. Willett, whose taste fully appreciates excellence in art, has, at his seat at Shooter's Hill, a room filled with Hogarth's pictures; among which is a grand view of St. James's Park, exhibiting numerous figures of ladies and gentlemen walking in front of Rosamond's Pond. This Pond was filled up in 1770.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS,
SOMETIME INHABITANTS OF ST. MARTIN'S-LANE.

SAINT MARTIN'S-LANE affords so rich a mine for anecdote, that I never pass through it without receiving a ray of recollection from almost every window. I shall therefore venture to relate a few of these reminiscences, as they have at various times occurred to me, confining myself principally to those connected with the Fine Arts.

The first house from the corner of Newport-street, on the right hand, leading to Charing-cross, now Reid and Co's Hotel, was for many years inhabited by Beard, the famous singer, who married Lady Harriet Powis;* and after-

* This lady was interred in the church-yard of St. Pancras, where an expensive monument was erected to her memory, upon which is engraven the following inscription:—

Sacred to the remains
Of LADY HENRIETTA BEARD,
Only daughter of James, late Earl of Waldegrave.
In the year 1734,
She was married to Lord Edward Herbert,
Second son to William Marquis of Powis,
By whom she had issue one daughter,
Barbara, now Countess of Powis.
On the 8th of January, 1738-9,
She became the wife of Mr. John Beard,

wards became a son-in-law of Mr. Rich, of Covent-garden Theatre. The parlour of this house has two windows facing the south. In this room, my father, who had accompanied Roubiliac, smoked his pipe with Rich, Quin, Woodward, and George Lambert, the founder of the original Beef-steak Club, which was first held in the painting-room of Covent-garden Theatre. Some of Lambert's scenes were extremely beautiful; but they were unfortunately all consumed when that theatre was burned, September 20, 1808.

Next to Reid's is the Coffee-house beforementioned, still retaining the appellation of "Old Slaughter's." The next house of attraction is a spacious mansion, now divided into two: No. 76 is inhabited by F. Thomas, and No. 77 by Dr. Golding. It was built by old Payne, the architect, who designed Salisbury-street, in the Strand, and also the original Lyceum, &c.; and here he resided. Payne was very friendly to Gwynn, the Architect, and also

Who, during an happy union of fourteen years,
Tenderly loved her person, and admired her virtue;
Who sincerely feels and laments her loss,
And must for ever revere
Her memory,
To which he consecrates this monument.
Obiit 31 May MDCCLIII. Æ. 36.

to Samuel Wale, Lecturer on Perspective in the Royal Academy, who was the designer of an immense number of subjects for books, which were mostly engraved by Grignon. Mr. Payne built two small houses, at the end of his garden, purposely to accommodate Gwynn and Wale: the entrances were in Little-court, Castle-street, and are still standing. No. 82, is New Slaughter's Coffee-house; No. 85, is now occupied by J. Van Eyndhoven and Co. and lately by Mr. Collick, hair-manufacturer, the father of Mrs. Hatchet, late of Long-acre.

In former times, the street before these houses, commencing at Beard's and extending to a short distance beyond St. Martin's-court, was called "The Pavement;" and the road at that time was about three feet lower than it is at present. A bookseller, of the name of Harding, occupied one of these houses below Payne's, and among other works, he published a little book of Monograms of Engravers, in octavo. He also sold old prints, for which Hudson, the Painter, was one of his principal customers; and it was at this shop that he purchased Benjamin Wilson's landscape, etched in imitation of the manner of Rembrandt. I heard Wilson* relate

* This Benjamin Wilson, the father of the present Sir Robert Wilson, was a Portrait-painter, and was made Sergeant-

the circumstance to the late venerable President West, nearly in the following words: "Hudson upon all occasions maintained, that no one could etch like Rembrandt,—here he was right;—that no one could deceive him, and that he could always discover an imitation of Rembrandt directly he saw it; wherein I maintained he was wrong. To prove this, I one evening scratched a landscape, and took a dirty impression of it to a man who sold books and prints upon the Pavement in Saint Martin's-lane, and, after endeavouring to cry down Rembrandt, showed him the impression, for which he offered to give me a fine Vandyke head. As the fellow caught the bait, the next day I called to look at some more of Vandyke heads, when he observed, that he had sold the Rembrandt, but I could not obtain from him the name of the purchaser; however, it turned out just as I expected. Hudson was showing it about to his friends as a rare Rembrandt, not

painter to the King, when his Majesty withdrew that appointment from Hogarth, in consequence of his dedicating his print of the March to Finchley to the King of Prussia, as "an encourager of the Arts and Sciences!" Benjamin Wilson was succeeded as Sergeant-painter by Mr. Pitt Cobbett, of Bedford-street, Covent-garden, who continues to enjoy the appointment.

at all described in the Catalogue. He admired it beyond every thing he possessed. When I told Hogarth of this, 'D—n it!' said he, 'let us expose the fat-headed fellow.' I took the hint, and, without telling any one what I meant to do, invited Hogarth, Scott, Lambert, and others, to meet Hudson at supper; and I was wicked enough to allow Kirby to partake of my exultation, without stating to him that Hudson was coming, for they hated each other most cordially. Before the cold sirloin was carried in, I stuck it full of skewers, charged with impressions; and when supper was announced, Scott, the Marine-painter, who followed Hudson, sang out 'A sail! a sail!'—*West.* 'What did Hogarth say, Sir?'—'He! an impudent dog! he did nothing but laugh with Kirby the whole evening.—Hudson never forgave me for it.'"

I shall pass *Young*, now called *New* Slaughter's Coffee-house, to the houses now Nos. 88 and 89, built upon the site of a very large one, the staircase of which was adorned with allegorical subjects in brown, yellow, and white. This house was inhabited by one of Hogarth's particular friends, Pine, the publisher of the plates from the tapestry in the House of Lords, exhibiting the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Pine, the Portrait-painter, who produced one of the best

likenesses of Garrick, succeeded his father in this building; and after him, Dr. Garthshore resided in it for many years.

The house now No. 96, is one of the oldest colour-shops in London, and has one of the very few remaining shop-fronts, where the shutters slide in grooves: the street door frame is of the style of Queen Anne, with a spread-eagle, foliage, and flowers curiously and deeply carved in wood over the entrance, similar to those remaining in Carey-street, and in Great Ormond-street. The late Mr. Powel, the colourman, and family, inhabited it; and I have heard him say, that his mother, for many years, made a pipe of wine from the grapes which grew in their garden, which at that time was nearly one hundred feet in length, before the smoke of so many surrounding buildings destroyed their growth. This house has a large staircase, curiously painted, of figures viewing a procession, which was executed for the famous Dr. Misaubin, about the year 1732, by a painter of the name of Clermont, a Frenchman, who boldly charged one thousand guineas for his labour; which charge, however, was contested, and the artist was obliged to take five hundred. Behind the house, there is a large room, the inside of which Hogarth has given in his Rake's Progress, where

he has introduced portraits of the Doctor and his Irish wife. This plate of Hogarth's, which has never been understood by the collectors of that Artist's works, Mr. Powel ventured to explain thus:—The Rake, who has accompanied the girl to whom Dr. Misaubin had given his vicious pills, is threatening to cane him. The Doctor's wife, who has been cleaning a lancet after a recent operation, eyes the Rake with a full determination to enforce her vengeance, should he offer to put his threats into execution.*

* Of this Dr. Misaubin who brought a famous pill into England, there is a beautifully finished miniature, in the possession of George Musgrave, Esq. of Apsley End House, Bedfordshire, who, by the hand of our mutual friend, Henry Moyley, Esq. of Gray's-inn-square, has favoured me with the following interesting statement.

"The family picture of Dr. Misaubin contains the portraits of his father, wife, and son. The latter was murdered when returning from Marylebone-gardens, aged twenty-three years. This picture was bought of his grandson, Mr. Angiband, of St. Martin's-lane, in the year 1799.

"Mr. Angiband died, aged ninety-nine years and three weeks. Dr. Misaubin's father was a clergyman, and preached at the Spitalfields French Church; he was rather a celebrated preacher. The Doctor realized a great fortune by pills, &c. and left it all to his grandson, Angiband, who dissipated it, and died in St. Martin's Workhouse: he supported himself entirely by drinking gin, and died at last for want of it.—The picture alluded to is about seven inches by six, painted in body-colour, by Joseph Goupy, and represents the

The next house claiming attention is, No. 104, for many years kept by Williams, a Button-maker. Here, in a large house behind, Sir James Thornhill once lived, who painted the staircase with subjects of allegory; which pictures are still upon the walls, and in very excellent condition, as they have never been cleaned. The Junior Van Nost, the Sculptor, afterwards lived in it, who took the famous mask of Garrick from his face, which my father had for many years; it afterwards became the property of Mr. Thomas Grignion, and was, at his death, purchased by Mr. Mathews, the Comedian, and is now deposited in his curious and interesting gallery of theatrical pictures, busts, &c. at his villa, near the foot of Highgate-hill. In this house, after Van Nost's time, Francis Hayman once lived; and also Sir Joshua Rey-

Doctor in a library with his arm on a table, the hand holding a pen, and with the other hand giving a letter to his wife, who is standing by him, his son, apparently about seven years old, standing at his knees, and his father, in canonicals, writing at the table behind him. He himself is in a kind of lilac silk coat, his son in sky blue and silver, and his wife in a stone-colour gown. The name of the artist is on a book."

Mr. Standly is also in possession of an original drawing by Hogarth, containing portraits of Dr. Misaubin and Dr. Ward, which he has had engraved; the plate being destroyed after twelve impressions had been taken.

nolds, before his knighthood, and before he went to live in the house, now No. 5, on the north side of Great Newport-street, whence he went to Leicester-fields, where he died. Upon the site of the present Meeting-house for Friends, vulgarly called Quakers, in Saint Peter's-court, stood the first studio of Roubiliac. There, among other works, he executed that famous statue of Handel, for Vauxhall Gardens. Upon his leaving this studio, it was fitted up as a drawing-academy, supported by a subscription raised by numerous artists, Mr. Michael Moser being unanimously chosen as their Keeper. Hogarth was much against this establishment, though he presented to it several casts, and other articles which had been the property of his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill. He declared, that it was the surest way to bring artists to beggary, by rendering their education so easy as one guinea and a half, and two guineas per quarter; since it would induce hundreds of foolish parents to send their boys to keep them out of the streets, whether they had talent or not. However, the school commenced. Reynolds, Mortimer, M'Ardell, Nollekens, Spang, Taylor,* so frequently men-

* Richard Dalton, Esq. the late King's Librarian, gave this Academy a Greek dress for the use of the students when they

tioned in this work, and my father, with numerous others, became members.

Independently of their possessing a tolerable good collection of plaster casts, they had living models, both male and female, and often grouped two and three men as combatants; so that Mr. Flaxman, who sometimes placed the models in the Royal Academy, was not the first artist who introduced that mode of study. Upon the institution of the Royal Academy, when this academy was fast declining, parents found that they could send their sons to study in a national establishment free of any expense whatever.*

studied drapery. It was agreed by the members, that they should ballot for the member who should put on this dress, and stand for the space of one hour, for the others to draw from it. The black ball fell to Taylor, who remained in the same position for that time without discomposing the folds, and he declared to me that it was one of the most arduous tasks he had ever performed. Nollekens, well knowing the fatigue, always fought shy of his turn, by getting M'Ardell to stand for him.

* I am happy to say, that the admission into the above establishment is not now so easy as it was originally. Now, a lad must draw well, understand anatomy, and conduct himself respectably; so that, should he love his art, he will be attentive, respect the Keeper, and conform to the regulations of the Institution: indeed, the well-disposed parents of youths, so cautiously admitted, will feel double satisfaction in knowing that their sons are strictly and properly disciplined.

The house, No. 112, now, and for many years inhabited by Messrs. Woodburn, four highly respectable brothers, was one of those old apothecaries' shops where immense snakes were exhibited in spirits, to allure the multitude. It was in my boyish days kept by Leake, the inventor of the "Diet Drink;" now, like Lockyer's once famous pills, nearly forgotten. The house adjoining Messrs. Woodburn, now No. 113, was built upon the site of one for many years held by Thomas Major, a good husband, father, and a sincere friend. He was born in London in 1719, studied at Paris under the inimitable Le Bas, and was an excellent Engraver, particularly in his subjects from Teniers. Major left St. Martin's-lane for No. 6, Tavistock-row, Covent-garden. Upon the death of the Die-engraver to the Stamp-office, Major was appointed his successor, a post which he filled with the strictest integrity. He died in 1799, in his eightieth year, deeply regretted by all who knew him, and was buried in Camberwell Church-yard.* The large Cheesemon-

* Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens were very intimate with Mr. Major and his family, and their visits were frequent in Mortimer-street. I once attended Mr. Nollekens when he moulded one of his daughter's arms, which were very beautiful, and were frequently his examples for fine form, particularly when a monumental figure gave him an opportunity of dis-

ger's, No. 114, formerly Girdler and Slaughter's, but now Sloane, Leedham, and Co's., stands upon the site of Salisbury-house, a mansion occupied by several Earls of that title; there were lately, before the recent alterations, a few vestiges of the old building remaining, particularly in the kitchen. It has been, I understand, a constant tradition, that in Lord Salisbury's house in St. Martin's-lane, in the reign of James II. the seven Bishops were lodged before they were conveyed to the Tower.

Among the many hundred circumstances which render the old Watch-house interesting to me, I may notice two in particular; the first is a rare and curious etching, exhibiting its

playing it to advantage. I remember he copied it closely whenever youthful round fleshiness was his aim. Mr. Major was a celebrated Engraver of Landscapes, which display a boldness of style peculiar to himself; or, if we discern any imitation of manner, possibly it may be that of Le Bas, under whom he studied. His engravings of the Seasons, after exquisitely finished pictures by Paul Ferg, one of the artists employed with Sir James Thornhill and others in the Chelsea China-manufactory, do him infinite credit. My father was well acquainted with Ferg. Among other etchings by him, there are seven small upright ones of pastoral figures, executed with a clear and spirited needle, a little in touch like the ten landscapes by Both; they were not unfrequently to be met with when I was a boy, but now old impressions are rather scarce. Mr. Major's plates from Teniers's pictures have great force, particularly those of the Four Seasons.

front during a riot; the second, the elaborately carved stocks which, within my memory, were standing near the wall of the Watch-house, opposite to the centre of the portico of the Church. Upon the post or upright body of these stocks, were two figures most admirably well executed, of a man flogging another with the cat-o'-nine-tails. The strength and energy with which the executioner was scourging the culprit was as vigorous as any design by Michel Angelo. These stocks being much decayed, were taken down; but I was happy to see that the fragment of this carving, though wretchedly mutilated, was in some degree preserved in the vault under the church, which also contains many interesting portions of monuments taken down from the old structure. It is a curious fact, that Mrs. Rudd requested to be placed near the coffins of the Perreaus. Melancholy as my visits to this vault have been, I frankly own that pleasant recollections have almost invited me to sing, "Did you not hear of a jolly young waterman?" when passing by the coffin of my father's old friend, Charles Bannister. Such are the impressions made in youthful days.

I must now move on from the site of the stocks to a building, the door-way of which has been recently stopped up, the present entrance to it being from the King's Mews. It was for

many years called "The Barn," but is now changed to the sign of "The Canteen:" which Barn is the same before described as frequented by the chess and whist players.

Before I begin with the other side of the lane, I must invite the reader to accompany me to the equestrian statue of King Charles I. at Charing-cross, to which I solicit his most particular attention; and this request I make, in order to prove how persons are apt to take things for granted from report only. This statue is the production of Le Sueur; and a report has been industriously circulated that the horse is without a girth, and that in consequence of the omission the artist destroyed himself. This report has been propagated by various persons; and, among others, Mr. Malcolm, the author of "Londinium Redivivum," who roundly asserts that the horse is without a girth. If my reader will take the trouble, as Mr. Malcolm should have done, to look under the horse, he will see that there is a girth, and also that it presses upon the veins of the animal.

Returning to the spot which we left, the pleasures of memory induce me to state that that noble building, Northumberland-house, which has lately undergone a total repair, can now vie with some of our palaces in the splendour of its internal architectural improvements, as well

as in its magnificence of furniture; all of which, with the exception of a foreign cabinet or two, is of *English* manufacture. The staircase is superb, and entirely new. The present Duke, who condescended* to show me the house, gave orders for many fine pictures to be brought out from all the spare rooms and upper apartments, which his Grace has had cleaned, framed, and hung up: an example to the other great families, who may at this moment have in their various country residences portraits which, if thus rescued, might probably, in many instances, prove of the highest moment to English history.†

I never think of rescued portraits without recollecting with pleasure the truly spirited manner in which Lord Colchester, when Speaker of the House of Commons, established the Gallery of portraits of Speakers; and I am sure, that if every formidable association, like the Kit-cat Club, the Dilettanti Society, and the Beef-steak Club, were to follow their examples,

* From the introduction of my worthy friend, John Gawler Bridge, Esq. of Ludgate-hill, whose house had supplied his Grace with one of Flaxman's Shields of Achilles.

† In being permitted to examine Titian's picture of the Cornaro Family, so often spoken of, I am perfectly convinced that, under the hands of a proper cleaner, much of the filth and colour with which it has been loaded, may be removed with safety. It must have been gloriously painted.

by procuring portraits of their former members, and also to keep up the collection by sitting for their portraits, we should then not only know where to search for portraits of some of the most celebrated characters of modern times, but the resemblances of many persons would thus be preserved, which might be otherwise forgotten or unknown.

The very next house east of the Duke of Northumberland's, is No. 1 in the Strand; it is rendered curious by being the first house in London that was numbered. The house opposite to it is No. 487, standing at the south-west corner of St. Martin's-lane, upon the site for so many years occupied by Jeffery, the Geographer to the late King.

I cannot pass the Church, without repeating the observation made to me by the late Bishop Horsley.—"Mr. Smith, I admire your attention to old houses: my father was Clerk in Orders of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, and I should like to live in the old house which he inhabited; but then I must have the old furniture just as it stood when I was a boy." His Lordship added, that in his father's time, the Church was literally in the fields, and that he had often heard him say that there was a turnpike in St. Martin's-lane, leading to Covent-garden. No. 20, is a Public-house, called "The Portobello," with the date

1638 on the front. I remember it had Admiral Vernon's ship, extremely well painted by Monomy, for its sign. This Public-house, with many other miserable dwellings, has given way for the public improvements which are now in progress.

Tradition states that the space of ground called Moor's-yard, was in early times a place for the execution of malefactors. The Turnpike-house, mentioned by the Bishop of Rochester, stood, as I have been informed, on the site of Pullen's Wine-vaults, No. 28; and it is stated by many of the oldest inhabitants, that the Earl of Salisbury, whose house stood nearly opposite, compromised with the parish for its removal, it being deemed so great a nuisance. The Westminster Fire-office was first established in this lane, and stood between Chandos-street and May's-buildings; it was then moved to Bedford-street, and since to King-street, Covent-garden, upon the site originally occupied by Lenthall, the Speaker.

May's-buildings, bearing the date of 1739, was built by Mr. May, who ornamented the front of No. 43, in Saint Martin's-lane, in which he resided, consisting of two pilasters supporting a cornice; and it is, in my opinion, one of the neatest specimens of architectural brick-work in London. The site of the White Horse Livery-

stables, now occupied by Hornby, was originally Tea-gardens; and south of them was a hop-garden, which still retains that appellation. The house over-hanging Hornby's gateway, is supposed to be the oldest building remaining in the Lane, and from an inspection of the premises behind, I am inclined to consider that supposition to be correct. The extensive premises, No. 60, now occupied by Mr. Stutely, the Builder, were formerly held by Chippendale, the most famous Upholsterer and Cabinet-maker of his day, to whose folio work on household-furniture the trade formerly made constant reference. It contains, in many instances, specimens of the style of furniture so much in vogue in France in the reign of Louis XIV. but which, for many years past, has been discontinued in England. However, as most fashions come round again, I should not wonder, notwithstanding the beautifully classic change brought in by Thomas Hope, Esq. if we were to see the unmeaning scroll and shell-work, with which the furniture of Louis's reign was so profusely incumbered, revive; when Chippendale's book will again be sought after with redoubled avidity, and, as many of the copies must have been sold as waste paper, the few remaining will probably bear rather a high price. No. 63,

in Roubiliac's time, accommodated him with a distinct passage through to his premises, which site is now held by three persons; one is the Printer of a Sunday paper entitled "The Watchman."

Roubiliac, who was a perfectly honest and generous man, once found a pocket-book containing immense property, which he continued constantly to advertise for a considerable time before it was owned; and then the only thing he would receive beyond the advertising expenses was a buck, which the gentleman supplied him with annually.

In again noticing Roubiliac, I cannot forget that I have several times heard my father relate the following anecdotes concerning him. Garrick, during the time he was Manager of Drury-lane Theatre, carried a two-foot rule, like a carpenter, in a small pocket made purposely for it. Once in crossing Roubiliac's stone-yard, he pinched him by the elbow, and bade him mind how he would frighten that red-headed countryman who was sawing stone. Upon creeping towards the fellow, he kept lowering himself, at the same time putting on one of his tragedy looks, and partly drawing out his two-foot rule, as he would a pistol to shoot him. In that attitude he remained for some time, disappointed

and motionless, until the Yorkshireman stopped his sawing, and after squirting out his tobacco-water, coolly said, "What trick do you intend to be at next?"

Upon Mr. Roubiliac's death, the premises were taken by Read, the most deficient in talent of all his pupils, but who, like a trunk-maker or plumber and glazier, regularly advertised himself as the successor of Mr. Roubiliac; modestly concluding, that by occupying *his studio*, the public would come to the *old shop for jobs in the stone-carving line*, fully satisfied that the business must necessarily be as well executed by his being one of the late *man's* apprentices! This, I am shocked to declare, was in many instances really the case, since he was employed to execute many large and most expensive monuments; as, for instance, Admiral Tyrrell's, and one to the Duchess of Northumberland, in Westminster Abbey, were from his chisel and *workshop*. Indeed, Read made so much money by pretending to that which he understood not, that he was enabled to increase his establishment tenfold in what he certainly was excellently well acquainted with; namely, the trade of purchasing old houses, fitting them up, and then letting them at an immense increase of rent.

The following anecdote affords a curious prediction of Roubiliac's as to Read's efforts in the art of Sculpture. Read, one day at dinner, had the audacity to declare, that when he was out of his time, *he* would show the world what a monument ought to be. Upon this remark, Roubiliac looked at him scornfully and said, "Ven you do de monument, den de varld vill see vot von d—d ting you vill make." This was correctly the case in that of Admiral Tyrrell in Westminster Abbey; for of all the loads of marble spoiled in such effigies, of which there are more in Westminster Abbey, powerfully rich as it is in classic art, than in all the other cathedrals of England, perhaps Tyrrell's monument is the vilest instance. Nollekens, who was not much addicted to exercise his sarcasm upon works of art, particularly when speaking of contemporary artists, could not resist vociferating, whenever Read's name was mentioned, "That figure of his, of Admiral Tyrrell going to Heaven out of the sea, looks for all the world as if he was hanging from a gallows with a rope round his neck." In which criticism I consider him perfectly correct, as the figure would, I am certain, impress nine children out of ten with the same idea, were they left to their own conclusions.

Finding myself in want of information respecting the last two houses to be mentioned in this place, which was in the power of a Mr. Banks to furnish, I went to his house, No. 3, Litchfield-street, when I particularly noticed the ceiling of the principal room on his first floor. It is divided into two compartments, and I am much inclined to believe was painted by the hand of Hogarth, not only from the style of colouring and the spirited manner of its penciling, but from the expression of the heads of the figures so peculiar to him.

The subject of the largest portion of the ceiling nearest the windows, consists of five figures the size of life. They appear to me to be Time rescuing Truth from Hatred, surrounded by snakes; and Malice, holding a dagger in one hand, and a flaming torch in the other; a boy is flying above with the emblem of Eternity. This subject is in a circle within a square, the corners of which are decorated with busts and flowers spiritedly painted. The smaller compartment consists of four boys in the clouds. The principal one in the centre represents Fame with a trumpet; the others, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. They are confined within an oval border. At the west end, are trophies of war, and at the east, two boys supporting drapery. Mr. Banks informed me

that the house had been the residence of Lady Betty Paulet; and that Lord Hinchinbrook, who was then the owner of considerable property in that quarter, assured him that it had been a mansion originally of high importance. When, about thirty years since, Mr. Banks made the purchase, he found the cornice and even the hinges of the doors gilt. From the heavy panelling of the rooms, and the large circular balls on the staircase, I should conjecture the house to have been built in the time of Oliver Cromwell, or Charles the Second; but the front is evidently modern, and the premises originally must have been more extensive.

In the large room behind Mr. Mouchet's, now No. 70, Mr. Hone had his Exhibition.

The corner house of Long-acre, now No. 72, formed a small part of the extensive premises formerly occupied by that singularly haughty character, Cobb, the Upholsterer, who occasionally employed Banks, the Cellaret-maker, to whom I applied for information respecting him. Cobb, he said, was perhaps one of the proudest men in England; and always appeared in full dress of the most superb and costly kind, in which state he would strut through his workshops, giving orders to his men. He was the person who brought that very convenient table into fashion that draws out in front, with upper

and inward rising desks, so healthy for those who stand to write, read, or draw.* The late King frequently employed him, and often smiled at his pomposity. One day, when Mr. Cobb was in his Majesty's library at Buckingham-house, giving orders to a workman, whose ladder was placed before a book which the King wanted, his Majesty desired Cobb to hand him the work, which instead of obeying, he called to his man, "Fellow, give me that book!" The King, with his usual condescension, arose, and asked Cobb, what his man's name was. "Jenkins," answered the astonished Upholsterer. "Then," observed the King, "Jenkins, you shall hand me the book."†

* The late Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland, when he was a Portrait-painter, in Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, considered Cobb's tables so useful, that he easily prevailed upon the adonised Upholsterer, to allow him to paint his portrait for one; which picture, after it had remained in Cobb's show-room for some time, purposely to be serviceable, as he said, to the "*poor painter*," he conveyed, in his own carriage, to his seat at Highgate. It is curious to notice how often little events lead to others of high importance: it was in consequence of this portrait of Cobb, that Mr. Garrick became acquainted with Dance; whose acquaintance produced his most excellent picture of Richard the Third, which became the property of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart.

† His present Majesty, when passing through an avenue in Windsor-park, leading to the Royal Lodge, was once assailed by a rude boisterous fellow, standing astride with

STRANGE.

THE following anecdote of Sir Robert Strange was related to me by the late Richard Cooper, who had the honour of instructing Queen Charlotte in drawing, and was for some time Drawing-master to Eton School. I shall endeavour to relate it as nearly as possible in his own words. "Robert Strange," said he, "was a countryman of mine, a North Briton, who served his time to my father as an engraver, and was a soldier in the rebel army of 1745. It so happened, when Duke William put them to flight, that Strange, finding a door open, made his way into the house, ascended to the first floor, and entered a room where a young lady was seated. She was at her needle-work and singing. Young Strange implored her protection. The lady, without rising or being the least disconcerted, desired him to get under her hoop.*

folded arms, who declared he would not pull off his hat to any King. His Majesty stopped his curricle, took off his hat, and with a smile said, "I will take off mine to the meanest of my subjects!" which so completely subdued his rude opponent, that he walked away hanging down his head with shame.

* At that time ladies wore immense hoops, as may be seen in all the portraits of the day, particularly in the print of Kitty Clive, in the character of the Fine Lady in Lethe.

He immediately stooped, and the amiable woman covered him up. Shortly after this, the house was searched; the lady continued at her work, singing as before, and the soldiers, upon entering the room, considering Miss Lumsdale alone, respectfully retired.

"Robert, as soon as the search was over, being released from his covering, kissed the hand of his protectress, at which moment, for the first time, he found himself in love. He married the lady; and no persons, beset as they were with early difficulties, lived more happily."

It has already been seen in the Memoir of Nollekens, that this most excellent lady's virtues were equally conspicuous in her married state, and that she did not lose the sweetness of her temper, even under the "chastening hand" of Adversity:

"Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own, she learn'd to melt at others' woe."

Strange afterwards became a loyal man; though for a length of time he sighed to be pardoned by his King, who, however, was graciously pleased to be reconciled to him, and afterwards knighted him. For this information, I am obliged to my worthy friend, Ben-

jamin West, Esq. second son of the late venerable President of the Royal Academy.

Lady Strange, who continued her friendship to Mrs. Nollekens, with whom she had been intimate ever since their youthful days, gave her several impressions of the engravings of her husband, who was unquestionably the best engraver England ever produced. Who can look at his most wonderful print of St. Cecilia, from Raffaelle, without astonishment at its brilliancy of effect? His close attention to the texture of each particular article, the sky, the clouds and earth, the linen, silk embroidered and woollen draperies, the metallic and polished surfaces, the hair of the youthful, the manly, and the robust figures, comprising the composition, and the several varieties of flesh, perhaps no one in any part of the world has ever equalled.

No man was more incessant in his application, or fonder of his art, than Sir Robert Strange; nor could any publisher boast of more integrity as to his mode of delivering subscription-impressions. He never took off more proofs than were really bespoken, and every name was put upon the print as it came out of the press, unless it were faulty; and then it was destroyed,* not

* As Etchings and Proof impressions of Strange's plates are considered great rarities, I shall, for the information of

laid aside for future sale, as has been too much the practice with some of our late publishers. Impositions, I regret to say, amounting to fraud, have been recently exercised upon the liberal encouragers of the Art, by sordid publishers, who have taken hundreds of proofs more than were subscribed for, purposely to hoard them up for future profit. Nay, I am shocked, when I declare that some of our *late* print-publishers have actually had plates touched up after they have been worn out; and have taken the writing out, in order that impressions might be taken off, which they have most barefacedly published and sold as original proof impressions!

Sir Robert Strange was born in 1721, and died in 1792.

collectors, insert a list of those preserved in the British Museum:—The Offspring of Love, Etching and Proof; Fortune, Proof; Venus attired by the Graces, Etching; Cleopatra, Proof; Belisarius, Etchings; King Charles the First with his Horse, Etching and Proof; Queen Henrietta Maria, (its companion) Etching and Proof; Apotheosis of Prince Octavius, Etching and Proof.

VIVARES AND WOOLLETT.

I WELL remember Vivares: he was a little thin man, who usually wore a velvet cap, which was the custom in his time. He lived in Great Newport-street, in the house now No. 12. He was a beautiful etcher of trees, and was often assisted by Chatelain, a spirited picturesque etcher. Woollett was also a little man, and when I first saw him, lived in Green-street, Leicester-fields, in the house now No. 11.

Woollett's plates, particularly his early ones, are mostly engraved by himself; and I will relate an anecdote concerning him, which I received from the late Mr. Alderman Boydell, during the time he visited me, to notice the progress of my work, entitled "Antiquities of Westminster," one of the most anxious and unfortunate tasks of my life.

The Alderman assured me, that when he himself commenced publishing, he etched small plates of landscapes, which he produced in sets of six, and sold for sixpence; and that, as there were very few print-shops at that time in London, he prevailed upon the sellers of children's toys, to allow his little books to be put in their windows. These shops he regularly visited

every Saturday, to see if any had been sold, and to leave more. His most successful shop was the sign of the "Cricket-bat," in Duke's-court, St. Martin's-lane, where he found he had sold as many as came to five shillings and sixpence. With this success he was so pleased, that, wishing to invite the shopkeeper to continue in his interest, he laid out the money in a silver pencil-case; which article, after he had related the above anecdote, he took out of his pocket, and assured me he never would part with. He then favoured me with the following history of Woollett's plate of the Niobe; and, as it is interesting, I shall endeavour to relate it in Mr. Boydell's own words.

"When I got a little forward in the world," said the venerable Alderman, "I took a whole shop, for at my commencement I kept only half a one. In the course of one year I imported numerous impressions of Vernet's celebrated Storm, so admirably engraved by Lerpiniére; for which I was obliged to pay in hard cash, as the French took none of our prints in return. Upon Mr. Woollett's expressing himself highly delighted with this print of the Storm, I was induced, knowing his ability as an engraver, to ask him if he thought he could produce a print of the same size, which I could send over, so that in future I could avoid payment in money,

and prove to the French nation that an Englishman could produce a print of equal merit; upon which he immediately declared that he should like much to try.

"At this time, the principal conversation among artists was upon Mr. Wilson's grand picture of Niobe, which had just arrived from Rome. I, therefore, immediately applied to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, its owner, and procured permission for Woollett to engrave it. But before he ventured upon the task, I requested to know what idea he had as to the expense, and, after some consideration, he said he thought he could engrave it for one hundred guineas. This sum, small as it may now appear, was to me," observed the Alderman, "an unheard-of price, being considerably more than I had given for any copper-plate. However, serious as the sum was, I bade him get to work, and he proceeded with all possible cheerfulness, for, as he went on, I advanced him money; and though he lost no time, I found that he had received nearly the whole amount before he had half finished his task. I frequently called upon him, and found him struggling with serious difficulties, with his wife and family, in an upper lodging in Green's-court, Castle-street, Leicester-fields; for there he lived before he went into Green-street. How-

ever, I encouraged him, by allowing him to draw upon me to the extent of twenty-five pounds more; and, at length, that sum was paid, and I was unavoidably under the necessity of saying, 'Mr. Woollett, I find we have made too close a bargain with each other; you have exerted yourself, and I fear I have gone beyond my strength, or, indeed, what I ought to have risked, as we neither of us can be aware of the success of the speculation. However, I am determined, whatever the event may be, to enable you to finish it to your wish; at least to allow you to work upon it as long as another twenty-five pounds can extend, but there we positively must stop.' The plate was finished; and, after taking a very few proofs, I published the print at five shillings, and it succeeded so much beyond my expectation, that I immediately employed Mr. Woollett upon another engraving, from another picture by Wilson; and I am now thoroughly convinced, that had I continued in publishing subjects of their description, my fortune would have been increased tenfold."

Of Woollett's glorious engraving of Niobe, we have a most brilliant proof on India paper in the British Museum, a similar one to which has been sold for fifty pounds. Should this page meet the eyes of Mr. Burke, and such liberal

gentlemen who are willing to persevere in their encouragement of Modern Art, I trust, for the honour of England, should our Landscape-Engravers possess talent and inclination to produce similar works to those of Woollett's Niobe, Phaëton, Celadon and Amelia, Ceyx and Alcyone,—productions hitherto standing alone,—that they will sanction the labours of artists who have, as well as our respectable publishers, so seriously of late felt an unprecedented depression, in consequence of the most glaring misconduct of several speculators: and I hope a time will soon arrive, when the grand pictures of Turner, Callcott, Arnald, &c. will be selected by some spirited publishers, for the purpose of producing other Woolletts.

As Mr. Strutt, in his Dictionary of Engravers, has neither given the time of Vivares's birth, death, nor place of burial, it will be some information to state, that Francis Vivares was born in the village of St. John, in France, July 11th, 1709; that he came to England in 1718, where for some years he followed the trade of a tailor; and that he died November 26th, 1780, and was buried at Paddington.

William Woollett was born at Maidstone August 27th, 1735, and died May 23d, 1785, being buried in the church-yard of the old church of St. Pancras.

ZUCCARELLI.

ZUCCARELLI was a native of Piligliano, near Sienna. After studying under Morandi and Nelli, he was much noticed by Mr. Smith, the British Consul, who encouraged him to visit England, where he was employed at the Opera-house as a Scene-painter; though he soon quitted that employment for the patronage of the late King, and some of the first nobility.* Most of his pictures were painted in turpentine only, covered with a coat of varnish, which always produces a cheerful effect. The late venerable President, Mr. West, who first met him at the English Coffee-house at Rome, informed me that he died at Florence, the 30th of December, 1788, at the advanced age of eighty-six.

Zuccarelli was one of the first members of the Royal Academy; and during the first three years of its exhibition, resided in Piccadilly. He is wholly unmentioned by Fuseli, in the Appendix to his edition of Pilkington's Dictionary.

* Frederick Prince of Wales collected his pictures; and those large circles which were engraved by Vivares, and many others formerly at Kew, are now in the royal apartments at Windsor; in which splendid palace there are also many by Canaletti in his finest style. It is a curious fact, that the latter Artist frequently painted the buildings in Zuccarelli's Landscapes.

LAROON.

CAPTAIN LAROON practised the Arts at the same period as Hogarth; and as he often witnessed the nocturnal revels at Moll King's* and Mother Douglass's, (alias Mother Cole,) which so delighted Hogarth; the Captain's productions often resemble in subject those of the great painter of human character and manners.

Laroon drew sometimes with red chalk; but more frequently with a black-lead pencil. His drawings are truly spirited, and display a liquid flow of touch peculiar to himself; but what is highly honourable to his memory, is, that his productions are entirely his own, not assisted in the least by the hand of another man.†

* I have seen at Strawberry-hill a large and spirited drawing, in red chalk, by Captain Laroon, exhibiting the inside of Moll King's. Kirgate, Mr. Walpole's domestic printer, bought it for him at an evening auction about forty years ago. There is also an engraving of the same room, in which a whole-length of Mr. Aprice is introduced in a full court-dress. An impression of this plate, which is extremely rare, is carefully preserved by H. P. Standly, Esq. of the Middle Temple, as an addition to Hogarth's first print of the Four Times of the Day, in which that Artist has introduced Moll King's house.

† An ungentlemanlike practice often resorted to by some

Upon reference to Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting in England," and finding so little of the Laroon family, and fortunately being in possession of a manuscript life drawn up by the Captain, in his own hand, I shall here insert a copy of it, as a curious addition to Mr. Major's late splendid edition of the work of Lord Orford; which the Editor, the Rev. James Dallaway, has rendered more interesting by inserting lists of the portraits executed by some of the principal Painters, and also the names of their present possessors; which is valuable to the traveller and collector, and particularly so to those who illustrate the interesting reign of that splendid patron of the Arts, King Charles the First.

The following is Captain Laroon's statement:—

"I write the following memorandums, not as a regular account of battles, sieges, or other

of our *would-be* amateurs, is regularly to invite three or four artists separately to dine with them, in order to coax and wheedle them to touch upon their pictures; which they afterwards have the barefaced audacity to display in public exhibitions, as specimens of their own talented productions, and positively declare themselves slighted if their pictures are not hung in the best places, in preference to the works of those men who *avowedly* make the Arts their profession, and support their establishments by their labours.

actions I have seen, but for the satisfaction of my particular friends, who, perhaps, might be desirous to know how I have spent my life. I leave out all private occurrences. My father's as well as grandfather's name, was spelt Marcellus Lautron; I was christened by the same, but being called Marcellus Laroon, I wrote my name always so.* I was born the second day of April, 1679, at my father's house in Bow-street, in the parish of Covent-garden, London. My grandfather, Marcellus Lauron, was a native of France, by profession a painter, and lived in Holland many years. It never came to my knowledge where he married, or of what country his wife was. At the Hague, he had several children. My father's elder brother, as well as my father, was a Painter, and remained in Holland and died there; his performances were not greatly esteemed. My father came to England a young man; he died at the age of fifty-three, at Richmond in Surrey, and was buried there. He studied closely and made great improvements, and the impartial must allow him a great degree of merit, as some portraits, and

* "Pliny mentions the city or town of Lauron, and such a place is also mentioned by Plutarch. It was in Spain, and was besieged and taken by Sertorius, in the sight of Pompey."

many easel-pieces, demonstrate. He married an Englishwoman, the daughter of Jeremiah Keene, Builder, of Little Sutton, near Chiswick, and by her had many children. We were three sons left, brought up by him to painting, and my father gave us other necessary learning and accomplishments; we had French-masters, learned writing, arithmetic, fencing, and dancing. He entertained in his house a very good master of music, whose name was Moret, who performed on several instruments,—with design, as my father had a very good ear, to learn of him to play on the six-stringed viol; but my elder brother, ten years old, took up the instrument, and executing Moret's instructions better than my father, he ordered him to teach my brother. We had frequent concerts of music at our house. I was then about seven or eight years of age, and was judged to have an inclination to music, by being often found scraping on a fiddle in some private place. I was then put under Moret's discipline, to learn to play on the violin. We both made such progress, that in about two years we could perform *à livre ouverte.*

"We still went on with our painting. I was about eighteen years of age, when the Congress met at Ryswick. My father was willing that I should see foreign parts, and I was made

one of the six pages to Sir Joseph Williamson, one of the English Plenipotentiaries. Mr. De la Faye was then his Secretary. We set sail for Helvoet Sluys, in company with a great number of ships; we were surprised by a violent storm, which lasted three days, in a very dangerous situation; the wind blowing into land; we were near the coast of Holland and at anchor; but the storm abating, we got safe on shore. We went to the Hague, where Sir Joseph resided till the peace was concluded. About the time of signing the peace, the Earl of Manchester (then sent Ambassador to the Venetians) passed through the Hague. My father had taken measures to place me with the Earl, and I was made his page. We were one and twenty in family, almost all English. Mr. Slangau was then with us as Secretary to the Embassy.

"We passed through Cleves to Cologne, where we all embarked on board two large vessels (fastened together, with all our baggage) on the Rhine, and were drawn against that strong stream by a great number of horses to Frankfort, from whence my Lord, and all his suite travelled in different voitures by Inspruk, and through the Tyrol mountains to Muran; from whence we were transported in proper

vessels to Venice. My Lord's residence was in a large palace upon Canal Regio; he made his entry in very magnificent gondolas, two whereof were very richly carved, gilt, and ornamented. We stayed at Venice about four months, in which time I was at their operas, and saw all that was usually shown to strangers. My Lord then set out on his return to England. We went from Venice to Padua, and passed on to Verona, Vicenza, Bergamo, Brescia, Milan, so to Turin, where we stayed three days; then we passed over Mount Cenis in very severe weather; went by Montmellian, Verceil, and embarked on the rapid river Rhone, and came to Lyons; from thence to Paris, where we stayed some time, and from thence to Calais, where we embarked, and landed safe in England. I then returned to my father's house. The whole expedition was in the compass of a year.

"As my father's circumstances were not such as would enable him to give us fortunes, we were obliged to learn to earn a living: we then went on in painting; but a quarrel I had with my younger brother, (for we were three,) which I thought unjustly supported on his side by my father, made me resolve to leave him. Having some knowledge in music, I threw myself on the theatre in Drury-lane, about the

year 1698, where I continued, not as an actor, but a singer, for about two years. I grew weary of that manner of life, left it, and returned to painting, which I practised till the year 1707, when I got acquainted with Colonel Gorsuch, commandant of the battalion of Foot Guards, then upon service in Flanders, in which I resolved to carry arms. I was so happy as to have for my friend Colonel Molesworth, aid-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough: with him I had the favour to pass the sea in the yacht with the Duke, to whom I was introduced on board. We arrived safe in Holland.

"I then joined the battalion of Guards, with Colonel Gorsuch, and did sometimes duty in the regiment as a cadet; and we took the field. That campaign we had neither battle or siege: the enemy, as it was rumoured, had formed a design to attack the Duke of Marlborough's quarters, to carry him off in the night. His quarters being some distance from the grand army, and covered only by the battalion of Guards, the out-guards and sentries were doubled, and a sentry was to be placed at the door of the Duke's bedchamber. I desired to have that post, and chose not to be relieved the whole night, which passed without any disturbance from the enemy.

"At the end of this campaign, the Duke of Marlborough gave me a Lieutenant's commission in the Earl of Orkney's first battalion, and I was sent to England to raise recruits. The next spring, I returned to Flanders with ten men: I served the campaign in 1708; and at the battle of Oudenarde, our regiment was ordered to dislodge the enemy, who had posted themselves in some very strong inclosures, and we pushed them out with small loss. We had a Lieutenant killed, and a few men wounded. Our battalion made part of the detachment, of about six thousand men, under the command of General Webb. At the battle of Winnendall, two spent musket-balls struck me, one on the forehead, another on the left arm, which caused a contusion, which was a month healing. The enemy were about twenty thousand men; but we had the advantage of woods on each side, into which were ordered two regiments, whose fire did great execution on the enemy's flanks. As night came on, they retired with considerable loss; and the convoy of provisions and ammunition to finish the siege of Lisle, got safe to our grand army. I was left that night with thirty men on the skirts of our camp. At the siege of Ghent I had the advanced-guard at the opening of the trenches.

The morning after the trench was completed, I was in conversation with some of our officers and some of the battalion of Guards: it being a very thick fog, one of the town came and fired among us, and shot me through the shoulder, and the next day I was sent to Brussels. In the campaign 1709, I served at the siege of Tournay, and had the advanced-guard at the opening the trenches; served in the trenches the whole siege, several duties on battering-pieces, and bomb-batteries.

"The latter end of 1709, I came to London. Mr. Craggs desired me to go to Spain with him and General Stanhope, who commanded the English forces then in Spain. I quitted my commission in Lord Orkney's regiment, and attended General Stanhope to Spain. I and Mr. Craggs's Secretary went post from Utrecht through Germany to Genoa; we stayed at Genoa fifteen days, and then General Stanhope, Mr. Craggs, and all the servants, baggage, &c. went on board a man of war, accompanied by another, and sailed to Barcelona, and I immediately took the field. The beginning of the summer 1710, having no commission, General Stanhope made me Deputy-quarter-master-general of the English troops, in which employment I served the whole campaign.

"The enemy, whose army was superior to ours, marched to Balaquer, where we were encamped. Marechal Staremberg drew up our troops upon some hills, and posted the army advantageously. At the foot of the eminence was an old, demolished fort, where he had placed a good detachment, and a battery of cannon. The enemy came on in two lines upon an open plain, and the battery from an old fort played upon them with success. The hills were not so difficult of ascent as to hinder the horse of both armies from gaining the top, where their cavalry and ours faced each other for two hours: Colonel Borgard had planted a battery, from which he fired with great slaughter among the Spanish horse, who stood it with incredible resolution for a considerable time. The enemy, finding us in good posture to receive them, declined the attack, and marched away.

"Some time after, happened the battle of Almenara. Upon our march, we saw the enemy advancing very fast to get possession of a high hill. We marched with all expedition also, and were met on the height of the mountain, upon a plain scarce wide enough to draw up our foot in two lines. The horse on both sides advanced in two lines; General Stanhope, turning to our men, cried out, "In the name of God we will

beat them!" and charged the enemy with great resolution, broke through, and routed them entirely; many were driven, horse and man, down the precipice; and had not night come on, their army would have suffered greatly: unhappily, one of our batteries playing mistook Count Hassau's regiment for the enemy, and by a shot, Count Hassau, a cornet, and a dragoon were killed.

"At the battle of Saragosa, as I had no commission, I desired to go on a volunteer with Colonel du Bourgay's regiment of foot, then commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Burgess, to whom I applied. He made me a compliment, and lent me his own fusee, bayonet, and cartouch-box. We lay on our arms all night. I was placed on the right of the grenadiers; our regiment was in the front line. Upon the discharge of a piece of artillery, which was the sign for advancing towards the enemy, we marched forward to meet them, they, at the same time, advancing to meet us. We marched upon a rising ground, and did not see the enemy till we were within twenty yards of him. We had orders to receive their fire, and accordingly went on with our arms recovered; but, being so near, it obliged one side to begin, which they did, and gave us their full discharge, but

did not kill many of our men, for most of their shot went over our heads, and killed more in Dormer's regiment, which was in our rear. We then levelled at them, and sent a well-directed discharge among them, which broke their ranks, and they fled. We pursued them with great slaughter a great way, and took about five or six thousand prisoners. We were then masters of Saragosa.

"From thence we marched to Madrid, and stayed some time; and from thence eight or nine regiments of dragoons, Harvey's horse, and a battalion of the Scotch Guards, marched to Brihuega, under the command of General Stanhope, all which regiments were very weak by battles, sickness, and desertion.

"While we were at Madrid, not having intelligence, being in an enemy's country, we were surprised and encompassed by the French and Spanish forces; General Stanhope immediately sent Captain Cansby (one of his aid-de-camps) to Marechal Staremberg, with an account of our situation. The enemy began to fire from several batteries of cannon, and with ease beat down an old Moorish wall of no strength. Our men were all dismounted, and defended bravely at the breach. The Scotch Guards suffered much; but notwithstanding the

whole power of the enemy, if our men had not been scanty of ammunition, they had not entered the place. As we suspected no army near us, that article had been neglected.

" During the preparations for our defence, General Stanhope, General Carpenter, Colonel Dormer, &c. &c. &c. from a tower, were viewing their approaches: General Stanhope had ordered a parapet to be made for our men to fire over; he saw that it was not high enough, and sent me with his orders to have it raised higher. I had no way to go down to the officers but through the gateway, and down the side of a hill, quite exposed to the enemy; which I did, but received no hurt, though a good number of shot were levelled at me. I delivered the orders, and returned the same way, through the same fire, to the General, with the answer of the officer, that his orders should be obeyed; but it not being immediately done, I was a second time sent, and, by great good fortune, escaped many more shot that was discharged at me.

" The Marshal not coming to our relief, the enemy having entered some parts of the town, General Stanhope ordered the chamade; and capitulated, that the generals and all the officers should keep their own equipages, but the troops

to surrender prisoners of war, and give up all their horses and arms. Accordingly we marched out prisoners; General Stanhope and some officers were sent to Valladolid, and the troops were dispersed to different towns.

"King Philip (who, after the battle of Saragosa, was on his way towards France,) returned to Saragosa, where the Court was kept. The Duke of Vendome, who commanded the troops, was also there. General Stanhope was sent for to Saragosa to treat upon the exchange of the troops. The General went, attended by Mr. Furly, his Secretary, Colonel Moyser, Captain Killigrew, and myself. We stayed there about a month, but nothing was concluded; and General Stanhope, with the same suite, and his servants, were sent to remain at a town called Najera, upon the confines of Biscay, where we remained, till we were exchanged: we were prisoners, with liberty to go out where we pleased to divert ourselves, about twenty months.

"As soon as released, we passed by Pampeluna, over the Pyrenean Mountains, and came to Pau in Bearne, where Henry the Fourth of France was born. Here we stayed till the ratification of the exchange of the prisoners was completed; this was in the year 1712. We

went from thence to Bordeaux, where at that time the Marechal de Montrevil was Governor. General Stanhope and his suite were invited to dine with him; his entertainment was very noble. From Bordeaux, we travelled to Paris; myself and Captain Killigrew went post to Paris, and from thence to Calais, and passed the sea to Dover, and returned to London.*

"In the year 1715, when the Rebellion began in the North, several new regiments of dragoons were raised; Colonel William Stanhope (now Earl of Harrington) had one, in which I was made Captain-lieutenant; the regiment was completed at Leicester, and we were ordered to march to Lancashire. Our regiment only was at Lancaster. When the rebels advanced towards us, we retired to Preston, and from thence to Wigan, where General Wills joined us with several regiments of dragoons, and Colonel Preston's regiment of foot. We then marched towards the enemy, and met him in the road between Preston and Wigan. They had a design of turning off towards Manchester, but finding us so near them, retired with some precipitation to Preston, (without

* "At the latter end of the campaign 1710, General Stanhope made me Lieutenant of Dragoons, which regiment was afterwards broke."

defending Ribble Bridge,) and barricaded the avenues; all the dragoons were dismounted, and the horses were linked together and put into the adjacent fields with a sufficient number of men to take care of them. General Wills then invested the place, and sent to Liverpool for two or three pieces of cannon to force the barricades. In the interim, he ordered an attack to be made by Preston's regiment and a good body of dragoons, but with bad success; they being quite exposed, and the enemy firing from behind the barricades, and from windows, and other holes under cover. They were obliged to retire with great loss. General Carpenter, with four regiments of dragoons, then joined us, and the enemy surrendered. A court-martial sat, and two or three of their officers were commanded to be shot, which was executed on two of them. Lord Murray, son to the Duke of Athol, was recommended to his Majesty for mercy; the King was graciously pleased to pardon him; the rest of the prisoners were sent to London.

"When this affair was over, Colonel Stanhope and Colonel Newton, with their regiments, were ordered to march to Scotland, to join the forces there commanded by the Duke of Argyle. Our regiment went to Glasgow, and

afterwards joined Lord Cadogan and the army at Stirling, and marched, in very hard weather, towards the enemy. The Chevalier de St. George was with him; he did not stay to give battle, but embarked and went off to Montrose.

"Their army then dispersed, and our's were sent to different quarters; but some time after, some clans were again in arms, upon which a sufficient number of troops were sent into the Highlands, and about five hundred dragoons. We marched by Badenoch, to the Blair of Athol; from thence to Inverness, where we encamped. The clans being dispersed, we marched towards Edinburgh, and Colonel Stanhope's regiment was quartered at Inerask, and Musselburgh. From thence to Dumfries, where we remained some time; then marched to England, and were quartered at York and the neighbouring towns. The Colonel's troop was quartered at Tadcaster. Our Lieutenant-colonel disposed of his commission to our Major Manning. Captain Gardiner had the majority, and I had the troop. The regiment broke in a short time after.

"I continued on the half-pay about eight years. Lord Cadogan got me the King's sign-manual, for the first troop of dragoons that

should become vacant in any of the regiments then in Great Britain. I was disappointed of two. In the year 1724, his Majesty gave me a troop in Brigadier Kerr's dragoons, in which station I served till the year 1732. Major Stewart, of the same regiment, having no troops, was allowed by the King a pay of a troop till he was provided for. I made over my troops to him, and his Majesty was graciously pleased to give me the pay of Captain of a troop, as was before received by Major Stewart.

"MARCELLUS LAROON."

This veteran died at York, June 2nd, 1772, in his ninety-third year. His family were frequently mentioned by Mr. Nollekens, as one of the most eccentric with whom his father and mother had been intimate. Mr. Welch observed, that whenever Captain Laroon was named by Henry Fielding, he said, "I consider him and his friend Captain Montague, and their constant companion, Little Cazey, the Link-boy, as the three most troublesome and difficult to manage of all my Bow-street visitors." The portraits of these three heroes are introduced in Boitard's rare print of "The Covent-garden Morning Frolic." Captain Laroon is brandishing an artichoke; Captain Montague is seated

in a drunken state, at the top of Bet Careless's sedan; which is preceded by "Little Cazey," as a link-boy; of whom there is also another portrait, in the character of Captain Macheath, between two women, as Polly and Lucy: but this plate is by no means so rare as that first mentioned. Cazey was transported for stealing a gentleman's gold watch.

There are the remains of a curiously-gilt folding-screen in the great room of Hornsey-Wood House, most beautifully painted by Captain Laroon; upon which two of the figures are particularly spirited and full of broad humour, and represent a Quack Doctor and his Merry-Andrew, claiming the attention of, and amusing, the surrounding gaping and credulous spectators.

Captain Laroon was Deputy-chairman, under Sir Robert Walpole, of a club, consisting of six gentlemen only, who met at stated times in the drawing-room of Scott, the Marine-painter, in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden; and it was unanimously agreed by the members, that they should be attended by Scott's wife only, who was a remarkably witty woman. Captain Laroon made a most beautiful drawing of the Members of this club in conversation, of which I was allowed to make a tracing when it was in

the possession of my late worthy friend James Deacon, Esq. of James-street, Pimlico; who also had a remarkably fine portrait in oils of his father, painted by Captain Laroon, under whom he had studied the art of painting as an amateur.*

* Mr. Deacon held a situation in the Excise Office, with his friend Charles Rogers, when that gentleman was preparing his work, published in 1778, in two volumes, entitled, "A Collection of Prints in Imitation of Drawings," &c.; for which Mr. Deacon engraved two wood-blocks. The first is a Combat of Lions, after a drawing by Luca Cambiaso, which he executed in 1763; and the second is of a *Ciborio*, or Pyx, for holding the Host, from a drawing by Carlo Maratti; which bears the date of 1765. Mr. Deacon assured me that he actually cut the whole of the two above engravings entirely with a penknife; and they were executed on Pear-tree, on the side way of the grain.

Mr. Deacon's father succeeded Zincke, the famous Enameller, in his house in Covent-garden, and lost his life by a jail fever, which he caught at the Old Bailey, in May 1750, at the trial of Captain Clarke, when sixty-four persons lost their lives; of whom were Sir S. Pennant, Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Abney and Baron Clarke, Judges, and Sir Daniel Lambert, Alderman.

MACKLIN.

I RECOLLECT going to Covent-garden Theatre to see Macklin take leave of the public. Shylock was the character he appeared in; he spoke very low, and was deficient several times; and at last, on his coming forward with a wish to address the house, he could only utter, in a tremulous voice, "My age, my age!" Upon which simple and feeling appeal, the audience encouraged him with reiterated plaudits. I have seen in the possession of a theatrical friend, a whole-length portrait of Macklin, in a Highland dress, holding a dagger in his left hand, entitled "Shylock turned Macbeth. Young Vanity, inv. Old Envy, sculp." At the back of this print, which is of a quarto size, a remarkably good likeness of that celebrated actor,* and

* Nollekens, by refusing to model a bust of Macklin, incurred his bitterest displeasure. "Do I not see," demanded the Actor, "your bust of Garrick in every barber's shop-window, as a block for wigs?"—"No," answered Nollekens, "it is not my bust; it's Van Nost's. Mr. Garrick was always fond of patronising foreign artists: he employed Roubiliac to carve the figure of Shakspeare; and he was frequently sitting to Demar, the wax-modeller, who did hundreds of profiles of him. Zoffany and Loutherbourg he always recommended, and he used to have them at his country-house."

extremely rare, for I know of no other impression, some former possessor has made the following observations:

"Mr. Macklin, some short time before he left the stage, thought himself capable of performing Richard, Macbeth, and other of Shakspeare's principal characters. He had been superior in Shylock to almost any person who had ever attempted it; but it certainly was too late for him to attempt Macbeth, &c. Had he been permitted to have proceeded without opposition, the attempt would have died away of itself; but opposition made him persist, though he was at last obliged to give it up. No man conceived the part better than Macklin; but he was too old to carry his own ideas into execution. To commemorate this attempt of Mr. Macklin's, many caricatures appeared, and *this* among the number."

Within the last year of Macklin's life, I saw him stand in Covent-garden, watching the weight of some cherries, and heard him say, "I *will* have my weight; give me my *weight*."

It is a very remarkable fact, that when he died, the persons who conducted his funeral differed widely as to his age; and the coffin-plate was, on that account, left blank, though many persons had been applied to in order to

ascertain the period of his birth. My amiable friend, the late Thomas Grignon, attended the funeral, and just as the men were lowering the coffin into the vault, a letter, containing a copy of the register of his birth, was put into the hand of the chief-mourner, who immediately took out his pen-knife, and scratched upon the blank space 107. The following is a copy of the inscription upon the monument erected to his memory on the south wall, within the church of St. Paul, Covent-garden, where he was buried.

"Sacred to the Memory
Of CHARLES MACKLIN, Comedian.
This Tablet is erected
(With the aid of Public Patronage)
By his affectionate widow, Elizabeth Macklin.
Obiit 11th July, 1797, ætatis 107.

Macklin! the Father of the modern Stage,
Renown'd alike for Talents and for Age,
Whose Years a Century and longer ran,
Who liv'd and died 'as might become a Man,'—
This lasting tribute to thy worth receive,
'Tis all a grateful public now can give:
Their loudest plaudits now no more can move;
Yet hear thy Widow's 'still small voice' of Love."

PATTERSON, THE AUCTIONEER.

In my boyish days, I was much noticed by that walking-library, Samuel Patterson, when he was an Auctioneer, and residing in King-street, Covent-garden, after he had left his rooms in Essex-street, in the Strand, formerly the residence of Sir Orlando Bridgeman.* Patterson was originally a Stay-maker; he was a most amiable man, and the best book-catalogue-maker of his time. He was the earliest auctioneer who sold books singly in lots; the first bidding for which was six-pence, the advance three-

* The late Mr. John Nichols favoured me with the following card, which may now be considered as a great rarity.

"MR. PATTERSON, at Essex-House, in Essex-street, in the Strand, purposes to set out for the Netherlands, about the middle of the month of May, and will undertake to execute commissions of all sorts, literary or commercial, in any part of Flanders, Brabant, or the United Provinces, with the utmost attention and integrity, upon reasonable terms.

"Neither is it incompatible with his plan, to take charge of a young gentleman, who is desirous of improving by travel; or to be the conductor and interpreter of any nobleman or man of fortune, in that, or a longer tour, during the summer and autumn vacation from his usual business.

"To be spoke with every day, at Essex-House aforesaid.

"27th March, 1775."

pence each bidding, until five shillings were offered, when it rose to sixpence; and by this manner of disposing of property, no book was overlooked.

Mr. Patterson's reading was so extensive, that I firmly believe he had read most of the works he offered for sale in the English language; and I was induced to believe so from the following circumstance. I happened to be with him one evening, after three cart-loads of books had been brought into the auction-room, to be catalogued for sale; when, upon his taking up one, which he declared to me he had never seen, he called to the boy who attended him to bring another candle and throw some coals upon the fire, observing, that he meant to sit up to read it. I have also frequently known him, on the days of sale, call the attention of the bidders to some book with which he considered that collectors were but little acquainted. In one instance, he addressed himself to Dr. Lort nearly in the following words. "Dr. Lort, permit me to draw your attention to this little book. It contains, at page 47, a very curious anecdote respecting Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, of which I was not aware until I read it during the time I was making my catalogue." I recollect two shillings had been of-

fered for the book before he addressed the Doctor, who requested to see it, and, as he turned over the leaves, a three-penny bidding being nodded by him, induced Dr. Gosset, who sat opposite, also to request a sight of it; another nod was the consequence, and the biddings for this book, which might at first have been knocked down for a few shillings, increased to the sum of one pound five. Mr. Patterson had rather an impediment in his speech, which rendered him incapable of pronouncing every word with equal correctness; but, notwithstanding, his excellent judgment and extensive reading were so great, that he delivered in his auction-room a series of Lectures upon Shakspeare's Plays, to which he admitted me gratis. They were very well attended; George Steevens, Edmund Malone, and Barry the Painter, being among the auditors.

Mr. George Keate has observed, that a man of business should not indulge in much reading, if he wish to make money; and it was certain, that Patterson gave up too much of his time to the contents of his books, without looking to the amount of his gains: indeed, so little did he profit by his occupation as an auctioneer, that he was at length glad to become the Librarian of the first Marquess of Lansdowne,

with whom he remained until death deprived him of his patron, at which time the library was sold, and poor Patterson discharged. He was an honourable and industrious man, and subsequently supported himself by now and then making book-catalogues. His friendship for me knew no abatement; and I had the painful duty of attending his funeral from Norton-street, together with his old friends, Walker, the Teacher of Elocution; Mortimer, the Author of "Every Man his own Broker;" Waldron, well known as a collector of materials for the Life of Ben Jonson; John Ireland, who was then preparing his Anecdotes of Hogarth; James Pearson, the celebrated Glass-stainer, who married Patterson's daughter Margaret, (lately deceased); and Patterson's two sons, the youngest of whom was Samuel, Dr. Johnson's godson, in whose favour he wrote the letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, given in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Upon our arrival at the church-yard of St. Paul, Covent-garden, it was discovered that the vault, which had been made for Patterson's wife, was at least six inches too short for his own coffin; we were, therefore, under the painful necessity of seeing the funeral ceremony performed above-ground, in order that the clergyman might not be detained; and the corpse

actually remained uninterred until a bricklayer could enlarge the vault for its reception.*

Upon Patterson's leaving his Auction-room in King-street, it was taken by the triumvirate, King, Collins, and Chapman, who held it for the sale of books and prints, but occasionally let it out for an evening; and it was here that the veteran Collins gave what he called his "Evening Brush," consisting principally of anecdotes of persons who had left this world before the birth of three-fourths of his audience. But what renders this room far more memorable is, that it was under this roof that Charles Dibdin commenced his "London Amusement;"† and here his pathetic and popular song of "Poor Jack," was often encored; a song of itself sufficient to immortalize its

* I am shocked to state, that this is not a solitary instance of inattention to measurement of graves; since, as a mourner, I also witnessed another at the interment of the Rev. James Bean, late of the British Museum.

† Miss Welch, when she could not prevail on her sister, Mrs. Nollekens, to accompany her, was generally seen seated in the middle of Dibdin's room, attended by James Barry, the Painter; with whom she would now and then walk to the Catholic Chapel. She was often heard to speak of Barry with more than common kindness, though she considered his conduct at times not altogether justifiable, particularly when he was rude to Mr. West, a man whom she respected above most of her acquaintance.

author. This delightful composition was in such requisition, that for months the printers could not produce it fast enough; and Dibdin actually hired a stall, which then stood close to the corner of the Piazza in Russell-street, such as was formerly called a "by-stander," and similar to those erected in front of the Royal Exchange for the sale of newspapers, being large enough for Wood, his man, to stand in to deliver out the songs. The crowd and scramble to get them, even wet from the press, was such, that I have seen persons fight for their turn; while others were glad to get out of the mob without their change, congratulating themselves upon the possession of "Poor Tom Bowling," or "Poll and my Partner Joe."

CUSSANS.

William Cussans, or Curzons, a native of Barbadoes, who lived upon an income allowed him by his family, was a most eccentric fellow, perfectly good-tempered, and particularly well known in Covent-garden and its vicinity. Mr. Yerrel, my informant, knew him well. Cussans once hired himself as potman, under Paddy Moore, at the north-west corner of Russell-street, in Covent-garden; where he fined the beer, served it out, and collected in the pots, receiving the half-pence people thought proper to give him; these he put by, and upon his departure, at the expiration of his stipulated time, he distributed them amongst the servants of the house. During this and several other whims, he never was known to smile, nor would he attend to any thing but the business in which he was engaged. He once went as a coal-heaver for a month, and whatever he said he would do, he steadfastly performed. He made an excellent chimney-sweeper at the masquerades at the Pantheon and the Opera-house; and was author of the popular song of Robinson Crusoe, though, since his death, it has been claimed by several other persons. One of the verses runs thus:

" He got all the wood
That ever he could,
And he stuck it together with glue so;
He made him a hut,
And in it he put
The carcase of Robinson Crusoe."

One evening, when walking in the Temple-gardens, he accosted three ladies, by asking them if they ever saw a man swim; " No," said one, " nor do we wish to see such a sight." " But you shall," said he, and immediately jumped into the water with his clothes on; upon which they were alarmed, and he, after some time swimming about, upon coming to shore, made them a most elegant bow, and though in his dripping state, was recognized as the eccentric Mr. Cussans. He then joined his friends at Jemmy Yerrel's, at the " Salutation,"* in Tavistock-street, and commenced his nightly quantum of wine: he would sometimes take eight pints at a sitting without being the least intoxicated. Cussans subsequently went to Barbadoes, where he stayed about three years, after which, on his return to England, he died.

* The old sign of the Salutation, at the corner of Tavistock-court, Tavistock-street, was pulled down by Mr. Yerrel, the landlord; who informed me that it consisted of two gentlemen saluting each other, dressed with flowing wigs and square pockets, large enough to hold folio books, and swords at their sides, being the dress of the time when the sign was put up, which is supposed to have been about 1707, that being the date on a stone at the Covent-garden end of the Court.

OPIE.

OPIE, or OPPY, as his name was pronounced in Cornwall, was a native of Truro, and certainly owed his success in the commencement of his career to Dr. Wolcott, then practising as a physician at Foy; who compassionately took him as a lad to clean knives, feed the dog, &c. purposely to skreen him from the beating his father would now and then give him for chalking the saw-pit all over with stars, which were at that time known under the denomination of "Duke Williams." Oppy, for so we must for the present call him, always stayed a long time when he went to the slaughter-house for paunches for the dog; at last, the Doctor was so wonderfully pleased by John's bringing home an astonishing likeness of his friend, the carcase-butcher, that he condescended to sit to him, and the production was equally surprising. The Doctor then showed these specimens to his neighbours; and a friend of the name of Phillips, a gentleman who possessed great taste in the Arts, wrote to his brother George, the late Bookseller in George-yard, Lombard-street, to send him colours, pencils, and every other requisite for a painter. This he accordingly did, and with these, to the great astonishment of the inhabit-

ants of Foy, Oppy painted a portrait of a parrot walking down his perch, so cleverly, that the artist received the greatest compliments that possibly could be paid to him, by all the parrots in the town continuing to notice it whenever it was presented to them. Dr. Wolcott assured my father, that when he asked the lad how he liked painting, his answer was "Better than my bread and meat."

The Doctor, finding such genius in his boy John, no longer employed him as his servant; but introduced him generally to his friends, most of whom had their portraits painted by him at seven-and-sixpence each; and when the Doctor came to London he brought Oppy with him, who could then boast of having thirty guineas in his pocket, which he had carefully preserved.

Before John entered London, his friend the Doctor, who had tried to place him with several artists as their pupil, thinking the pronunciation of Oppy rather vulgar, and well knowing the importance of first impressions, had sufficient music in his soul to change it to Opie, a name owned by an old Cornish family. By this name he was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was so highly pleased with his performances, that he gave him his advice for some time before he was announced as "the wonderful Cornish ge-

nius." In the year 1782, he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy. His picture was an Old Man's Head, and certainly displayed great talent. At this time he lived in Orange-court, Leicester-fields, where he met with great encouragement from the late Sir Richard and Lady Hoare, the late Sir Merrick Burrell, the Misses Wyatt, of East Grinstead, &c.* whose portraits he was employed to paint for my lamented friend Richard Wyatt, Esq. of Milton-place, Egham, the patron of Opie, and of many other eminent artists, and from whom I received the following anecdote.

Opie once painted a child asleep, over which a ghastly assassin stood in the act of striking it with a poniard; upon his showing his patron this performance, Mr. Wyatt exclaimed, "Shocking! shocking! the child is so beautiful, that even those who do not love children would shudder at the idea." He therefore advised the Artist, who had painted it upon speculation, to put out the villain, introduce a venerable old man, and call it "Age and Infancy." This he did, and the picture immediately met with a purchaser.

* Mr. Northcote informs me, that at the time Opie lived in Orange-court, the adjoining streets were thronged with carriages, filled with the highest rank and beauty, to sit to the Cornish wonder.

Opie's appearance at this time was uncouth in the extreme, and the manner in which he sometimes conveyed his remarks to elegant females was vulgar and coarse; nor was his address much improved by marriage. His first wife was in no respect like his second; in whom he found an elegant friend, who took great pleasure in his improvement, and in whatever delighted or comforted him. After his marriage with her, he lectured on Painting at the Royal Institution; and his Lecture was not only well received, but its delivery gave him confidence, and enabled him to ascend the rostrum of the Royal Academy; in which he delivered his ideas with a manly firmness, to the great satisfaction of the eminent members of that truly national establishment: which at present holds, and I trust ever will hold, a high superiority over the boasted talents of all the foreign schools and associations united.

It is a curious fact that Opie's picture of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox was not wholly painted from the life; since Opie was obliged, in consequence of the few sittings which that minister could allow him, to borrow Nollekens's bust to finish it from.

Dr. Wolcott, who certainly had been Opie's great and earliest friend, was of late frequently

heard to complain of his want of gratitude; and indeed Opie, who was never at a loss when the retort-courteous was called for, has been often known to observe, when any one spoke of the Doctor, "Ay, in time you will know him." Wolcott certainly was a very capricious and irreligious man, and, I am sorry to say, like other sordid persons, ridiculed his best friends when they were not present to defend themselves. He said of Twiss, the Traveller, when a friend praised him, "Yes, Sir, he is clever, but his dealings are all in the small ware." To some of the artists who had been civil to him, he was fretful and uncertain. No man could have been kinder to him than Mr. Bone, the celebrated Enameller, who has ever maintained a station, not only pre-eminent in his Art, but also as a husband, a father, and a friend; yet this gentleman he used extremely ill. The Doctor had been intimate with Richard Wilson, and became possessed of several beautiful little pictures from the pencil of "Red-nosed Dick," which now contribute so great a lustre to the small, but well-chosen collection of modern British art, made by that worthy son of Old Drury, John Bannister.

REYNOLDS.

Of all the various styles of engraving, Sir Joshua Reynolds considered that of mezzo-tinto as the best calculated to express a painter-like feeling, particularly in portraits; and I have often heard him declare, that the productions of M'Ardell would perpetuate his pictures when their colours should be faded and forgotten. Fortunate are those collectors who can boast of proof-impressions from the portraits of Sir Joshua: they of themselves form a brilliant school of Art, not only for the grace displayed in their attitudes, but also for the grandeur of their chiaro-scuro, and for the delightful portions of landscape with which many of them are embellished, and which are not only highly appropriate, but are often as rich as those of Titian, Rubens, or Rembrandt. Mr. Nollekens was in possession of a very good collection; but I believe that of Lord Braybrooke to be the most complete as to the number and excellence of its impressions.

As much of the interest of many of Sir Joshua's pictures is annually lessened by the fading of his colours, I am sure that the reader will join me in congratulating the public upon

the surest method of handing down to posterity that great Artist's fascinating style of colouring, by the correct copies which Mr. Bone, the Royal Academician, has made of them in enamel. That gentleman has favoured me with the following list of his copies, the dates of the years in which they were painted, and the names of their possessors.

	Subjects.	*Possessors.*
1793	Lord Heathfield .	Myself. (Mr. Bone)
1794	Sleeping Girl .	Doctor Wolcott.
1795	Boy Reading .	Doctor Wolcott and myself.
1796	Sir Joshua Reynolds	Colonel Thornton.
1797	Lord Eglintoun .	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
1798	John Hunter (Surgeon)	Mrs. Hunter.
——	Girl and Kitten .	Mr. Gosling.
1801	Lady Caernarvon and Lord Porchester	Rev. Robert Herbert.
——	Mr. T. Tomkins, W.M.	Mr. Tomkins.
1803	Lord Mansfield .	Lord Mansfield.
1804	Cupid and Psyche	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
——	Death of Dido .	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
——	Sir Joshua Reynolds	His R. H. the Price of Wales, and Royal Academy.
1806	Cymon and Iphigenia	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
——	Marquess of Lansdown	Lord Gardiner.
1807	Nymph and Cupid	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
——	Marquis of Lansdown .	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
1808	Hope and Love .	His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
1809	The late Lady Dysart .	Lord Dysart.
——	Sir Joshua Reynolds .	Myself, (*with Spectacles.*)

	Subjects.	*Possessors.*
1810	Colina (Lady G. Fitzpatrick) . .	Lord Gardiner.
1811	Duke of Devonshire .	Duchess of Devonshire.
——	Sylvia (Lady A. Fitzpatrick) . .	Lord Gardiner.
1814	Laurence Sterne .	Myself.
1817	St. John . . .	Myself.
——	Lady Baker . .	Miss Baker.
1820	John Gawler, Esq. .	Mr. Ker.
——	Hon. Caroline Gawler	Ditto.
——	Henry Gawler and John B. Ker .	one picture. Ditto.
1822	Countess of Dysart .	Countess of Dysart.
——	Countess Powis . .	Duke of Northumberland.
1824	John, fourth Duke of Bedford . .	Duke of Bedford.
——	Marquess of Tavistock	Ditto.
——	Marchioness of Tavistock . . .	Ditto.
1825	Duchess of Gordon .	Duchess of Bedford & myself.
1826	The King, (when Prince of Wales)	Myself.

The following anecdote, relating to a picture by Reynolds, was communicated to me by the Rev. Henry Crowe, Vicar of Buckingham.—"The Marquess of Drogheda was painted in early life by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Marquess shortly after went abroad, and remained there between twenty or thirty years; during which time he ran into excesses, became bilious, and returned to Ireland with a shattered con-

stitution. He then found that the portrait and original had faded together, and corresponded, perhaps, as well as when first painted."

Sir Joshua Reynolds used great quantities of snuff, and he would take it so freely when he was painting, that it frequently inconvenienced those sitters who were not addicted to it: so that by sneezing they much deranged their positions, and often totally destroyed expressions which might never return. Colonel Phillips assured me, that during the time Sir Joshua was engaged in painting the large picture of the Marlborough Family at Blenheim, the Duchess ordered a servant to bring a broom and to sweep up Sir Joshua's snuff from the carpet; but Sir Joshua, who always withstood the fantastic head-tossings of some of his sitters, by never suffering any interruption to take place during his application to his Art, when the man entered the room, desired him to let the snuff remain till he had finished his picture, observing, that the dust raised by the broom would do much more injury to his picture than the snuff could possibly do the carpet.

Samuel Rogers, Esq. Author of the "Pleasures of Memory," amidst an inestimable mass of fine works of Art, possesses the following seven most celebrated and perfect pictures from the

pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Strawberry Girl, the favourite picture of Sir Joshua; the Girl with a bird closed in her hands; the Sleeping Girl, given by Sir Joshua to Dr. Wolcott; Cupid and Psyche; Puck, painted for Boydell's Shakspeare; and two Landscapes: one of which is the view Sir Joshua painted from the window of his villa at Richmond. When I informed Mr. West of Mr. Rogers's purchase of Puck, he exclaimed, "Sir! that man has taste, he runs away with all the fine things."

Henry Rogers, Esq. his brother at Highbury, among other beautiful specimens of Art, is in possession of Sir Joshua's first picture of the Girl sitting for her portrait, in Lord Palmerston's celebrated picture of the "Infant Academy;" and also that lovely picture of the Girl sketching from Nature.

I once heard Ramsay, the Painter, say, that Lord Bute's leg was allowed to be the handsomest in England; and that whilst he was standing to him for his whole-length portrait, engraved by Ryland, his Lordship held up his robes considerably above his right knee, so that his leg should be entirely seen; in which position he remained for the space of an hour. And it is a very remarkable fact, that the fore-finger of the hand supporting the robe is pointing

down the leg. When the Marquess of Rockingham was standing to Sir Joshua Reynolds for his whole-length portrait, engraved by Fisher, his Lordship asked the Painter if he had not given a strut to the left leg; "My Lord," replied Sir Joshua," I wish to show a leg with Ramsay's Lord Bute."

In January, 1803, Mr. Nollekens was flattered by an application which he received from Lord and Lady Thomond, who wished *him*, above all other Sculptors, to execute a statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, intended for St. Paul's Cathedral. This proposition he, however, declined, by stating that his avocations would not allow him to undertake it, and that it would interfere too much with a large monument which he then had in hand to the memory of Mrs. Coke, of Holkham. Mr. Flaxman was then applied to, and the statue was executed by him.

To the mutual honour of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence, I cannot refrain from the temptation of inserting the following extract from an address delivered by the latter President to the students of the Royal Academy, on the evening of the 10th of December, 1823. Sir Thomas, in allusion to the exhibition of Sir Joshua's pictures at the British Institution, Pall Mall, said:

"With what increased splendour did that genius lately reappear amongst us! Many of us remember, when, after long absence, the great tragic Actress of our time returned for a season to the stage, to correct the forgetfulness of taste, and restore the dignity of her art: it was so with the return—the recovered glories of Sir Joshua! They who believed themselves best acquainted with his works, and entitled by their knowledge to speak of them with enthusiasm, felt how much of that knowledge they had forgotten; how inadequate to their merits was the praise they had bestowed. The prejudices, so injurious to modern Art, were gone. Time seemed to have advanced the future with double speed, and, presenting Truth, invested her with new radiance! The few remaining competitors and scholars of this great Artist, saw him then with the eyes of posterity, and beheld, in their own narrow period, the sure stability of his fame.

"It is singular, that the judgment, the unpretending sense and manly simplicity, so generally acknowledged to have marked the character of Sir Joshua, should have been impugned only on those opinions upon Art, which seem to have been the most deliberately formed, and were enforced by him with parental zeal, as his last remembrance to this Academy. Sufficient proof of the sincerity of his admiration of Michel Angelo, had previously existed in the actions of some of his finest groups having been taken from him; but we want no other evidence of its truth, than his picture of Mrs. Siddons—a work of the highest epic character, and indisputably the finest female portrait in the world.

"The link that united him to Michel Angelo, was the sense of ideal greatness; the noblest of all perceptions. It is this sublimity of thought, that marks the first-rate genius; this impelling fancy, which has no-where its defined form, yet every where its image; and while pursuing excellence too perfect to be attained, creates new beauty that cannot be sur-

passed! It belongs only to that finer sagacity, which sees the essence of the beautiful or grand, divested of incongruous detail; and whose influence on the works of the great President is equally apparent in the calm, firm Defender of the national Rock, as in the dying Queen of Virgil, or the grandeur of the Tragic Muse.

"To a mind so enlarged and liberal as Sir Joshua's, who decried not the value of an Art that gave the world its Shakspeare, and in whose society, a Garrick and a Kemble lived in grateful intercourse with Mr. Burke and Dr. Johnson, we may well imagine how gratifying were the contemplation and progress of that divine work; and allowing much to anticipated fame, we may equally believe, that part of the noble purpose was protection of the genius he admired! to affix to passing excellence an imperishable name; extend the justice withheld by the limits of her art; and in the beauty of that unequalled countenance, fixed in the pale abstraction of some lofty vision, whose 'bodiless creations' are crowding on her view, and leave in suspended action the majestic form, to verify the testimony of tradition, and by the mental grandeur that invests her, record in resistless evidence the enchantment of her power!

"That the works, Gentlemen, of this illustrious man, should have the strongest influence upon you, cannot be matter of surprise: that the largest *style* of painting that perhaps is known, should captivate the scholar as it has charmed the teacher, is the most natural result that could have been produced in minds of sensibility and taste; but let it not mislead them. If they determine to make the labours of Sir Joshua their example, let them first examine by what only means their excellence was acquired.

His early pictures bear evidence of the utmost delicacy of finishing; the most careful imitation. That sensitiveness of taste, which probably from boyhood he possessed, could never

have permitted him to enter into the mean details of Denner; or content himself with the insipidity of Cornelius Jansen: but in mere finishing he was inferior to neither; and the history of the greatest masters is but one. Truth is the key of Art, as Knowledge is of Power: within the portals you have ample range, but each apartment must be opened by it. The noblest work that perhaps was ever yet projected, the loftiest in conception, and executed with as unequalled breadth, is the ceiling of Michael Angelo: the miniatures of Julio Clovio, are not more finished than his studies.

"On you, Gentlemen, who, with the candidates of this evening, are entering on the first department of the Art, the conduct of Sir Joshua should act with treble force. Mr. Burke says of him, 'In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere.' To that sphere let his example guide you, and it will lead you to the highest: to Correggio, to Titian, to Raffaelle, to Michel Angelo! To 'those divine men, in whose presence,' (to use his own language,) 'it is impossible to think, or to invent in a mean manner; and by the contemplation of whose works, a state of mind is acquired, that is disposed to receive those ideas of art only, which relish of grandeur or simplicity.'"

As a proof of the rapid increase in the value of Sir Joshua's pictures, it may be stated, that the compartments of the Oxford window, which he painted for Jarvis to copy from, and which Sir Joshua offered to a Nobleman for 300*l.* produced upwards of 12,000*l.* after his death.

KEATE.

Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens's old friend, George Keate, Esq. was born at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, November 30, 1730. Early in life he went to Geneva, where he remained some years; and then he returned to England, when he was articled to Palmer, the steward of the Duke of Bedford, and became a Bencher of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. Mr. Keate's knowledge of the Continent gave him many superior advantages over those persons with whom he associated. Rome was his residence in 1755. He had passed the Alps with the reflecting eye of a poet, and was personally acquainted with Voltaire. Among his various poems he wrote an epistle to Angelica Kauffmann.

His work entitled, "Sketches from Nature," was certainly generally read; but of all his writings, "The Pelew Islands" gained him the greatest celebrity. Most of his publications were printed by Boyer, though some were published by Dodsley. His attainments were various, for he was a naturalist, a poet, an antiquary, and a draughtsman; and was one of the first Honorary Exhibitors in the Royal Academy upon its establishment.

Mr. Keate died at his house, now No. 10, in Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, June 17th, 1797, and was buried at Isleworth; in which Church, on the east wall of the chancel, there is a small monument, with his likeness, on a medallion, sculptured by Nollekens. There is an engraving of him by Sherwin, from a picture painted by his intimate friend Plott, Nathaniel Hone's pupil, prefixed to his "Sketches from Nature."*

* The following is a list of Keate's works, with their dates of publication.

Ancient and Modern Rome, 1760. History and Laws of Geneva, 1761. Epistle of Lady Jane Grey, 1762. The Alps, 1763. Netley Abbey, 1764; enlarged, 1769. Poem on Rome, 1765. The Temple Student; an Epistle to a Friend, 1765; in which, it has been supposed, he pourtrayed himself. On Mrs. Cibber's Death, 1767. Ferney; an Epistle to Voltaire, 1769. Monument in Arcadia; a Dramatic Poem, in two parts, 1773, of which the idea was taken from Poussin's picture of Arcadian Shepherds and Shepherdesses contemplating a monument, inscribed, "*Et in Arcadia ego.*" Sketches from Nature; taken and coloured in a journey to Margate, two volumes, published from the original design. Poetical Works, in two volumes, 12mo. Epistle to Angelica Kauffmann, 1781. The Distressed Poet, in three Cantos, 1787. Account of the Pelew Islands, 1788. In Vol. VI. of the "Archæologia," are some observations by him on Roman earthenware found in the sea on the Kentish coasts. He also wrote Prologues and Epilogues for Mr. Newcome's Scholars in Hackney; complimentary verses in the European Magazine, &c.

DEARE.

DR. CLARKE, in Vol. V. page 24, of the fourth edition of his Travels, speaking of Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from King Edward's arm, says,

"The tradition, however, which, after all, is not disproved by the evidence *Fuller** has adduced, has given rise to one of the finest specimens of modern sculpture existing in the world: and as it affords, perhaps, the only remaining proof of the surprising abilities of an *English* artist, (snatched from the pursuit of fame in the very opening of a career which might have classed him with the best sculptors of Ancient *Greece*,) the author considers it a patriotic duty to pay some tribute to its merit, and, thereby, to the memory of its author, John Deare, who, at a very early period of life, attained to a surprising degree of perfection in sculpture and design. He died a few years ago, at Rome, at the very time when the first proofs of his genius began to obtain the patronage necessary for its full development. The particular work alluded to is a bas-relief, executed in the marble of Carrara. It was purchased by Sir Corbet Corbet, an English Baronet, and belongs now to his collection.

"This brief allusion to a young artist, who would have been an honour to his country, is perhaps the only biographical document concerning him likely to be made public."

Had my honoured friend, the author of the

* Fuller's Historie of the Holie Warre, book iv. chap. 29, p. 220. Camb. 1651.

above, been aware of the existence of the following particulars relating to Deare, it would have given him the greatest pleasure to have found his last paragraph respecting our justly lamented Sculptor *useless.*

JOHN DEARE was born at Liverpool, on the 18th of October, 1760.

The dawn of his genius gleamed early; for his inquisitive mind was seldom engaged in casting of dumps, or bowling marbles through the arches of a bridge, regarding such childish amusements only as frivolities.

His leisure time was mostly occupied in contemplating the forms and construction of things; and so extraordinary were his juvenile talents, that at the age of ten years he sedulously studied from the skeleton of a full-grown person, from which he made a copy in wood, wholly cut out with his penknife. This curious production, which alone would evince his early talents, measures six inches and a half, and is now most carefully preserved by Joseph, the youngest son of his brother Edward. I have seen it, and it is a most extraordinary piece of carving; for, setting aside the youthful period in which it was produced, and the very imperfect instrument with which it was cut, the anatomy is strictly correct, the ribs and double bones

are most minutely perforated, and the limbs, fingers, and toes, are connected by the slightest ligaments left in the wood; for in no instance has it the assistance of wires. It is carved from one piece of wood; and so beautiful is this specimen of Deare's correctness of eye and perseverance, that I can hardly think it was possible for him in his maturer age to have excelled this juvenile production. He continued most sedulously to amuse himself between school-hours, by making drawings from the best prints which his indulgent father could procure; and as nothing less than the most elevated subjects engaged his attention, his mind became habitually illuminated by studying the Forge of Vulcan, the glittering Shield of Achilles, or the Thunderbolt of Jupiter; and when he has, in his maturer years, described his feelings as a lad, whenever the Siege of Troy was mentioned, I have seen his nostrils expand, as if he had been brandishing the mighty spear over tens of thousands of Grecian warriors.

He was articled to Thomas Carter, of Piccadilly, then residing in a small house on the site of No. 101; and at the age of sixteen he was employed in carving ornaments for chimney-pieces, in the exquisite performance of which he astonished the oldest practitioners. But

Deare's ambition soared to the highest sphere, and soon burst into envied notoriety by his attention to the human figure and historical subjects; in which his natural abilities appeared so pre-eminent, that on the 28th of November, 1780, he received the gold medal at the Royal Academy, for a most beautiful model of Adam and Eve, as described by Milton; and, what was more extraordinary, he was at that time only in his twentieth year, and the youngest artist to whom that honour had ever been awarded. John's eldest brother, Edward Deare, Esq. and Joseph, the youngest of his amiable nephews, have very kindly allowed me to make the following extracts from a series of his letters, written to his family at Liverpool; and, as they are arranged in strictly chronological order, the reader will be able to keep pace with our truly intellectual artist, from the time he was placed with Carter to the hour of his death at Rome.

To his Father, dated London, May 1st, 1776.

"One of the men bid me tell you, that Mr. Carter would give me half-a-guinea, at least, a week, for the first part of my time, and fifteen shillings for the latter part; but you will write to him, and ask him what he proposes; he is, just as they say, a blustering fellow, but a good man. I have seen two men hanged, and one with his breast cut open at Surgeons' Hall. The other being a fine subject, they took

him to the Royal Academy, and covered him with plaster of Paris, after they had put him in the position of the Dying Gladiator. In this Hall there are some casts from Nature that are cut from the middle of the forehead down to the lower part of the body, one part excoriated, and the other whole."

To the same, dated London, June 3rd, 1776.

"Nollekens got most of his money by buying and selling antiques. Van Gildar, who cut that large figure in our shop, and is considered one of the best hands in London at foliage, was seven years in saving a thousand pounds, by keeping men at work at his own house, while he got two guineas a week at Mr. Carter's; he has now set up for himself." (In Riding-house Lane.)

To the same, dated 24th March, 1777.

"In my last, I promised you a description of the Royal Academy. It is in Somerset-house, Strand, formerly a palace. There is one large room for the Plaster Academy; one for the Life, where two men sit two hours each night, by turns, every week; a large room, in which Lectures are given every Monday night, by Dr. Hunter on Anatomy, Wale on Perspective, Sir Joshua Reynolds on Painting, and Thomas Sandby on Architecture; and, among many other apartments, there is a choice Library. The plaster figures are placed on pedestals, that run on castors."

To the same, dated London, 19th May, 1777.

"One of the men recommended his Doctor to me, and the clerk sets down the time; Carter gave me no more than for the time I had worked, and I asked him for no more; for, like most others, touch his pocket and you touch his heart. We are on good terms, and I will go through the course of the antiques, of men, women, and children. Michel Angelo, at ten years of age, said he improved every day."

To the same, dated March 23rd, 1778.

" When Mr. Ralph called on me, I was working upon a monument for General Burgoyne's Lady, to be put up in the Abbey; which has got me into great credit with Carter."

To the same, dated London, Nov. 28th, 1780.

[This year our young artist was employed, in his over-hours, in producing a model for the Gold Medal, offered as a premium for the best historical design.]

" There are two others oppose me; the German that worked at our shop formerly (you remember him) is one,* the other has much more merit, and they are both as old and big again as I am. The fifteenth of this month the German and I attend at the Royal Academy, as customary, to make a proof sketch, in clay, in five hours; the painters go likewise, but they have not the same subject. There are several put into a cup, the Painters take first, the Sculptors next; so that we do not know, till we get there, what story we have to design.

" The German has shamefully lost it, both in large model and sketch. He that I was afraid of was ill, and could not

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* The name of this German Sculptor was Ecstein; he designed and carved the two figures and basso-relievo in Townsend's monument, erected by Carter, on the south wall of Westminster Abbey. It is a very extraordinary fact, that the late Mr. Flaxman said, he would give something to be in possession of the name of the artist who designed and executed the sculptured parts of this monument, which he considered as one of the finest specimens of Art in the Abbey. Nollekens, whenever this monument was mentioned, declared it to be a beautiful production; at the same time observing, that Tom Carter always had a clever fellow with him to produce his work.

then attend, but will make his sketch this week. I have received the most intoxicating compliments from every body; I am told I shall beat them: and I also hear that my youth is against me, for, if they give it me, it will make me conceited and neglect my studies."

To the same, dated London, Dec. 13th, 1780.

"I have carried my point, and suppose my antagonists never were beaten so shamefully before; the rooms rang with the compliments of my well-wishers. The President, Sir Joshua Reynolds, standing up, declared the medal adjudged to the model marked E, the production of Mr. John Deare. The Secretary calling John Deare, I bustled through some hundreds of persons, and received it from the hand of Sir Joshua.* The successful candidates stood before him and the Council till he had finished his Lecture; we were then dispersed. I am to return the medal, when I please, to have my name engraven round its edge. The models and paintings remain at the Academy, until they are carried to Buckingham-house for the inspection of the King and Queen."

To the same, dated London, Sept. 24th, 1781.

"I beg of you, for my sake, not to part with that Devil, but keep him in the family whilst you live; then, either Joe or Ned," (two of his brothers) "should they survive, have ability and taste enough to think it a gem."†

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* The subject of this model was from the Fourth Book of Milton's Paradise Lost, when the Angels surprise Satan in the bower of Eve at her ear.

† This head of the Devil is an admirable specimen of our Sculptor's feeling, and was actually modelled from his own features, distorted into his conception of the character he had

To the same, dated London, June 16th, 1783.

" As for Carter, I do him a job when he has it to do; the last was a rich tablet for a chimney-piece, I worked it task for twenty-four guineas. It is a custom with him to make large promises to young fellows, by which means he has gained grease to keep his carriage going."

To the same, dated July 19th, 1783.

" I told you of a tablet which I worked for Carter, (a task job,) and so well have I done it, that I have had almost all the carvers in London to come and see it. It has pleased Carter so, that he is going to have another worked, although we disagree about the price, for he wanted to quirk me out of four guineas; but I told him I would not go on with it unless he would deal as a gentleman with me, well knowing he could get nobody else to finish it in the same style, which he thought proper to do.——I have had a good deal of modelling to do, and am promised more. By this you will see that I have been very lucky lately; and I find the amazing advantage of keeping up my consequence, for they don't dream of bringing me twopenny-halfpenny jobs. I have made a resolution lately of being very saving, for the purpose of furnishing apartments of my own to launch out more in style, to be able

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worked his mind up to;—like Garrick, who threw his face into so strong a likeness of Henry Fielding, that, when he put on a wig which had been worn by him, Hogarth, who was in want of his likeness for a bookseller, drew that excellent head which has been handed to us as a genuine portrait of the great Novelist. Little did Deare think, when he expressed a wish that this head of the Devil should remain in the family, that a nephew of his would be born to possess it, and one whose abilities have enabled him to receive a similar gold medal in the same Royal Academy.

to introduce a gentleman to see my collection; for at present I have but one room, and that so filled with curiosities, that they must either stand or sit on the bed.——I can please your public spirit, by telling you how much I am talked of among the Sculptors, and those who know me. The Sculptors allow me to be the first young fellow in the kingdom, and sometimes come with a model, for me to do them the very great favour of giving it a touch. Next year I mean to shine forth in the Exhibition, but this will be a great expense to me. I have been trying lately to get the Prince of Wales to sit to me, but he is very busy.——I keep company with none but gentlemen here; you will probably laugh; but this 'twixt you and me, for it would appear vanity to any body else."

To the same, dated London, August 16th, 1783.

"Since I worked Carter's tablet, I have had seven guineas and a half worth of modelling to do; and last Thursday I got a job from a Proctor in the Commons, that came to twenty-two guineas modelling, it is to be cast in plaster, painted, and put into the pediment of his country-house at Hounslow. He is rich, a man of good taste, and of consequence among the citizens, so that should I please him I may naturally expect his interest. I made a drawing some time ago of a Spanish nobleman's arms, and it is gone to Spain for his inspection; as soon as we get an answer, that will be a job of eight or ten guineas for me: it is a very rich piece of work, three feet high, in brass, gold, and jewellery. I shall model the figures which they cast in brass. Only think of their sending from Spain to have such a thing done!"

To the same, dated London, Sept. 15th, 1783.

"I have left Carter for some time, but am on the best terms of friendship with him. Last week but one, I model-

led a figure of Cupid, three feet three inches high, for Mr. Cheere; and whilst I was there, Mr. Bacon came after me, and wanted me to model him some figures for a monument, which I agreed to do, at the rate of two guineas per week, but I would not tie myself down to any length of time. This you must think no small honour, for the first man in the kingdom in sculpture to come after me himself. With Bacon all my wits must be at work."

At this time, Deare's applications to his art were so incessant, that wherever he lodged, the good housewife was in perpetual anxiety as to his candles; as his hours of study were not confined to those usually occupied, and generally denominated regular. He seldom was known to sleep till after the hour of three; and I have of a morning frequently seen ten or twelve designs, which had been made between the time he reached home from the theatre, and a late period of night. He drew with precision and clearness of outline, and his dexterity was beyond belief. His choice of subjects, which at that time was too much neglected by artists, was from those contained in Shakspeare's soliloquies, an author with whom he was so delighted, that he rarely allowed an evening to pass when his plays were performed, without his attendance: and to indulge in this most edifying of all theatrical representations, he has acknowledged to me, when we were leaving the

theatre, that he frequently went without his dinner.

Deare was an excellent anatomist, and paid particular attention to the workings of the human features in their expressions of the various passions; but more particularly to those of malefactors, as they approached the gallows, and when they arrived at it. He once prevailed upon a relative of an executed criminal, to whom the care of the body had been consigned, to allow him the loan of his head for a night; and he actually cut it off, and conveyed it to the back wash-house of a work-shop belonging to Mr. Cheere, the leaden figure-maker, then living next door to his master Carter's: where he resolved, by the connivance of the keeper of the yard, to sit up to mould it at midnight. After he had finished his task, he carried the head to the sink, and whilst he was pumping upon it to clear the clotted hair from some bits of plaster, he had so filled the head with water and relaxed its muscles, that the jaws opened. Deare was not at all frightened at this natural consequence, but he was most seriously alarmed when an immense and fierce yard-dog, who had heard the working of the pump, commenced barking: go out he durst not, so there he remained, after putting out his light, till the workmen arrived

in the morning. The cast of this head I saw the next day, and the character was truly terrific.

He modelled four basso-relievos of the Seasons, measuring two feet eight inches long, by eight inches high, each consisting of eight naked boys, variously employed, according to the season they were designed to represent, being intended as tablets for chimney-pieces, and executed with the greatest rapidity; and though they are certainly by far the most inferior of Deare's productions, yet they are above the generality of things of their kind; for, at that time, England could not boast of an artist to compare with Fiamingo in any way. Sarti, of Greek-street, is in possession of Summer and Autumn, two of the moulds of the above basso-relievos; and I may likewise add, that Sarti is also in possession of the moulds of fifty-two varieties of Fiamingo's children. Gainsborough's friend, Collins, of Tothill-fields, was indeed the most famous modeller of chimney-tablets, of his day, but his figures were mostly clothed, and exhibited pastoral scenes, which were understood by the most common observer; such, for instance, as a shepherd's boy eating his dinner under an old stump of a tree, with his dog begging before him; shepherds and shepherdesses seated upon a bank, surrounded by their flocks;

anglers, reapers, &c.—as may be seen in numerous chimney-pieces, executed in the early part of the last century, and which are still to be found in houses erected about that time.

Deare also modelled two oval basso-relievos, measuring sixteen inches by fourteen, in his best manner; particularly the one of Cupid and Psyche, a cast of which is in the possession of Baily the Sculptor. The figures are so beautiful, that our students would do well to follow the practice of their superiors, and study them as works of the most tasteful art.

Let us now resume the series of our artist's letters.

To his Father, dated London, Dec. 8th, 1783.

"I left Bacon soon after I wrote to you, and am astonished at my own prosperity; one job comes in before I can finish the other. I have now fifty or sixty pounds worth of modelling to do, beforehand; and this week I got a chimney-piece, of sixty guineas value, to do for a gentleman of Manchester."

To the same, dated London, June 27th, 1784.

"The job I was going to put up in the country, was a bas-relief in plaster of Paris, oiled and painted, twenty-one feet long, for a pediment of a gentleman's house, which his father had purchased from the Duke of Argyle. I have pleased him vastly with it: the subject is the Giants war; the figures as large as life. I thought it would introduce something else, for I have since sold him ten guineas worth of models, and we are treating about a chimney-piece.——You

would be pleased to see how I am respected; although there are numbers of workmen about the house, only I and my man are suffered to fish in the pond.——You, perhaps, would be wicked enough to laugh, were you to see me ring the bell, and desire the servant to bring me a bottle of wine out of my vault, where you would likewise see a chaldron of coals. Don't you think I have some merit in doing this so soon?"

To the same, dated London, Dec. 14th, 1784.

"I have given in my name as one who wishes to go to Italy, as the Academy intend sending one out next summer; but I find I cannot have an answer till after Christmas.—— The students are sent out for three years, with an allowance of sixty pounds per annum, and sixty pounds to take and bring them back."

To the same, dated London, May 15th, 1785.

"This morning I breakfasted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who introduces me by letter to Sir Horace Mann, our Consul at Florence; where I shall remain till the rains in September come on, and when the hot weather at Rome is over. I have just parted from my company, who are enjoying themselves in the next room, on purpose to write to you. It is now nine o'clock at night, and we set off at five for Dover.——I have been so busy that I have been obliged to work all this day."

To the same, dated Paris, May 25th, 1785.

"To-day I went to the *Combat des Animaux Feroces*, or place where they fight all sorts of beasts against one another. I saw six battles between mastiffs and bull-dogs; one between an ass and a bull-dog; one between a wolf and a mastiff; one between a bear and dogs; ditto between a horse and an ass, with fireworks on their backs, and several large dogs; ditto

bear and mastiff; and lastly, a display of firework, with an English *boule douge,* as they spell it, who fastens to one of the fireworks and hangs an amazing time, swinging by his mouth amongst fire, twenty feet from the ground, until they take him down."

To the same, Rome, date torn off.

"You will wonder at this letter being dated Rome, when I told you I should pass the summer at Florence; but the rain and mild spring made me hurry to Rome. I took notice of a little child with a black thing round its head, to keep it from harm in falling.*——I live in the Corso, which is the principal street in Rome.——The middling and poor people of Italy dress their hair still in the antique manner, in circular plaits, fastened at the back of the head with a bodkin; they all wear veils of different sorts, which have a pretty effect. ——15th, arrived at Bologna, in the Pope's territories, a fine city: here I saw the statue of Neptune, by John di Bologna, in the principal square, reckoned his best work. I saw the Specolo, or Museum, in which is the wonderful collection of natural curiosities, collected by Aldrovandus; the rooms are finely painted by Tibbaldi, the master of the Carracci.—— I saw in the Zampieri Palace, three pictures painted in fresco, on the ceiling, by the three Carracci in competition; several fine ones by Guido; two fine groups of boys by Algardi, the famous Sculptor.——In the quarries about Sienna, they reckon there are thirty-two different sorts of marbles.——Saint Peter's is a fine building, but I don't like the outside so well as Saint Paul's, London; but the inside is covered with marble, mosaic, pictures, and fine monuments. I stared to see one of the Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland;

* This was similar to those called puddings, noticed by Mr. Nollekens in the first volume of the present work.

and, on inquiry, found it to be the wife of the late Pretender, who was daughter of John Sobieski, the famous King of Poland."

To the same, Rome, date torn off.

"Rome is supposed to contain about 150,000 people, with very little trade or business amongst them, and a great deal of laziness, which the climate seems to produce: here indolence, or repose, itself is a luxury, but in England we must have good cheer added to repose before it amounts to luxury, so that the beggars here are very numerous and comfortable. Many of the nobility are very rich, and their palaces large and splendid beyond conception, and some of their galleries are filled with an astonishing collection of first-rate pictures, and others with sculptures; but this is nothing when compared to the ruins of the antique. On the outside of modern Rome is the Palatine Hill, which was formerly covered entirely by the Imperial Palace, but at present it is a vineyard, with a few of the antique vaults and subterraneous passages, and on the top a great number of fragments of capitals, friezes, and cornices, admirably worked, which declare its ancient grandeur. There are likewise the Baths of Livia; I could not see them the day I was there, but when I do, will give you an account of them. A little farther is the Colosseum, or Amphitheatre of Titus; it is so large and grand, that I don't know how to describe it; but I and an English architect climbed up to the top of it, and I will give you an account of the view from it as well as I can. A view from the top to the inside fills the mind beyond any thing that words can express; it is an oval, and open at the top, with three galleries or passages round it, and over these passages are rows of seats, descending from the outside wall down to the centre, so that the bottom row of seats is on the dens of wild beasts which run round the pit or platform,

where the beasts and gladiators used to perform. In one of the best situations, we took notice of a small room that had been stuccoed and elegantly ornamented, which I suppose was for the umpire and his attendants; the workmanship is equally excellent as great. Titus, after he had conquered Jerusalem, brought over great numbers of captives, and 20,000 Jews worked at this for a great number of years. In the beginning of Christianity, many Christians were martyred here by wild beasts, or other cruelties, for the diversion of the Romans, which occasioned it to be consecrated (I believe) to All Saints; however, there are fourteen altars and pictures round it, at each of which they sing a prayer every evening with children, women, and pilgrims assisting, which sounds divinely in so large an oval space, confined by large stone walls; and this music is ancient, and of that melancholy turn, which, added to the serene sky, gives a charming enthusiasm. On the outside of it is a small circular building, which I have heard was a fountain or bath for the gladiators, after they had done exercising; and about ten yards farther is the Arch of Constantine, which is composed of the ruins of Trajan's Arch.——If you look out of Rome, you see it surrounded with beautiful views of the Apennine mountains, on the sides of which the ancient Romans used to have their villas or summer retreats. You distinguish Albano, Frescati, and Tivoli, with views of the Mediterranean in a clear day. At Tivoli, the Emperor Adrian had a villa, which is mentioned in history as one of the greatest curiosities that ever was seen, and replete with every thing rare in art. Here the antiquaries have been digging for some time, and with various success; but history relates, that, when Christianity was getting the better of Paganism, they declared war against their gods, and accordingly mutilated all their statues, and threw them into rivers and ponds. An antiquary, on examining the ground,

thought that there was an appearance of there having been a pond there anciently, so set about digging, and accordingly found vast treasures in sculpture, and some other things. All the statues and busts of their gods were mutilated, but not those of the Emperors and great men, for they had not time.—— On going along the streets, I observed, every ten or fifteen feet, pieces of antique columns sticking out of the ground, which serve as our posts or stops, of all sizes and sorts: when I consider the vast quantity of these, and that all the modern buildings have antique columns, and those chiefly granite, it throws me into such commiserating reveries, that I become low-spirited in the cause. Then in the Capitol and Vatican are some curiosities of large columns in Oriental, and other valuable marbles and alabaster. I shall just mention the Pantheon, built by Agrippa; it is a prodigious circular building, with a dome at the top, and portico with granite columns before; and the inside of this is equally grand and simple, and now consecrated to modern Saints, instead of all the gods. But as to these general things, almost every history mentions them."

To the same, dated Rome, 7th Nov. 1785.

"Please to make my compliments to Mr. Holland, and likewise those of his old friend Mr. Robinson, who wishes to know if he is married; tell him that we live on the same floor in a palace, and that B—— is much improved indeed.——I have finished the large work I was about, but have been unsuccessful in the moulding; however, I have gained great credit, if I am not monstrously flattered. I have put it by to repair the plaster, till I have done Mr. Blundell's model, which I am now about, and must send to the next Exhibition, or perhaps I may lose my pension; for I received a letter a long time ago, stating that, if I did not do that, it would

be stopped.*——In the Library is the finest collection of Manuscripts existing. There I saw the famous manuscript Virgil, with illustrations, or drawings in water-colours, and several letters of Henry VIII. In this Library, is the finest collection of Etruscan vases in Europe, with a vast number of antique curiosities."

To his Father, dated Rome, May 1st, 1786.

"Mr. Blundell called on me here, and I dined with him several times. He gave me a commission to model him some-

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* My worthy friend, Rossi, the Academician, has favoured me with a letter sent to him when at Rome with Mr. Deare' of which the following is a copy.

"Royal Academy, Somerset-place,
London, 10th Nov. 1785.

"Sir;—I communicated Mr. Deare's letter to the Council, informing me of the safe arrival of yourself and him at Rome, on 2nd July last.

"By order of the Council, I am directed to send you the following orders. That the Academicians may be satisfied of your attention and industry, and that they may see what progress you make in your studies, you are ordered to send home annually a performance for the Exhibition; beginning with that which will be in the year 1787. This if you neglect to do, I am ordered to acquaint you that your salary will be no longer continued.

"You are desired to notify to the Council (by letter directed to me) your acquiescence with these orders.

"I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,
F. M. Newton, R.A. *Sec.*

"P. S. I hope this will find you enjoying your health. Accept my best wishes.

"Mr. Charles Rossi."

thing to the value of twenty guineas.——All boys of common sense or virtue find the loss of home by leaving it.—— I was introduced to my Lord Bristol, who called on me and offered me ten pounds per annum in addition to my pension, which, I politely refused, as it was such a trifle; and as I thought he did it only to affront the King and Academicians, as he is an ex-ministerial man.——A little way out of Rome is the Fountain of the Nymph Egeria, with good part of the brickwork still remaining, where Numa used to consult the nymph. Here the country people meet every May morning and drink the water, and bring something with them to eat and make merry. This is one of the great number of ancient Roman customs the modern Italians have, which has been handed down ever since the time of Numa, who constituted a festival on every May-day, in honour of the nymph."

To his Father, dated Rome, 1786.

"I am now very busy about a large bas-relief, eleven feet by five, which I am ordered to send to the Exhibition of 1787. The subject is the Judgment of Jupiter, when Juno, Venus, and Minerva, appeal to him to know who deserves the golden apple, with the inscription "Let it be given to the fairest." Discord is flying off, who had thrown in the apple amongst the Gods, because they had forgot to invite her to the general feast on account of the marriage of Thetis, the sea-goddess, to Peleus. Jupiter points to earth, and sends them with Mercury to be judged by Paris, who gives it to Venus, which occasions the Trojan war. Behind the throne of Jupiter are the three Fates, in great agitation, pointing to Thetis and Peleus, who were the parents of Achilles. By their agitation, I suppose them to be telling that war would be the consequence of the decision; and by their pointing to Thetis and Peleus, that their son would be a principal agent

in the Trojan war. Hercules, Mars, Neptune, &c. attending. In all, about thirty figures."

To his Brother Joseph, dated Rome, June 27th, 1788.

"My doubt about coming home was, and is, owing to the uncertainty of the arrival of a piece of stone from the quarries of Carrara; on which I am to work my large bas-relief for Sir Richard Worseley, Bart. for which I am to have 470*l.* The moment I am certain of this, I shall either stay a little longer to finish this, or come home immediately.

You will hardly believe me, when I tell you that I have had the desperate resolution to learn to dance since I have been here, which I have often regretted I neglected to do when I was younger and had more philosophy. You would laugh if you could see me on a Sunday night dancing among the Roman ladies, with all the airs and graces of the Italians.

The 24th of this month my three years expired, which have been a severe apprenticeship to me. I assure you I never worked so hard in my life. I have laboured like a giant to pick up information and execution in my art. I mention this to encourage you not to sicken with labour and knowledge, till you are a leading man in your line, let it be what it may. Don't lose an hour without picking up information; keep your mind awake to knowledge till it becomes a habit, and of course a pleasure; and you will rejoice twenty years hence, when you will become more indifferent about every thing."

To his Father, dated Rome, May 15th, 1789.

"I have been from day to day expecting the marble for Sir Richard Worseley's bas-relief; and I was determined not to write till it arrived, that I might the better explain my situation to you, which is, that the marble arrived two days ago, and is paid for, which cost me or him 427 crowns."

To the same, without date.

" I am afraid you will think I put off writing for no other purpose than to gain time to find an excuse : first then, on the 20th of February, I received 50*l.* more from Sir Richard Worseley, Bart. which has at the same time confirmed the commission and enabled me to go on; secondly, I received commissions to the amount of 270*l.* from the Earl of Bristol, who had given a great many commissions besides to the different artists here; and just as we all expected orders on his banker, his Lordship suddenly (as usual) left Rome without giving any one orders; however, I am told he is gone to Venice to settle or adjust all the commissions he has given here, and will send us orders on his banker from Venice, by a person he has taken with him for that purpose, and when he does, I will not fail to let you know. I expect two other little things to the amount of 90*l.* in a week or two; I have got the best study in Rome, and am doing very well."

To his Brother Joseph, dated Rome, July 13th, 1791.

" As to my marrying here, 'tis true that I am very fond of a clever little Roman girl, who is at least my equal.—— I have been so extremely fortunate this last winter, in getting commissions to execute in marble, that I have near 1200*l.* worth of work to do. I have received a great deal of money, with which I have purchased a good quantity of marble, which I mean to turn into gold as quickly as possible.

" I have several men at work for me, and a boy who acts as my servant. I have the best study in Rome, and live like a gentleman; keep a handsome saddle-horse to ride out on of an evening after I am tired of application.——Since I wrote you last, Mr. Penn (the descendant of the celebrated Pensylvania Penn) took me to Naples in his own carriage, to see an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and the antiquities in and about Naples, which are so wonderful, that I dare not at-

tempt any description of them. I have 470*l.* worth of work to do for him."

To the same, dated Rome, May 19th, 1792.

"All the English travellers have left Rome now, except the Duke of Manchester, Lady E. Monck, and Lady Hatton, with whom I have been to Tivoli for two days on a party of pleasure, and with Sir Robert Waller, Bart. who rode my horse (I might have said my grey stallion, as I am talking large). I have sold a basso-relievo I had finished for 120*l.* to Sir Corbet Corbet, Bart. This is a part of the marble I told you in my last I intended turning into gold. I have a small group of Adam and Eve to execute in marble for a Mr. Boehm, of London, for which I am to have 250*l.*; and a small basso-relievo of Bacchus for Mr. Poore, for 45*l.*; and with these and several other little things I have received commissions to the amount of 537*l.* this winter. I can say now, what I never could say before, that I am worth several hundred pounds.——We Romans enjoy the appearance of religion and the reality of art.——We have a subscription paper once a week from London, for us artists; but I observe that all articles from Rome are either false or wrong: no monument has been executed here for Collins the poet."

To the same, dated Rome, July 11th, 1795.

"I shall give you little account of myself, excepting that I have been very fortunate, having sold three rich chimney-pieces to the Prince of Wales, and one to the Earl of Bristol. I am now executing the bust of his Royal Highness Augustus Frederick, the King's fifth son, who is now here, and another of Lady Webster. I believe that I told you I was copying the Apollo Belvidere* and the Venus de' Medici, the size of the originals, in marble, for Lord Berwick."

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* For this statue of Apollo, Lord Berwick paid Deare 700*l.*

To his Father.

"I have my Edward and Eleanor to execute in marble, for which I have 100*l.* I have modelled the bust (size of life, or little larger) of Madame Martinville, a Lancashire lady born, and one of the Dickensons, who, I understood, are, or have been, celebrated for their beauty. She left England at two years of age, and has lived in France, where she now is, ever since: this I have very near finished in marble, and I am to have 40*l.* for it. These two go to Paris, to be put in a house built by a Mr. Lattin, a young Irish Catholic gentleman, and a captain in the Irish Brigade in the service of France, who is my patron and employer in these two.

I had two small basso-relievos to do for Madame Martinville, to the amount of 40*l.*; but I suppose the troubles of France will put a stop to these two last, as her property lies in France, and his in Ireland. I have to execute in marble a copy of the famous bust of Ariadne in the Capitol, size of original, for which I am to have 35*l.*, for Mr. Latouche, son of the great Irish banker.——About a fortnight ago, the Duchess of Albany, natural and adopted daughter to the late Pretender, died at Bologna of an abscess in the side. She was an amiable woman, and beloved by every body. There is now remaining only the Pretender's brother, who is Cardinal York and Bishop of Frascati, an old man and a bigot, but who lives like a sovereign."

The reader, who has no doubt perused the preceding extracts with interest and pleasure, will join me in regretting that death so soon after deprived the Arts of one of their most brilliant ornaments, as will appear in the following letter, written to Mr. Joseph Deare, by one of his late brother's most intimate companions.

"Rome, Aug. 20th, 1793.

"SIR;—I flatter myself no apology will be necessary for my addressing you, though entirely unknown to you. 'Tis now many years since I first had the satisfaction to be known to your worthy brother, Mr. John Deare; indeed I may venture to assert, that I possessed a considerable share of his friendship. I was particularly induced to address you on this occasion, rather than either of his excellent parents, convinced that you would take upon you the brotherly and filial part of breaking to the rest of the family the misfortune that has befallen them. You will immediately imagine that this is no other than his lamented death, which took place on Saturday morning last, the 17th, at about ten and a half of the clock, after a very short illness of about eight days, of a bilious fever.

"I make no comment on his merits as a man or artist; they are universally admitted by all who were acquainted with him. For the satisfaction of his family, I would wish them assured that he had every medical assistance, and that his remains were attended by a few select friends to the Protestant burying-ground in this city, where his body was deposited with the greatest decency, though without unnecessary expense. He has left a very young widow, six months advanced in her pregnancy, and a charming little daughter of about three years old. A few of his select friends thinking that there was the greatest propriety in his family in England being immediately acquainted with his demise, I have undertaken the melancholy task; likewise strongly induced to it by the unanimous opinion of those friends, that it was highly necessary that every precaution should be used that his effects should not be dissipated.

"His widow being, as I before said, very young, unexperienced, and surrounded by poor relations of very little education; they conceive in consequence, that the most prudent steps would be, that his worthy father should furnish

the person mentioned in the enclosed paper, (Signor Antonio Leonetti) with a proper authority, agreeably to the tenor of that writing, to enable him legally to act, and to stop any improper proceedings that might be prejudicial to the interest of the infant children; not that we have any absolute reason to suppose that any such will happen, as the young woman always behaved towards her husband with extreme affection, and is infinitely afflicted at his death, and we have no doubt, *if left to herself*, will be equally affectionate towards her infants.

"His friends are, however, unanimously of opinion, that the measure just mentioned will be prudent, especially in the present disturbed state of affairs; and cannot be productive of any but the most salutary effects. It may not be improper to mention the names of these friends: Edward Gordon, Esq. Mr. Christopher, Sculptor, and Mr. Robert Fagan, Painter: the characters of these gentlemen are well known, and will, I trust, sufficiently authorize the advice I have ventured to give.

"The gentleman mentioned in the enclosed paper, into whose hands we have put our friend's papers, is an advocate, who has a very extensive acquaintance among the English of the best fashion that visited Rome, and is universally known for a man of abilities and integrity. You will, no doubt, see the propriety of favouring me as soon as possible with an answer. In the mean time,

I remain,
Your most obedient servant,
CHARLES GRIGNON."

"Direct
Persicapito al Caffè
Di Giuseppe Giulj
Piazza di Spagna."

Deare's true character was that of a lively, open-hearted man, naturally generous; and always candid when other artists requested his opinion of their works.

His exertions were unremitting and unequalled, and his superior mind and historical knowledge as a modeller, was displayed in every thing he did; whilst his taste as a Sculptor greatly surpassed the other artists of his time. Perhaps no modeller was more rapid, nor ever possessed a more spirited touch, than Deare. His attention to the extremities was so much beyond any artist of his time, that it was frequently noticed by the late venerable West, when Visitor of the Academy, who directed the students to Deare's models, as examples of correct attention to hands and feet. He carried his admiration of beautiful hair to such an excess, that he has frequently been known to travel from twenty to thirty miles on foot, under a scorching sun, to mould an antique head of hair, of which no cast had been made; and when he had accomplished the task, returned to Rome the same day.

His temper was certainly sometimes considered rather hasty, particularly by those with whom he occasionally differed, persons unquestionably, in some instances, jealous of his superior

talent, and the encouragement he received in his art; for his extraordinary powers were noticed by visitors of the first rank for taste and fortune, as the preceding extracts clearly demonstrate.* The Author of the little work entitled "The Stranger in Liverpool," is under no small mistake, in stating that Deare's works are little known in England, and that the best of them are abroad. His talents are well known in this country, where the finest of his productions are deposited. The only foreigner mentioned in the whole of his letters is Madame Martinville: in all other instances where his patrons are named, they happen, for the honour of our country, to be Englishmen. His Marine Venus, of which Canova spoke in ecstasy, is in the Isle of Wight; and his Landing of Julius Cæsar, unquestionably his finest production, is let into the wall over the chimney-piece of the dining parlour of John Penn, Esq. at his beautiful mansion at Stoke Park. The same author also erroneously states that he was neglected by those who sent him out, but

* Deare was sometimes eccentric in his ideas: he considered persons wrong in offering their prayers with their clothes on: he insisted that our bodies should be entirely uncovered when engaged in addressing our Maker, and he strictly followed that practice when at his devotions. This is the custom of the religious sect called the Adamiani.

this was not the fact. His merits were at all times acknowledged, and his rich talents were so highly noticed, that he died under the fullest protection of patronage by his own countrymen, and by no means in poor circumstances; since, to my knowledge, there was property at Rome at his death, waiting the arrival of his friends to claim. Mr. Cumberland's exclamation of "Such, alas! was the artist whom the Academy abandoned and forgot!" is unworthy of the writer. The Academy never abandoned him; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. West, and numerous other leading members of that honourable body, spoke of Deare's powers in the warmest terms of approbation and respect. What he gained, too, was by his own labours as an artist, and not as a broker in antiques; his mind was too elevated to suffer him to descend to the grovelling speculations of fixing heads and arms upon trunks to which they never had belonged, purposely to amass money. If such *had* been his inclinations, he might, with his superior knowledge as a Sculptor, have pocketed thousands of pounds with the greatest ease.

Thomas Grignon, brother of Charles, in whose arms Deare expired, informed me that our Sculptor's death was occasioned by the following

silly and most eccentric experiment. Among many blocks of marble which he had just purchased, there was one of a singular shape, from which he believed he could carve a figure in a peculiar and interesting attitude; but, in order to be quite certain of the possibility of the block affording the full extension of the limbs according to his imagination, he was determined to make it his bed for the whole of the night, so that he might receive fresh hints from the visitation of dreams, well knowing how inspiring their suggestions had been to some of the greatest men of talent. This determination he put into execution; but after remaining upon the stone all night, he found he had entirely chilled the whole of his frame: his death was soon apprehended, and in a few days was the consequence of his fatal experiment.

Notwithstanding my predetermination not to glance at the many admirable works of living artists, who do not at present enjoy the degrees attached to our Royal Academy, I am sure all my contemporaries will pardon my noticing the high talent of their fellow-student Joseph Deare, particularly as he is the nephew of the admirable Sculptor above-mentioned.

The young artist alluded to, after having gained the whole series of silver medals in the

Royal Academy, had, like his uncle, the honour of receiving the gold medal for the best model of an original design of David and Goliah; casts of which may be had at his father's house, No. 12, Great St. Helen's, where several other of his productions may be seen.

MAJOR.

THAT very eminent collector of engravings, Thomas Wilson, Esq. son of Major's amiable daughter, in a catalogue of his collection, of which he has had a limited impression for private distribution, has given the following account of this artist.

"Thomas Major was born in London, in 1719. He was directly descended, as appears from a pedigree compiled by Mr. White, of Selborne, from that Richard Major, of Hursley, whose daughter was married to the Protector, Richard Cromwell. Major went to Paris to study engraving under Le Bas, and acquired great proficiency. Being there with Wilton, the Statuary, during the memorable battle of Culloden, it was determined to imprison the English as reprisals for the capture of an Irish regiment in the service of France. Wilton, being more alert or earlier informed, escaped over the roof of the house where they lodged; but Major was taken; and humorously describes the pomp with which he, a diminutive individual, about five feet high, was conveyed by a troop of *gendarmes* to the Bastile. In this prison he remained about three months,—long

enough to taste the pleasures of solitary confinement,—till the Marquis d'Argenson, the governor, finding him to be a man of talent, procured his release. Major afterwards engraved several of the Marquis's fine pictures. On his return to England, he was appointed Engraver to the Prince of Wales, and subsequently to the King, and Die-engraver to the Stamp-office. On the 24th of March, 1784, the Great Seal of England was stolen,—by whom it is not known; —and Major, being sent for by the Minister, offered to provide another in the shortest possible time. In twenty hours he furnished a perfect substitute of brass, and took it to the Minister's levee: it was not, however, paid for till after his decease.

"Major afterwards made a Great Seal of Silver, which was in use till the union with Ireland. In 1792, the temporary seal of brass was returned to him, and was converted into a tea-urn, in which state it remains; and as it is seldom used, produces, perhaps, less *hot-water* than it would have done as a Great-Seal.

"Our Artist was intimate with Hogarth, Strange, and all the men of talent of his day. There is a scarce portrait of him when young, engraved by himself, from a French drawing. Walpole pays him a just compliment in the

last page of his Catalogue of Engravers in England. He died in 1799, at the advanced age of eighty."

In addition to the above notices by Mr. Wilson, who kindly permitted me to copy them for this work from a proof-sheet, before his own catalogue was printed, I insert the following particulars, which will probably be found, as well as numerous others in this work, useful to the future biographers of Artists.

Major, in the early part of his life, lived in West-street, St. Anne's, Soho; then in St. Martin's-lane; and afterwards in Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, now No. 5, where he died in the front room of the second floor, and was buried in Camberwell churchyard. Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, Mr. and Mrs. Major and family, were extremely intimate, until the latter family perceived legacy-hunters in Mortimer-street; and then, as they did not wish to be considered of that description, they, by degrees, declined their visits. However, they continued frequently to send to know how their old friends did, but with a full determination never to accompany their inquiries with presents.

MORLAND.

As there is scarcely a work upon Art without anecdotes of George Morland, I shall only insert a few, confining myself to those which have fallen within my own knowledge, and which I am pretty sure have never appeared in print.

During the short time Morland drew at the Royal Academy, I was his fellow-student; and, as we were close neighbours, we frequently walked home together. He was, from a boy, naturally idle, nor would he exert himself but when closely driven. The late Mr. Franks, the Builder, was one of the first persons who encouraged his juvenile applications; and to that gentleman's house, whenever young Morland wanted half-a-crown, he would go to drink tea, and by drawing carts, horses, and dogs, by memory, he would thus provide himself. Mr. Franks's widow, late of Percy-street, Rathbone-place, showed me several of these sketches; they were in black-lead pencil, and displayed considerable promise. His father, who lived in Chapel-street, Wardour-street, was a clever painter of heads in crayons, representing Washerwomen, Clear-starchers, Bellmen, &c.; and for many years was a constant contributor to the

early exhibitions. He was also a maker of most excellent crayons, which went by his name.

Young George was of so unsettled a disposition, that his father, being fully aware of his extraordinary talent, was determined to force him to get his own living, and gave him a guinea, with something like the following observation: "I am *determined* to encourage your idleness no longer; *there*, take *that guinea*, and apply to your art and support yourself." This Morland told me, and added that from that moment he commenced and continued wholly on his own account.

I was at this time patronized by my honoured friend the late Sir James Winter Lake, Bart. who very liberally attended to my wishes, by allowing young Morland to paint several small pictures for him, particularly one of a favourite dog. For many years after this, we lost sight of each other, in consequence of the money he gained, which led him into extravagance, and the company he kept being of the lowest description.* However, I again became acquainted with him through his brother Henry, the Wine-merchant, in order to introduce him to my friends Mr. Wigston, of Trent-

* His companions were jockeys, ostlers, and carters, money-lenders, abandoned women, and gipsies.

park, Enfield, and the late Mr. Townsend, of Bruce-castle, Tottenham. For these gentlemen, he painted several pictures; and they, by purchasing others, at the Morland Gallery, Bond-street, were enabled to fit up an apartment in their respective mansions, which they called the Morland-room. Most of these pictures were disposed of by Mr. Christie, during last June.

Morland married Miss Ward, a sister of the late William Ward, the Associate Engraver, and James Ward, the present Royal Academician. She was a beautiful girl, and of the most exemplary conduct; but could not live with him, from the shamefully-cruel manner in which he for a length of time continued to treat her; and yet he was a man by no means wanting in sense or information: and I am certain, had he embraced the friendship of those persons of intellect and sound integrity who wished to serve him, he might have been an ornament to society. But, in consequence of his associating with people of the lowest habits, he became equally vicious and an habitual drunkard; and I firmly believe that he was powerfully intoxicated with gin when he died, which he latterly took in half-pints at a time. It is a melancholy truth that he departed this life in a *spunging-*

house on Eyre-street-hill, in the neighbourhood of Hatton-garden. This event occurred in 1804, when Morland was only forty-two years of age. His wife, whose health was most seriously impaired from his cruel treatment, was still attached to him, but was living by herself in the most private manner at her lodgings in Winchester-row, Paddington, when she heard of his wretched and disgraceful death, which afflicted her so powerfully, that in two days she died of a broken heart. He departed on Monday, and she on the Wednesday following. They were both buried in the same grave in St. James's burial-ground, Hampstead-road.

There is no inscription to their memory, though one had been prepared by Mr. Collins, the father of William Collins, the present Royal Academician.

Morland was a man of true genius, and was the first artist who gave the sturdy oak its peculiar character in landscape-painting. There are several etchings attributed to this painter, of which a half-sheet plate of Pigs asleep, is undoubtedly his, and is a truly spirited performance.

HOGARTH.

I BELIEVE that in no instance has the name of a Painter been so freely used as that of Hogarth. His reputation has become public property, and is considered fair game; since many a picture exhibiting a large white wig, a three-cornered Macheath-hat, an old apothecary's capeless coat, with immense basket-buttons on the sleeves, and flap-pockets, rolled up stockings and square-toed buckle-shoes,—has been, without hesitation, ascribed to his pencil, which, if examined, would very soon be proved the contrary. Mercier, Van Hawkin, Highmore, Pugh, or that drunken pot-house Painter, the younger Hemskirk, who was a singer at Sadler's Wells, are artists now rarely mentioned; though several of their performances have been elevated by the second-rate picture-dealers and brokers in old panels, as the works of Hogarth: and even a head from a picture by Rosalba, has lately been engraven and published as the genuine production of that painter.

For myself I am decidedly of opinion, that several of the copies of prize-fighting and play-house benefit-tickets, published in Samuel Ireland's Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth, are from plates neither designed nor etched by him. They

are, in fact, the vilest of the vile, being totally destitute of either talent or wit; both of which qualifications Hogarth possessed in a super-eminent degree, even in his youthful days, when he engraved ornaments and coats-of-arms for his master Gamble: and for his wit, where can we find any prints to equal most of the plates for the small set of Hudibras, which were some of his earliest productions? They are full of character, well drawn, spiritedly etched, and most of them possessing admirable effect; and I must say, as a supporter of the honour of Hogarth as an artist, that until Mr. Samuel Ireland raked up many of the wretched things, which he caused to be copied for a publication unquestionably with a view to raise money,—no collectors admitted the originals into their portfolios as the works of Hogarth.

Mr. Samuel Ireland was a gentlemanly man in appearance, of manners rather pleasing, who well knew that novelty would go a great way towards making money. I am also credibly informed, that there is even at this moment an artist who finds it rather a successful occupation to make spirited drawings from Hogarth's prints, which he most *ingeniously* deviates from by the omission of some figure or other object, or insertion of an additional one, in order to

give his drawing the appearance of a first thought, upon which Hogarth is to be supposed to have made some alteration in his plate as an improvement. These drawings are discoloured, put into old black frames, and then, after passing them through several hands, are finally sold, accompanied with a very long story, to those over-cunning collectors, destitute of sufficient knowledge to enable them to detect the forgery.

Having ventured in a former page to mention my own opinion as to Hogarth's want of morality, I must not for a moment allow the reader even to suppose that I am, in any degree, wanting in my respect for his powerful talents as an artist. His easy and perfectly natural mode of grouping, his sweetness and harmony of colouring, his exquisite pencilling and general brilliancy of effect, must be perceived and felt by every one possessing a single spark of taste, when viewing that inestimable series of pictures entitled "The Marriage A-la-mode," which forms a part of our National Gallery.

The prints by this Artist, in freedom of etching and vigour of tooling, display his powers to the highest advantage; though I think I may, without incurring the displeasure of my bro-

ther Burinists, consider the plates of Southwark Fair and the Cockpit, as productions unrivalled in this or any other country. For the information of those who are not acquainted with the fact, I must observe, that the former of these displays most conspicuously the four classes of composition in Art, namely; the diverging, the S-like, or line of beauty, the festoon, and the triangle, or pyramidal. I remember, when I was a lad, asking the late venerable President West, what he thought of Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty; and his answer was, "It is a work, my man, of the highest value to every one studying the Art. Hogarth was a strutting, consequential little man, and made himself many enemies by that book; but now that most of them are dead, it is examined by disinterested readers, unbiassed by personal animosities, and it will be yet more and more read, studied, and understood."*

* Stacey, the famous jockey, who kept the Bedford Arms in Covent-garden, informed me that it was at his house that Hogarth and Churchill quarrelled, and that it was over a rubber of shilling whist. Woodward, the Comedian, who mostly resided at the Bedford Arms, was particularly intimate with Stacey; and gave him his portrait with a mask in his hand, one of the early pictures of Sir Johua Reynolds. Stacey, to whom I was introduced by old Watkins, a Barber, late of Tottenham-court-road, gave me also the following anecdote.

Of the numerous collectors of Hogarth's plates, there are many who contaminate their volumes by stuffing in every sort of trash recommended to them; and there are some who totally disregard the state of impression, while others are perfectly satisfied with the touched up plates. From a catalogue, however, which I have seen of the King's Collection, I conclude it must be a good one; and Lord Charlemont's and Lord Orford's, I understand, are very choice, particularly that of the former, who was one of Hogarth's best friends: but these I have not seen. The late Mr. Wyndham's, formerly Mr. Steevens's; Mr. Cricket's, made up by Mr. Ingham Foster; the present Mr. Willett's; and the one made up by Mr. Packer, of Great Baddow, purchased by the Honourable Trustees of the British Museum—all of which I have seen—contain their respective rarities, and are all highly valuable; but curious as these are, they are far exceeded by one lately formed by H. P. Standly, Esq. of the Temple. That gentle-

He was allowed to play an excellent game at whist. One morning, about two o'clock, one of his waiters awoke him, to tell him that a nobleman had knocked him up, and had desired him to call his master down to play a rubber with him for one hundred guineas. Stacey got up, dressed himself, won the money, and was in bed again and asleep, all within an hour.

man has been extremely fortunate in selecting from four eminent collections made by Mr. Sayer, Mr. Moor, Mr. Baker, and Messrs. Colnaghi, of Pall-mall East. Mr. Standly has been particularly attentive to the brilliancy of impression, as well as to the rarity and variety of their states and condition. That gentleman has also been singularly fortunate in obtaining not only many fine drawings by Hogarth, but an immense quantity of his original manuscripts, illustrative of many of his most interesting works. Colonel Durrant has also some fine specimens of this favourite Artist; and Mr. Wilson has given in his catalogue, a list of his Hogarths, many of which are extremely curious.

BARRY.

THE following anecdote was communicated to me by a gentleman who had received it from Mr. Burke, Barry's early and steady friend. This great orator, with whom the Painter had frequently dined, being aware of most of his eccentricities, and wishing much to see in what way he conducted his household concerns, requested to be asked to dinner. Barry replied, "Sir, you know I live alone, but, if you will partake of a steak, I can answer for your having it hot, and from the best rump in the most classic market in London."—"I will dine with you," replied Mr. Burke; "but mind, you must not let me put you in the least out of your way."—"You shall dine as I do, Sir," observed Barry: "there shall be no auxiliaries," turning his head to the side-board of glittering plate and glass. A day was then fixed.

Upon Mr. Burke's arrival at No. 36, Castle-street, Oxford-market, his host conducted him into the painting-room, which had undergone no alteration whatever from the period when it had been used as a carpenter's workshop. It was partly occupied by his large picture of

Pandora;* but principally with whole-length portraits of the persons who sat to him for his Adelphi pictures, together with numerous old straining-frames; a printing press, for he printed his own plates; and thousands of cobwebs, nearly as thick as those dowlas specimens formerly shown to the visitors of the late wine-cellars under the Thames, near London-bridge, which belonged to what were called "The Shades."

Most of the windows of this painting-room were either cracked or broken; the tiles of its ceiling-less roof were as wide apart and as much mutilated, as those which appear in the first state of Hogarth's print of the strolling actresses in a barn; and the small fire-place was filled with a grate large enough for the carpenter's glue-pot. However, it was under this roof that the great Burke was to dine. The fire burned clear, the steaks were put on, and Barry, who assumed no false pomp, though he had means of comfort within his reach, after spreading a towel upon a small, round, three-legged deal table, just large

* The original drawing of this powerful design is in the possession of William Henderson, Esq. of No. 33, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, a gentleman whose taste can fully appreciate its merit. Mr. Henderson is also in possession of some of Barry's original drawings for the Adelphi pictures.

enough for two plates, the beer, and bread, put a pair of tongs into his visitor's hand, requesting him to turn the steaks while he went for a pot of porter; and, upon his return, with his usual consistency of bluntness, swore that the wind had taken off the head just as he was crossing Titchfield-street.—I have often thought that this scene alone was an admirable contrast between the stern and stubborn character of this diamond in the rough, and the eloquent author of "The Sublime and Beautiful;" who, upon any other occasion, would have been shocked at being so entrapped, even if requested to partake of *pot-luck* by a constituent when he was soliciting his vote,—a moment when greatness is generally discovered to be elastic.

Barry, who had been, nearly all his life, accustomed to dine at Cooks'-shops, was taken ill at the French Eating-house, then on the right hand side of Wardour-street from Oxford-street. He was conveyed to the dwelling of his steadfast friend, Bonomi, in Titchfield-street, who took the greatest care of him. As there is a most able Life of Barry, written by the late Dr. Fryer, I shall state only that he died February 22nd, 1806; not in a condition of pauperism, as some malignant people have thought proper to report, but with forty pounds in his pocket. His body

lay in state in the centre of the great room in the Adelphi, surrounded by his pictures, which will, as long as canvass lasts, be the best monument to his memory. He was buried in Saint Paul's Cathedral, near the ashes of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom he died in peace, though he had upon some occasions violently differed with him. It is true, he was expelled the Royal Academy, for misconducting himself in a most outrageous manner;* but it must appear an ungracious neglect of those artists with whom he parted on friendly terms, that not even one of his old friends, members of the Academy, attended his funeral.

One evening, after I had related to Miss Welch, that Barry would not suffer Mr. Udney, of Teddington, to take away a set of the etchings from the Adelphi pictures, before he put down the money for them, she observed, "My good Sir, Barry's politeness is as rare as a bit of Peg Woffington's writing." This observation, perhaps, amounts to an impossibility

* A friend has obliged me with the following extract from the books of the Royal Academy relative to this expulsion:—

"I have struck out the adjoining name, in consequence of the opinion entered in the minutes of the Council, and of the general meeting, which I fully approve. April 23, 1799.

G. R."

of his having been polite at any time, for it is said that Peggy could not even write her own name: that, however, was not the case with her formidable antagonist Catherine Clive, since I have seen several of Kitty's letters, and they are not only spiritedly written, but bumper-full of the most luxuriant wit.

LEGAT.

ALL that Bryan has said as to the biography of Legat, is contained in the following sixteen words:—"If this artist *was not* a native of England, he resided in London *about* the year 1780." I must, therefore, conclude, that, if ever a second edition of Bryan's Dictionary should be called for, the Editor will be enabled, by the assistance of these pages, to insert the following particulars, which I have collected from several persons now living, with whom Legat had been particularly intimate.

Francis Legat was a North Briton, and was educated at Edinburgh, under Alexander Runciman, an artist, intimate with John Brown, the designer, and highly esteemed by Fuseli.

In 1780, Legat lodged in the second-floor of No. 22, Charles-street, Westminster; and in 1789, declared himself to one of my informants, who lodged in the first-floor of the same house, to be then in his twenty-fifth year. Here he engraved Mary Queen of Scots resigning her Crown, for which plate Boswell applied by letter to Dr. Johnson for an inscription. In these lodgings he also engraved that fine plate from Northcote's celebrated picture of the Children in the Tower, now in the possession of the Earl

of Egremont. By the success of this engraving, and the liberal manner in which Boydell remunerated him, he was enabled to send to Scotland for his mother, to whom through life his filial conduct was truly exemplary.

About the latter end of 1790, he left Charles-street for Sloane-square, taking with him the plate of the death of Cordelia, after a picture by Barry. Here he remained till 1797, when he moved with the plate of Lady Hamilton, as Cassandra, to No. 21, Pleasant-row, Camden-town; where, about the year 1799, his mother died. From thence, he went to lodge in the first floor of Mr. Procter, at No. 2, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, where he engraved Ophelia before the King and Queen, after West's picture; which plate procured him the honour of being appointed Historical-Engraver to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. As the burin of Legat had always been employed by publishers, who lived in splendour, he was induced to conclude, that he would make more money by engraving plates on his own account. By way of trial, he bespoke a picture of Stothard, the subject being the death of General Sir Ralph Abercrombie; then popular not only from his ever-memorable battle, but also from the song which Braham still continues to sing in full vigour. In this plate,

Legat was far advanced, before he discovered that the public, like the Mayor of the City of London, was accustomed to be spoken to only by the Recorder, and that print-collectors were not accustomed to subscribe to engravers.

Under this disappointment, his spirits gradually gave way, and, after burying his aunt, he died, in the back-room of the first-floor of Mr. Procter's house, in Charles-street, on the 4th of April, 1809, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and was buried in the church-yard of Saint Pancras Old Church; Stothard, the Academician, was one of the mourners. The father of the present General Kemp, who was his steady friend, paid his debts, and took possession of the plate of Abercrombie. It became the property of Mr. Bowyer, of the Historic Gallery, Pall-mall, who has had it finished for publication. Bryan mentions only the three following plates from the graver of Legat, viz.

Mary Queen of Scots resigning her Crown, after a picture by Gavin Hamilton.

The Continence of Scipio, after Poussin; and,

The King, Queen, and Laertes, in Hamlet, after a very fine picture by West.

To the above may be added the following plates, equally large, the first two of which are generally considered, by persons well qualified

to judge of their merit, as the finest of his works, viz.

The Murder of the Princes in the Tower, after a picture by Northcote.*

Cassandra, after a picture by Romney.

The Death of Cordelia, after a picture by Barry.

Though all the above engravings are upon a large scale, and in a grand style, he executed two very pretty vignettes for Bell's British Theatre; one for the Hypocrite, after a design by Smirke, the other for Tancred and Sigismunda, after a design by Fuseli. Mr. Legat was a sensible intelligent man, gentle in his manners, and serious, except when enlivened by the conversation of his friends. On such occasions, he was remarkably cheerful, and seldom objected to join any party of pleasure, provided the company was such as he approved. He wrote several short pieces of poetry on various subjects, which were considered good specimens; but there is much doubt whether any of them are now preserved. His style of engraving is powerful and clear, particularly in the figure of Cassandra; but I do not mean to compare any

* Northcote painted three pictures of this composition: for one of which Boydell gave him forty pounds, and for which the Earl of Egremont afterwards gave 200*l.* at an auction.

of his works to Strange's extraordinary prints after Guido, Venus attired by the Graces, or Woollett's La Hogue, or Sharpe's John Hunter, after Sir Joshua Reynolds; but next to those specimens, I know of no work of engraving executed with more skill and effect, than the head and helmet of one of the murderers, from Northcote's picture, the chiaro-'scuro of which, unquestionably, is most admirably calculated for a fine print.

Although Legat drew better than engravers in general, he had inclination to improve himself still farther; and argued differently from those engravers who endeavour to cloak their ignorance, by insisting that an accurate eye in copying was quite enough. "No," said he, "a line-engraver's business in copying a picture, goes beyond that of a mere copyist. The engraver should understand the anatomy of the human figure, to enable him to arrange his lines, from the origin, the direction, and insertion of the muscles. What would an engraver of a piece of architecture make of his buildings, without a knowledge of lineal perspective? A painter may make a good copy of a picture, but a thorough knowledge of lineal perspective is indispensably necessary in an engraver."

I ought, perhaps, to apologize for thus exposing a negligence or want of ability in many

of our engravers, a valuable class of artists, though at the same time it is my duty to declare, that the most eminent of the present day are far better draughtsmen than their predecessors; and, I am sure, that all who know what Art is, will join me in the assertion, that an indifferent engraver, who draws well, cannot produce a plate wholly destitute of merit.* Legat made repeated applications to his neighbour Nollekens for the loan of some of his casts from the antique. "What!" said the Sculptor, "do you suppose I can relish a head when it comes home with its nose off? No, no; I brought most of mine with me from Rome, when I was in Italy. You may hire casts at Papera's and Genelli's."

There is a small engraved portrait of Legat, by T. Prescott, after a drawing by Runciman, published by C. Dyer, Printseller, St. James's-street, near the Thatched House.

* Several instances of this may be seen in the whole of Barry's Etchings; which, coarse as we know they are styled by persons in general, are in possession of a grand depth of knowledge, as to the direction of the lines so admirably describing the origin and insertion of the muscles of the human figure. In this respect they are much better than the metallic manner in which the flesh parts of Wille's plates are effected; which are still cried up by foreigners as the finest specimens of the engraver's art.

HUMPHREY.

Mr. Humphrey, who was descended from an ancient and highly honourable family of the time of Edward III. was son of George and Elizabeth Humphrey, and was born at Honiton, in Devonshire, on the 8th of September, 1742. He was christened Ozias, and was educated at the Grammar-school of that town. Having a strong natural talent for drawing, he was placed with Mr. Samuel Collins, a very indifferent Miniature-painter, and what was worse, a man of gay and expensive habits; with whom he stayed only two years, though his master had received a considerable premium for three.* Young Humphrey, when his master left him, returned to Honiton, and after remaining a short time, requested his mother to furnish him with a guinea, observing, that he had resolved with that small sum to begin the world. His mother complied with his request, and with it he proceeded to Exeter, where he took lodgings of Jackson, the author of that charming composition, "Time has not thinned my flowing hair." Here he made beautiful Nature

* This man fled from his creditors, and left his pupil Ozias without a protector.

his only mistress; and, by applying steadfastly to her fascinating allurements, he soon found encouragement, and was enabled to visit London. With a view to further his improvement, he became a student in Shipley's Drawing-school, in the Strand, where his talents procured him the intimacy of Mortimer, and, indeed, all those who stood high in the Academy, which was then the best in England. Having a wish to try his fortune at Bath, he went thither, in 1762, and took lodgings with Lindley, the Musician, whose lovely daughter, Eliza-Anne (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, the Saint Cecilia of Sir Joshua), was then in her ninth year. She knew all the songs in "Thomas and Sally," "The Beggar's Opera," "The Chaplet," and "Love in a Village," and these she would sing so sweetly, that many a day, at the young Painter's solicitation, she chanted them, seated at the foot of his easel, looking up to him, unconscious of her heavenly features: with such features and such looks, as prevailed upon the motley visitors of Bath, when she so gracefully held up her little basket, with her father's benefit-tickets, at the door, as they passed in and out of the Pump-room. After remaining some time at Bath, Mr. Humphrey again visited London, and being a great admirer of Mr. Reynolds

(afterwards Sir Joshua), he ventured to show him some of his miniatures. The great Painter was so much pleased with his talent and gentlemanly deportment, that he received him with the utmost cordiality, and requested to know from what county he came, and what his parents were. When Reynolds heard that he was from Devonshire, and that his mother was a lace-maker, he exclaimed, "Born in my county, and your mother a lace-maker! why, Vandyke's mother was a maker of lace!" at the same time adding, that he should be welcome to copy any of his Vandykes. "Or perhaps," said he, "you had better allow me to lend you some of mine, as they are better suited by their dress to answer your present purpose."

This generous offer was accepted with the greatest ecstasy, and after copying several pictures, which highly improved his natural taste for richness of colouring, he produced a miniature from Reynolds's famous head of King Lear in the storm, which so highly pleased him, that he exclaimed, "This is a beautiful copy; it is so finely painted, that you must allow me to purchase it. What is your price? it will enable me to serve you." The Artist, glowing with modesty, begged of his patron to accept of it. No; that, he said, he could not

think of." "Three guineas then, Sir, is the price," replied he. "That is too little," observed the great Painter; "I shall give you five, and let that be your price for such a picture." At the same time, he advised him to take lodgings near him; and accordingly, in 1768, he took the house now No. 21, in King-street, Covent-garden. It is in the corner opposite Setchell's, where he remained till 1771; during which time he fell sincerely in love with the daughter of James Payne, the Architect, at that time living in Saint Martin's-lane; though she, poor girl, was obliged by her father's shuffling, sordid, and dirty conduct, to marry Tilly Kettle, the Portrait-painter, who practised his art in Old Bond-street. In consequence of this shameful treatment of himself and the girl of his heart, Mr. Humphrey resolved to leave his house and go abroad; he therefore sold off all his household furniture, reserving his plate, which he never parted with; and, for a short time, in 1772, took lodgings at the Golden-head, the usual sign of artists, in Great Newport-street; and, on the 20th of March, in 1773, accompanied by Romney, the Painter, left London for Rome.

Our artists passed their first night at Seven-

oaks, and on the next day were entertained by their mutual friend the Duke of Dorset at Knowle. They resided in Paris three weeks, and, after having nearly been lost in the Gulph of Pisa, arrived at Rome on the 18th of June. Humphrey, after an absence of four years, increasing his friends wherever he went, once more settled in London; where, in 1777, the postman rapped at his door, No. 29, Rathbone-place, with a letter from Dr. Wolcott (alias Peter Pindar), dated October 25th, from Truro, in which, after complimenting—or flattering, I should have said—the Painter upon his high talents, the satirist asked that which he declared he should consider as an indelible obligation if granted. The application, he said, was in favour of an uncouth, raw-boned country lad, about fifteen years of age, with whom, by the by, he found he had incumbered himself, and who, to use the Doctor's own words, had "run mad with paint." This youth offered his services to Mr. Humphrey, to clean his brushes and palette, and make himself useful in the common concerns of his house, and all for the pleasure of being with a painter of his knowledge and eminence. He said, that "he wanted no wages, for that if he would give him his food and a little money to keep the devil out

of his pocket, he would be perfectly contented." This interesting letter, which is curious in other particulars, is in the possession of Mr. Upcott, who, with his accustomed liberality, furnished me with many of these particulars relating to his godfather Ozias Humphrey. But I think I hear the reader ask, "Who was this aspiring youth?" Reader, believe thine ears, he was no less a person than John Oppy, alias Opie, afterwards an Esquire and R.A., and Lecturer on Painting to the Royal Academy. This eminent artist's society was sincerely enjoyed by his second wife, the authoress now residing at Norwich, and who is in possession of some of his best works.*

My honoured friend, James Northcote, Esq. R.A., with his usual kindness, gave me two original letters of Mr. and Mrs. Opie; and, as epistolary correspondence from persons of eminence is at all times gratifying to the public, I shall here insert a copy from the one by Opie, and an extract from that of his friendly widow.†

* He was honoured with a most splendid funeral; and his ashes are now mingling in St. Paul's Cathedral with those of Vandyck, Wren, Sir Joshua, Barry, and West.

† Mrs. Opie has entered that silent and most respectable community denominated Friends, commonly called Quakers.

"Sunday Aug. 23.

"DEAR SIR,

"WITHOUT pretending to feeling or sentiment, I am really grieved at my treatment of you, but by G—d! I cannot help it;—I am served by others worse.

"I am now in the state of a losing gamester, and must consent to throw away all my journey if I do not put a day or two more to it. To attempt to make any more engagements would be ridiculous and contemptible; if you should not go the day you propose and will let me have a line of information, I will endeavour to meet you, but I cannot desire you to place any confidence in one who has none in himself. I am your humble servant,

"J. OPIE."

"——THAT I ever familiarly associated with Mr. Hoare and you, seems now a sort of traditionary history to me; a pleasant dream, which, like many others, is passed away for ever; but while I regret that it is so, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that while I *did* enjoy the society of Mr. Hoare and yourself, I most fully felt and appreciated its value.

"With my compliments to Miss Northcote,
Believe me, Dear Sir,
Respectfully yours,
AMELIA OPIE.

"Norwich, 7th of Oct. 1814."

In 1785, Mr. Humphrey went to India, where he painted numerous persons of the highest rank; but in 1788, he returned again to England, and took lodgings at the north-west corner of St. James's-street, in Piccadilly, a house made still more fashionable by Hoby, the Boot-maker. In 1790, he was chosen a member of

the Royal Academy, and afterwards resided in Newman-street, and latterly in Thornhaugh-street, at Mrs. Spicer's, No. 39, where he died, in the front-room of the second-floor, on Friday, March 9th, 1810, between the hours of five and six in the morning. He was buried in the ground behind the Chapel-of-Ease to St. James's, Piccadilly, in the Hampstead-road, but without any grave-stone; his death and place of burial being most respectfully recorded by his brother,* on the family tombstone at Honiton.

There is a remarkably fine likeness of Mr. Humphrey at Knowle, painted by Romney. Of this picture there are two engravings: one in mezzotinto, by William Pether, of a large folio size; the other quarto, by Caroline Watson, a private plate. After Mr. Humphrey's return from India, his manner, at times, was considered rather pompous; but, however that may have been, true it is, that he recollected with the sincerest gratitude every favour conferred upon him, and never designedly hurt the feelings of any one. His sympathetic tenderness extended itself to objects slighted by others, and frequently in silence softened the sufferings of the most neglected and necessitous; and I am quite

* To this gentleman, the Duke of Dorset, Ozias's honoured patron, gave a living.

certain that no one could retain a higher circle of friends to the hour of his death than Ozias Humphrey. Much against his inclination, he once agreed to accompany Mr. William Pether, the Mezzotinto-engraver, to whom he had always been extremely liberal, to second his application to Mr. Nollekens for permission to engrave a plate from his celebrated bust of Mr. Fox, which was then a topic of conversation in all the fashionable circles. Mr. Nollekens, who at that time, notwithstanding his natural imbecility, seldom spared a man when he had taken a dislike to him, fell upon Humphrey immediately that he discovered what had brought him into his house. He wished, with his accustomed bluntness, to know what had induced him to expect any favour. "You," observed Nollekens, "who are always crying up Flaxman here, and Flaxman there, and coddling close to him at the councils; you know very well that you told me, Mr. Townley, and Mr. Owen Cambridge, that you thought Flaxman the greatest sculptor that had ever lived; you know very well you did. I told Mrs. Nollekens what you said, when I came home from Mr. Blundell's; you said the same to him of the *great* Mr. Flaxman: do you think I can like it?" Mr. Humphrey observed, that he had never made those observations to offend him;

but that he certainly was still of the same opinion, and wished him a good morning, leaving Mr. Pether to present a letter of introduction which he had brought from Mr. West. "Well, Mr. Pether," said Nollekens, "I'll do it for him;" to which acquiescence Mrs. Nollekens, who had hitherto sat silently engaged in stringing a few French-beans with her silver-bladed fruit-knife, observed, as she was cutting them into a basin of water, "Mr. Nollekens, you act, Sir, with the most perfect rectitude, and I am sure that Mr. West will fully appreciate the favour you have conferred upon his recommendation. Won't you sit down, Mr. Pether: I believe, Sir, Mr. Edridge was your pupil; he gave Mr. Nollekens a very pretty miniature of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He is a very clever young man; his brother, I believe, was a butcher in Saint James's Market?"—"Yes, he was. Mr. Edmunds, the Upholsterer, of Compton-street, bound him to me. Dayes, the Draughtsman, was also one of my pupils."

The most fascinating of all the lovely women painted by Ozias Humphrey, was the famous Kitty Frederick, who at that time lived in the house the Duke of Queensbury furnished for her, near Park-lane, in Piccadilly, now No. 133; and of one of Mr. Humphrey's portraits of "charm-

ing Kate Fred," we have an exquisite engraving by Ryder. The late Mr. Udney related the following anecdote of Mr. Humphrey, with whom he was extremely intimate, to Mr. West.

One morning, on the arrival of Ozias at Teddington, Mrs. Udney accosted him with, "Well, Mr. Humphrey, I am glad you are come to-day, for we are to have the Stadholder to view our gallery of pictures."—"God preserve me, you don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Humphrey. "Well then, if that's the case, I will go and take a nap, that I may be brilliant in the evening." He then retired to the room usually allotted to him, and fell fast asleep. At night, when the yard-dog was about to be let loose, Mrs. Udney, whose mind had been continually running upon the Stadholder and his suite, recollected, for the first time, the morning arrival of Mr. Humphrey, and sent a servant to look for him. The man, after repeated knockings at his chamber-door, receiving no answer, went in. Mr. Humphrey, who had taken as long a dose as Falstaff's, awoke, and upon the servant's drawing back the curtain, his first question was to know if the Stadholder was come? "Come, Sir!" replied Andrew; "Lord bless ye, why he has been gone these six hours; it's eleven o'clock!"

Another anecdote of this eminent Miniature-painter, I received from the late Sir George Beaumont. When Mr. West was engaged in painting his beautiful picture of Achilles for Thomas Hope, Esq. Mr. Humphrey, who was then declining in life, upon entering the painting-room, bending his knees and throwing his head and shoulders back, exclaimed "Hoighty-toity! what have we here?" Mr. West replied; "Sir, this is epic."—"Heaven preserve me! you don't say so;" and upon seeing a lady seated by the fire, took no farther notice of the picture, but cried out, "Well, Mrs. West, how do you do, Ma'am?"

Hayley, in his Life of Romney, thus mentions Mr. Humphrey:—

> "Thy graces, Humphrey, and thy colours clear,
> From miniature's small circle disappear.
> May their distinguish'd merit still prevail,
> And shine with lustre on the larger scale."

The truly benevolent Owen Cambridge, Esq. addressed lines to Ozias Humphrey, two of which are:—

> "But, Humphrey, by whom shall your labours be told,
> How your colours enliven the young and the old?"*

* See Archdeacon Cambridge's edition of his father's works, page 319.

WEST.

Benjamin West, Sir Joshua Reynolds's successor as President of the Royal Academy, was born on the 10th of October, 1738, at Springfield, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and was the youngest of thirteen children. To Mr. West's well known liberality I owe the best portion of the little knowledge I possess in the art of Painting; which, small as it is, has qualified me to see with my own eyes; the independent exercise of which I often find useful. Mr. West, whose name ought never to be mentioned but with grateful respect, often, in the kindest manner possible, gave up whole mornings to the instruction of those students who solicited his opinion of their productions. I have frequently known him correct their errors with his own hand; and I am clearly of opinion, that there are very few artists now basking in the sunshine of patronage, who have not benefited essentially by his generous and able communications. Mr. West's numerous works are too well known to the man of true taste to need any encomiums; I shall therefore observe only, that Woollett's engraving of his "Death of General Wolfe" has been sold for

more money, in this and every other country, than any modern print whatever; and that I have frequently heard Wilkie declare, that the Battle of La Hogue was, in his estimation, a complete work of Art. Certain it is that Woollett considered his engraving of it in every respect his masterpiece.

Ever anxious to exert his rare talent as an Engraver to its fullest stretch, upon every subject on which he was engaged, Woollett, after repeatedly presenting proof-impressions of this famous plate to the Paintor of the picture, (fully trusting each time that Mr. West could render it some assistance,) once more, and, as he was told, for the last time, submitted another proof to the Artist, when they were mutually of opinion that nothing more could improve it. However, Woollett modestly solicited Mr. West to reconsider the effect, and also requested him to mark, according to his usual custom, those parts with white and black chalk which he considered might still be improved. Mr. West, well knowing the danger of overworking a subject, was fearful of disturbing effects so fortunate, and therefore commenced cautiously by strengthening and lowering parts, till, by degrees, he had worked upon it about a quarter of an hour, when he put

down his port-crayon, and said, "There, Sir, I can now do no more for it; but I much fear the alterations will give you some little trouble."—"Sir," exclaimed Woollett, "you have given me six months' work! but, as my print will be so wonderfully improved by your corrections, I am determined, were they to take me twelve months, most cheerfully to go through the task:" which he did conscientiously, and with that persevering patience and pleasure inseparable in artists of true feeling for their future fame.

I was at Mr. West's one morning, when the following observations were directed to Mr. Nollekens: "We, Sir," said the President, "have not many good works of statues to refer to. I believe, after Bishop's are mentioned, it will be impossible to name another of equal merit. That artist was a good draughtsman and an excellent etcher, so that he knew perfectly well how to execute that which he had undertaken: and every artist's shelf should support and protect his book as an inestimable treasure. Believe me, Sir, our friend Townley did wrong in employing young students and inexperienced artists to make drawings of his statues. Such fine specimens of art should have been attended by the experienced physician—artists of the

highest talents. How is it possible for a tyro to translate Dante like Carey? No, Sir, such artists as Howard," continued Mr. West; "those who have arrived at the pinnacle of excellence, are the men to be employed:—men, who can not only feel the beauties of the Antique, but produce an uncontaminated outline for the Engraver; whose business it is to attend to the nicely-delineated discrimination of the original parts, in contrast to the harsh, and often unmeaning modern botchings, of those jobbing carvers who would do any thing for money. And, Sir, the Engravers in general, I am sorry to say, pay as much attention to the finishing of the vile modern additions, as they do to the antique parts. Sir, it would give me great pleasure to see a work of statues drawn in outline by Mr. Howard, in his chaste and honest manner, discriminating the superior excellence of the fine antique parts, and the vulgar additions, and then I would have them steadfastly etched by Moses. This, Sir, would be a most desirable and valuable work, and by being in outline only, like those which he has done from my pictures, might be published at a cheap rate; so that artists as well as collectors might possess the book, and the publisher be better and sooner reimbursed."

I fully trust the eminent English Engravers,

whose productions are the pride of our country, and the universal envy of foreigners, will not be offended at my promulgating the above observations; as the confinement of the works of Sculpture to outline delineations, will not at all interfere with their more elevated pursuits. Their talents may be more properly called for, and confined, to the engravings of fine pictures by our modern English Artists, in water-colours, as well as in oil, from whose easels we have annually a copious choice of subjects, both in Historical and Landscape-painting, as well as in Portraits. If an associated body of the most eminent of our Engravers, were to proceed with a publication of some of the works of our best Historical, Landscape, and Portrait-painters of the size of West's "Death of Wolfe," Wilson's "Niobe," and Sir Joshua's "John Hunter," prints which would alone immortalise those great men, I am quite certain such an undertaking would succeed in a commercial point of view, and thereby enable them to found an unprecedented School of native talent.

When the late venerable President was sitting to Mr. Nollekens for a bust, which the Members of the British Institution had requested to have, His Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived, accompanied by his Royal brother, the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke of

York, at that time, was also sitting for his bust, when Mr. West heard Nollekens inquire of him, "How's your Father?"—on which the Duke, with his usual condescension, smilingly informed him that the King was better. The Duke of Cumberland then asked Mr. Nollekens, why a man of his years wore so high a toupée to his wig? Mr. Nollekens, instead of answering, wished to know, why His Royal Highness wore those *mustaquies?* The Duke of York smiled and said, "You have it now, Cumberland."

To return, however, to Mr. West, the following is a translation, by a friend, from a letter written in Italian, by the President, to Canova at Rome.

"London, May 1st, 1816.

"Three English ladies, sisters, of the name of King, animated solely by the desire of admiring Italy,—that Italy, which constitutes the delight of civilized nations for every species of perfection in the Fine Arts,—will do themselves at once the honour and pleasure to present to you this letter.

"The high esteem and value in which the Fine Arts are held at Rome, and in the other cities of Italy, are the principal motives to this attraction; since, to those of a refined taste, it forms, as it were, a source from whence the cultivated mind derives additional refinement, nutrition, and vigour. It is with this view that the three sisters visit Italy; and your name being celebrated, not only in England but elsewhere, for

excellence in your Art, you will render them a great favour by any kindness you shall please to show them, and at the same time will lay me under an obligation, of which I shall ever retain a deep sense.

" Through the medium of our Secretary of State, I have received a paper, announcing to me the honour conferred on me at Rome, by the honourable Academy of St. Luke, in electing me one of its members; for which honour I shall ever hold myself indebted to your friendship. I shall not fail, through the same channel, to express to the Academy in adequate terms, my gratitude for the distinguished mark of approbation with which it has honoured me, and also to return my cordial thanks to all the Academicians. Lastly, I beg you to be assured of my very great respect, and of the many obligations I owe you.

" Permit me, with every sentiment of entire friendship, the honour of subscribing myself,

" Your friend,

" Benjamin West, President R. A."

I trust that I shall ever remember, as I ought, Mr. West's kindness to me upon my being appointed Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. He shook hands with me upon that occasion; and requesting me to wait a little, he went into the next room, and on his return, he put a morocco-case into my hand, saying, " That contains a medal of me; keep it for my sake, and remember I gave it you upon your appointment. You know I exerted myself in your

favour when you were candidate for the Drawing-master's situation in the school of Christ's Hospital."

Here I begin to blush, but as I am really proud of what the venerable President said of me in my testimonial, presented to the Governors of Christ's Hospital, I shall here insert it, since the friendly reader will, I trust, bear with my weakness; and as for my enemies, I shall console myself against what they may say, by the recollection of an observation made by the late facetious George Phillips, of George-yard, Lombard-street, when hearing the lamentations of an author who had been roughly treated by the Reviewers. "Never mind, friend, what they say; words will neither break thy bones nor bruise thy skin."

My testimonial runs thus.

"We, whose names are subscribed, having seen specimens of drawings by John Thomas Smith, are of opinion that he is qualified for the office of Drawing-master in the school of Christ's Hospital.

"I not only think him qualified as an artist, but greatly to be respected as a man.

BENJAMIN WEST, President R. A."

It also gives me infinite pleasure to have it in my power to select the two following sub-

scriptions, from the numerous set of names of the most eminent artists, which farther honour my testimonial.

"I have long been acquainted with Mr. J. T Smith's merits as a good artist and a worthy man.

"JOHN FLAXMAN, Jun. Sculptor,
"Associate R. A., R. A. of Florence and Carrara."

"I have known him from a child, and think him an honest man, and well qualified for the office.

"JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, R. A. 1798."

Mr. West may justly be considered the founder of Historical Engraving in England; for, beautiful as Woollett's productions from Wilson's sublime landscapes must be considered, yet his plates of the Death of General Wolfe, and the Battle of La Hogue, from West's pictures, stand unrivalled. The fame of Mr. Hall, the Engraver, a pupil of Ravenet, was not completely established until he produced his plate of Oliver Cromwell dissolving the Parliament, from West's picture; though the engraving of Penn's Treaty with the Indians possesses great merit. One observation more I can safely make from my own knowledge: that no Engravers could possibly be more cheerfully attentive to the remarks of the painter

whose works they were copying, than Woollett and Hall were to those of Mr. West, as I have been present whole mornings when he has been touching upon their proofs. All the collectors of exquisite engravings know what I assert to be true, that no prints from the works of one master surpass, or even equal, those by the two Historical-Engravers abovementioned; though Sharp's Witch of Endor, and Lear in the Storm, are wonderfully fine things, and are also both from pictures by West.

The career of this excellent man and great Painter was not closed till he was full of years and honour. Mr. West died, in the presence of his sons Raphael and Benjamin, on the 10th of March, 1820, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, on the sofa, on which he was accustomed to sleep, in the front drawing-room, at his house, No. 14, Newman-street, surrounded by some of the choicest specimens of ancient Art, both in pictures and drawings. He was in his eighty-second year. He continued his fondness for his two volumes of Frà Bartolomeo's drawings with such zeal, that within four days of his death, when I last felt the warm pressure of his friendly hand, one book lay open upon, and the other resting against, a small settee within his reach, so that he could conve-

niently turn them over and enjoy them from his pillow.

Mr. West's family having witnessed the profound respect paid to their late father, by personages of the highest rank and eminence in this country, empowered Mr. Henderson, the professional gentleman who then managed their affairs, to send invitations to all the noblemen and gentlemen then in town, with whom the President had been on terms of intimacy; of which the following is a copy of the one addressed to Sir George Beaumont, Bart.

"The honour of your presence is requested at Somerset-house, on Wednesday morning, the 29th of March, at half-past ten o'clock, to attend, with the Members of the Royal Academy, the interment of their late President, Benjamin West, Esq. in St. Paul's Cathedral.

"The favour of an answer is desired on or before Friday, the 24th of March, to be addressed to J. H. Henderson, Esq. 23, John-street, Bedford-row.

The members of the Royal Academy, anxious to pay every possible respect to the remains of their late venerable President, voted the following circular to be sent to all the members of their Institution.

"Royal Academy, 20th March, 1820.

"Sir;—It being the intention of the Royal Academy to attend the funeral of their late President, you are requested

to inform me, by the 22d inst. whether it will be convenient to you to join the rest of the Members on that occasion.

"The procession will leave the Academy at half-past Ten in the morning of Wednesday, the 29th inst.

"I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY HOWARD, R.A. *Sec.*"

After lying in state at the Royal Academy with all possible academic honours, he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near the honoured dust of Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the Professors Barry and Opie. Mrs. Benjamin West, to whom I am indebted for many communications, has enabled me to lay the following order of her father's funeral, with the names of the mourners, before the reader.

Six Constables, by threes.
Four Marshalmen, two and two.
City Marshal on horseback.
Undertaker on horseback.
Six Cloak-men on horseback, by twos.
Four Mutes on horseback, by twos.
Lid of feathers, with attendant pages.
Hearse and Six, with rich trappings, feathers, and velvets, attended by eight pages.
Two Mourning Coaches and four, with attendant pages, conveying the Pall-bearers.
Mourning Coach and four, with attendant pages, conveying the sons and grandsons of the deceased, as
CHIEF MOURNERS.

Mourning Coach and four, with attendant pages, conveying the family Trustees and Executors of the deceased.

Mourning Coach and four, with attendant pages, conveying the Reverends the Vicar of Mary-le-bone, the Chaplain to the Lord Mayor, and the medical attendant of the deceased.

Then followed sixteen Mourning Coaches and pairs, with attendant pages, conveying the Right Reverend the Chaplain, the Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, and the Members of the Royal Academy and Students.

Twenty Mourning Coaches and pairs, with attendant pages, conveying the Mourners and Private Friends of the deceased.

The private carriages attending were those of the following persons of rank:—The Lord Mayor, the Archbishop of York, the Dukes of Norfolk, Northumberland, and Argyll; the Marquesses of Lansdown and Stafford; the Earls of Liverpool, Essex, Aberdeen, Carlisle, Dartmouth, Powis, Mulgrave, Darnley, and Carysfort; Viscount Sidmouth; the Bishops of London, Salisbury, Carlisle, and Chester; Admiral Lord Radstock; the Right Honourables Sir William Scott, Charles Manners Sutton, and Charles Long; the American Ambassador; the Hon. General Phipps, Augustus Phipps; Sir George Beaumont, J. Fleming Leicester, Thomas Baring, and Henry Fletcher; the Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Wilson, Dr. Heslop, Dr. Bailey, Aldermen Birch and Wood, Mr. Chamberlain Clarke, Henry Banks, Esq. M.P. Richard Hart Davis, Esq. M.P. George Watson Taylor, Esq. M.P. Jesse Watts Russell, Esq. M.P. Henry Fauntleroy, Esq. Archibald Hamilton, Esq. Thomas Coutts, Esq. John Penn, Esq. Thomas Hope, Esq. Samuel Boddington, Esq. Walter Fawkes, Esq. George Hibbert, Esq. John Yenn, Esq. John Soane, Esq. Francis Chantrey, Esq. Henry Sansom, Esq. John Nash, Esq.

John Edwards, Esq. George Sheddon, Esq. James Dunlop, Esq. Joseph Ward, Esq. Henry Meux, Esq. &c. &c.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wellesley performed the service.

Pall-bearers.

Earl of Aberdeen	The Corpse.	Right Hon. Sir W. Scott
H. E. the American Ambassador		Hon. Gen. Phipps
Hon. Augustus Phipps		Sir George Beaumont
Sir Thomas Baring		Sir Robert Wilson

Chief-Mourners.

Raphael Lamarr West.
Benjamin West.
Benjamin West, Jun.
Robert Brunning (the old servant).
Henry Fauntleroy and James Henry Henderson, Esqrs.
Rev. Dr. Heslop, Rev. Mr. Borradaile.
Joseph Hayes, the Medical Attendant.
Bishop of Salisbury.
Prince Hoare, Esq.
Academicians and Associates, two by two.
Students, two by two,
Alderman Wood, Alderman Birch, Rev. — Est,
Rev. Holt Oakes, Henry Banks, Esq. M.P. W. Smith, Esq. M.P.
Richard Hart Davis, Esq. M.P.
George Watson Taylor, Esq. M.P.
Jesse Watts Russell, Esq. M.P.

Archibald Hamilton, Esq.	Thomas Hope, Esq.
Samuel Boddington, Esq.	Richard Payne Knight, Esq.
Thomas Lister Parker, Esq.	George Hibbert, Esq.
John Nash, Esq.	John Edwards, Esq.
Major Payne	Capt. Henry Wolseley
Capt. Francis Halliday	James St. Aubyn, Esq.
Henry Sansom, Esq.	— Magniac, Esq.
George Sheddon, Esq.	James Dunlop, Esq.

Joseph Ward, Esq.	N. Ogle, Esq.
George Repton, Esq.	William Wadd, Esq.
Henry Woodthorpe, Jun. Esq.	Christopher Hodgson, Esq.
— Cockerell, Jun. Esq.	Leigh Hunt, Esq.
P. Turnerelli	J. Holloway
Charles Heath	Henry Edridge
A. Robertson, Esq.	W. J. Newton, Esq.
John Taylor	T. Bonney
C. Muss	J. Martin
J. Green	John Galt
W. Carey	— Leslie
W. Behnes	George Samuel
John Young	Christopher Pack
W. Delamotte	E. Scriven
J. M. Davis.	C. Smart.

As I cannot possibly select from the pens of West's numerous and able biographers, a more sincere and eloquent eulogy than that which the present President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, passed upon the high talents of his predecessor, when he delivered an Address to the students of the Royal Academy, in 1823, I shall here insert the following extract from a privately-printed copy of that Lecture, which Sir Thomas did me the honour to give me; and I most sincerely hope that it may induce the religious part of the kingdom to visit the Historic Gallery, now open in Newman-street. The President, at page 7 in his Address above alluded to, says:—

"The elevated philosophy of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in those golden precepts, which are now acknowledged as canons of universal taste; and that illustrious Society, of which he was the centre,—combined with his genius to give a dazzling splendour to his name, which seemed to leave him without competitor; yet the powers and knowledge of Mr. West deserved not the contrast in their present fortunes.

"At an æra when Historical Painting was at the lowest ebb, (with the few exceptions, which the claims of the beautiful and the eminent permitted to the pencil of Sir Joshua,) Mr. West, sustained by the beneficent patronage of his late Majesty, produced a series of compositions from sacred and profane history, profoundly studied, and executed with the most facile power, which not only were superior to any former productions of English Art, but, far surpassing contemporary merit on the Continent, were unequalled at any period below the schools of the Carracci.

"The picture of 'The Return of Regulus to Carthage,' preserved with gracious attention in the Palace of Buckingham-house, and of 'The Shipwreck of St. Paul,' in the Chapel of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, are examples that may securely be adduced in testimony of the fact. Towards the close of an honoured and laborious life, and when his advanced age might reasonably have deterred him from exertion, he produced a large and interesting work, which, meeting with liberal reward, so forcibly excited the admiration of the public, as even by its attraction to add new means of patronage to the prompt benevolence that secured it. This was succeeded by others, of still more arduous subject, of greater magnitude, and, if possible, more powerfully impressive.

The display of such astonishing ability in age, (for he was employed on them in his eightieth year,) combined with the sacred importance of his subjects, gave him celebrity at the

close of his life, far greater than he had ever before enjoyed; and he became (almost to forgetfulness of deceased greatness) the one popular painter of his country. Yet what slight circumstances may retard the effect usually produced by death on the fame of the eminent and good! It is now more than three years that we have witnessed at his own residence an exhibition of the accumulated labours of this venerable and great artist, whose remains were honoured with a public funeral, and whose loss was felt as a national calamity—totally neglected and deserted! the spacious rooms in which they are arranged, erected in just respect to a parent's memory, and due attention to the imagined expectations of the public, as destitute of spectators as the vacant halls of some assembly; and but for the possession of other property of known value, threatening to injure the remaining fortunes of the filial love that raised them. But though unnoticed by the public, the gallery of Mr. West remains, Gentlemen, for you, and exists for your instruction; while the extent of knowledge that he possessed, and was so liberal to convey; the useful weight of his opinions, in societies of the highest rank; the gentle humanity of his nature, and that parental fondness, with which youth, and its young aspirings, were instructed and cherished by him, will render his memory sacred to his friends,—and endeared to the schools of this Academy, while respect for worth, and gratitude for invaluable service, are encouraged in them.

"For myself, indebted to his friendship for no inconsiderable portion of that service, I can truly say, that I never estimated the comprehensive ability of that great Artist so highly, as when comparing his labours in my memory, with many of the most celebrated compositions, then before me, of the revivers of modern art: and were the revered friend now living, to whom my letters were addressed, his report would be evidence of that impression.

"I hope it is impossible that the Nation should long continue its neglect; and seem to prove by this indifference, that the general enthusiasm so recently excited by those fine productions, and the respect then shown to their venerated author, were but the impulse and fashion of an hour, dependent on the mere convenience of place and distance, instead of the rational tribute of the judgment, and the feeling protection of an enlightened and just people. Yet, whatever, in extent of fame, had been the successful rivalry of Mr. West with his illustrious predecessor, the integrity of your late lamented President would still have yielded the chief honours of the English school to our beloved Sir Joshua! of whose works, character, and conversation, he often spoke, in the last years of the intercourse I had the honour to have with him, with that pleased and proud remembrance, which great minds always hold of the competitor who had most severely tasked their powers, of the genius that had surpassed them."

From the year 1768 to 1801, Mr. West had the honour of executing sixty-four pictures and other designs for our late most gracious Sovereign King George III. amounting to 34,187*l.* Though this sum is certainly a great one, yet it must be recollected that Mr. West was thirty-two years engaged upon them, and that his private and public commissions were very trifling until the year 1811, when his Royal Highness the Prince Regent and thirty-nine of the leading Members of the British Institution, subscribed the sum of three thousand guineas for a picture from the easel of Mr. West; by far the largest sum ever given for a picture

by a modern artist in this or any other country. To prove to the world how warmly Mr. West felt this flattering and most distinguished mark of favour, he presented each of the subscribers with a medal, struck at Birmingham, from a die sunk purposely by Mills, from a bust modelled by Chantrey. The obverse of this medal, which is the size of a crown piece, consists of the likeness in profile, round which is inscribed, "Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, M.D.C.C.C.XV."

The inscription on the reverse is as follows:

"Respectfully to perpetuate the names of those who, in M.D.C.C.C.XI, subscribed to purchase the picture of Christ in the Temple for the Gallery of the British Institution."

Within the inscription are the following names, in eight compartments, running in circles to the centre, commencing with

"H. R. H. P. Regent
M. of Stafford
B. of Durham
R. P. Knight
M. Camden

J. J. Angerstein
E. of Carlisle
L. Brownlow
E. Spencer
H. P. Hope

D. of Devonshire
E. of Egremont
E. of Darnley
L. Dundas
J. Nash

E. of Ashburnham
Sir T. Bernard
Sir T. Baring
R. H. C. Long
T. Coutts

"E. of Aylesford	C. J. Cholmondeley
D. of Bedford	Sir G. Beaumont
Lady Lucas	J. Hinckley
L. G. L. Gower	Sir A. Hume
Tho. Hope	W. Smith
D. of Bridgewater	E. of Hardwicke
Sir W. W. Wynne	Claude Scott
C. Duncombe	L. Kinnaird
W. Morland	Rev. W. Long
R. H. Davis	D. P. Watts."

In the centre of this reverse, within a wreath of oak-leaves and acorns, are these words, "Under the Regency."

About three hundred of these medals were struck in bronze, round the edge of one of which was engraven, "Presented by Mr. West to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent."

Upon reflection, Mr. West considered this bronze, though thus inscribed, an improper offering to so noble a Prince; he therefore had one struck in the purest gold, which he had the honour of presenting.*

About twelve of the bronzes were gilt, which were distributed to his own family, and one or two ladies of distinction.

* The discarded bronze medal, intended for his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, Mr. West gave to his daughter, Mrs. Benjamin West, who treasures it as an *unquestionable unique.*

HALL.

JOHN HALL, when a lad, painted ornaments upon china for the manufactories then in high estimation, at Chelsea, under the direction of Sir Stephen Janson.

Ravenet, Hall's master, was also employed to engrave copper-plates, from which the articles were stamped, consisting of scrolls, foliage, shells, pastoral subjects, and figures of every description. Of some of these productions, I have seen impressions on paper, and they, as well as every thing from the hand of Ravenet, do him great credit. Hall remained with Ravenet about two years beyond his stipulated time; and after gradually advancing in his Art, he married Miss Gilles, a lady of French extraction, by whom, as he acknowledged to Peter Audinet, the Engraver, (his pupil,) now living at No. 56, Great Russell-street, one of my informants, he had thirteen children; of which number only six were then living, two sons and four daughters. His eldest son, George William, was educated for the Church, and is now Master of Pembroke College, Oxford. His daughter Mary married that delight-

ful composer Stephen Storace, by whom she had one child, now deceased.

In thus noticing Storace, I may observe that his biographers are wrong as to his first public piece: it was "The Doctor and Apothecary;" "The Haunted Tower" was his second. A monument has been erected to his memory in Marylebone Church, the epitaph of which was written by his sincere and valuable friend, Prince Hoare, the Dramatic author, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy. Mr. Hall, when he quitted his house in Berwick-street, where he had resided for a number of years, took one in Cumberland-street, near the New-road, where it is said he never enjoyed his health, from suffering so much for the loss of his son-in-law Storace. Mr. Hall was buried in his wife's family-vault in Paddington Old Church-yard, upon the tomb-stone of which is the following inscription:—

"Mr. John Hall, died April 7th, 1797,
Aged 57."

Mr. Hall, like his friend Woollett, arrived at the summit of his Art; and upon the production of a proof of his plate from West's picture of Oliver Cromwell Dissolving the Parliament,

the late King George the Third appointed him his Historical-Engraver. By possessing a superior mind, and always associating with persons of worth and high literary talents, and being a man of the strictest integrity, Mr. Hall was highly respected through life by every one who knew him. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, was one of his best friends; of whom he engraved a most exquisite portrait, from a drawing in black and red chalk, which he made from a picture then at Buckingham-house, in the possession of the late Queen. He also engraved a portrait of Warburton, Bishop of Glouces-ter, for his patron, Dr. Hurd.

COSWAY.

RICHARD COSWAY, when a boy, was noticed by Mr. Shipley, the proprietor of the Drawing-school in the Strand, already mentioned, who took him to wait upon the students, and carry in the tea and coffee, which Mr. Shipley's housekeeper was allowed to provide, and for which she charged three-pence per head.

The students, among whom were 'Nollekens' and my father, good-temperedly gave Dick, for so he was called, instructions in drawing, and also advised him, finding him to have some talent, to try for a prize in the Society of Arts; and in 1755, he obtained a premium of 5*l.* 15*s.* for a drawing. In 1757, he gained another premium of 4*l.* 4*s.*; in 1758, one of 4*l.* 4*s.*; in 1759, a premium of 2*l.* 2*s.*; and in 1760, when he was under the age of twenty-four, another premium of 10*l.* 10*s.*

Soon after this, he left his master, and became a teacher in Parr's Drawing-school, in the Strand. He was also employed to make drawings of heads for the shops, as well as fancy-miniatures, and free subjects for snuff-boxes for the jewellers, mostly from ladies whom he knew; and from the money he gained, and the gaiety of the company he kept, he rose, from

one of the dirtiest boys, to one of the smartest of men. Indeed so ridiculously foppish did he become, that *Mat* Darley, the famous caricature printseller, introduced an etching of him in his window, in the Strand, as "The Macaroni Miniature-painter." He also was satirized by Dighton, whose drawing was engraved in mezzotinto, by the celebrated Earlom, when a beginner, though without the names of the artists; and the print, which is entitled, "The Macaroni Painter; or, Billy Dimple sitting for his picture," is now extremely rare. At the time this print was published, Mr. Cosway lived in Orchard-street, Portman-square, whence he removed to the house in which Shackelton, the Portrait-painter, had lived, of whom there is a rare engraving in mezzotinto. In this house, No. 4, Berkeley-street, opposite the Duke of Devonshire's wall, I first saw Mr. Cosway; and at that time he kept a black servant, who published an octavo work upon Slavery. I have often seen Mr. Cosway at the Elder Christie's Picture-sales, full-dressed in his sword and bag; with a small three-cornered hat on the top of his powdered toupée, and a mulberry silk coat, profusely embroidered with scarlet strawberries. It was in this house that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Royal brothers first noticed and employed Cosway;

which brought his very tasteful works into high estimation. He also collected old pictures, in which he dealt with no inconsiderable advantage; and he was fond of ancient armour, and particularly old household furniture, of which he possessed a prodigious quantity.

At this time, Cosway married Maria Hatfield, one of two daughters of a native of Shrewsbury, who kept an English hotel a short distance from Florence; she was married at St. George's, Hanover-square, and her mother then lived in the house now occupied by Thomas Phillips, Esq. R. A., and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy. The late Charles Townley, Esq. the collector of the Marbles now in the British Museum, gave the bride away. The other daughter, Charlotte, was a most amiable woman, and upon quitting her husband, the late Mr. Coombe, (the author of "Dr. Syntax's Tour,") whom she had unfortunately married, was invited into the agreeable society of her steady friend, Mrs. Curtis, of King's County, Ireland; a lady remarkable for her benevolence, literary attainments, and most elegant manners; with whom she still resides, and is treated with all the kindness of a sister.

From Berkeley-street, Mr. Cosway removed to Pall-mall, and for many years resided in the centre of three houses, which

originally were only one; being erected for the Duke of Schomberg. In the middle part, as it is now divided, lived Jarvis, the Painter, immortalized by Pope, whose whole-length portrait he painted, without exposing much of his deformity; next by Ashley, the Painter, who married Lady Duckenfield; after him by Nathaniel Hone, Esq. R.A.,* who kept a famous black woman in it as his model; and then by the "Celestial Doctor" Graham, the

* I take this opportunity of inserting Mr. Hone's Catalogue of his Pictures, referred to in the first volume of this work.

"1. A frame containing fifteen enamelled pictures, portraits. 2. A frame containing eleven pictures in enamel, portraits. 3. A frame containing thirteen portraits in enamel, copied from various painters: not one of the foregoing enamels have been painted within these fifteen years, as Mr. Hone gave up his leisure-hours from that time to painting in oil. 4. An Old Man, in crayons, painted twenty-seven years ago. 5. A Girl Drawing, painted above twenty years ago; this picture is a proof how little the colours have changed. 6. A Brickdust-man, the work of a day, in the first exhibition-room belonging to the Society of Arts, &c. 1760. 7. A Chinese Man, the work of an hour, as may be seen by the touch. 8. A Boy Deliberating on his Drawing, in the exhibition at Spring-gardens, 1766. 9. A Girl with a Rabbit, 1767, at Spring-gardens. 10. Diogenes Looking for an Honest Man, in the exhibition at Spring-gardens, 1768. 11. Signora Zamperini, in the character of Cecchini, at Spring-gardens, 1768. 12. A small whole-length of a Gentleman, at the Royal Academy, Pall-mall, 1769. 13. A Candlelight, "as if she 'd say, ''Tis time to bed, love, let 's away,'" at the Royal Academy, 1769. 14. A Piping Boy, at the Royal Academy,

Lecturer; and in this house it has been said the Doctor exhibited Emma Lyon, afterwards Lady Hamilton, as the Goddess of Health; though this has been expressly and positively

1769. 15. A Young Gentleman, at the Royal Academy, 1769. 16. The Tripoline Ambassador, 1770, at the Royal Academy. 17. Two Gentlemen in masquerade, at the Royal Academy, 1770; the cross is here restored as at first intended, instead of a punch-ladle, which was painted by order of the Council of the Academy for its admittance. 18. A mezzotinto print of the same, by Mr. Hone. 19. A Boy with a Garland, at the Royal Academy, 1771. 20. A Girl with a Dog, at the Royal Academy, 1771; in the collection of Richard Knight, Esq. 21. A Boy with a Portfolio, at the Royal Academy, 1771. 22. A Student with a plaster of Paris head in his hand, Royal Academy, 1771. 23. A Portrait of Mr. Hone's mother, in the eightieth year of her age; that of his father, in the back-ground, he copied from a picture of his own painting, when he was quite unacquainted with the Art, but was a strong likeness; at the Royal Academy, 1771. 24. David, when a shepherd, after he had freed his lamb from the lion, at the Royal Academy, 1771. 25. A Girl with a Cat, at the Royal Academy, 1772. 26. A Portrait of a Gentleman, at the Royal Academy, 1773. 27. A Fisherman, at the Royal Academy, 1773. 28. A Young Lady, in a round frame, 1773. 29. A Lady at Church, at the Royal Academy, 1774. 30. A Lady with a Nosegay, at the Royal Academy, 1774. 31. Portrait of an Officer, at the Royal Academy, 1774. 32. Portrait of a Sheep bleating within the rails, at the Royal Academy, 1774. 33. Portrait of a General Officer, at one sitting, unfinished. 34. Two Spaniels, belonging to John Bailey, Esq. of Ramridge. 35. A Lady, in profile, at one sitting. 36. A Profile of a Right Hon. Lady, copied from an enamelled mi-

contradicted by persons of the strictest veracity. In this residence, Graham was succeeded by Cosway; and when he left it, the Polygraphic Society occupied it for the exhibition of their

niature of Mr. Hone's painting several years ago. 37. A Portrait of a Gentleman. 38. Copied from a Landscape of Claude Lorraine, several years since, the original is in the collection of Lord Scarsdale, at Kedleston. 39. Copied from a Landscape of Salvator Rosa, in the collection of John Barnard, Esq. done at once painting, as it is supposed the original was. 40. A Winter Evening's Amusement, a drawing in bister several years since. 41. A ditto. 42. A ditto. 43. A ditto, in black chalk. 44. A View from one of the Huts on Sydenham Common, some years ago. 45. A Girl with a Shell, this is the original; the copy, at the Royal Academy, is done by a young gentleman who has not been seven months with Mr. Hone. 46. Mr. Hone's portrait, about five years ago, painted to imitate the old dress of Henry the Eighth's time, the dress unfinished. 47. A Hare. 48. A Pheasant, unfinished. 49. A Lady with her Daughter.—These six following were intended to have been exhibited in the Royal Academy this year, and were actually hung up there. 50. The Daughter of a Peer, whole-length. 51. A lady with a lyre. "Audire, et videor pios errare per lucos, amœnæ quos et aquæ subeunt, et auræ. Hor. Carmen ad Calliopen. 52. A Lady in a turban, with a musical instrument. 53. A Judge. 54. St. Paviarius; the head finished at once painting, from the same man who sat for the Conjuror.—This poor but honest fellow, was formerly a pavior, for which reason he is named, as have heretofore been St. Veronica, St. Christopher, &c. from some particular action. 55. The Conjuror, refused by the Council of the Royal Academy, though Mr. Hone had agreed to make some alterations in the picture. 57. A Drawing of a Lady

wretched copies of good pictures. They put up the figures at the porch, and then Bryan, the Picture-dealer, adorned it with old pictures, for the most part extensively retouched by my old fellow student William Brooks. After him came the friendly Peter Coxe, the Auctioneer, and Author of that beautifully embellished Poem entitled, "The Social Day:" Mr. Payne, the owner of the house, came to it from his father's premises at the Mewsgate, so well known to the literati of the day. He still, with his partner Mr. Foss, not only occupies it as one of the most valuable bookseller's shops in the Metropolis, but also enjoys it under the friendly and enviable appellation of "Honest Tom Payne's." When Cosway lived in Pall-Mall, his Maria, of whom there are several engraved portraits, held her concerts in it, which were sanctioned by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and some of

and Child. 58. A Drawing in bister, from Jacob Ruisdael.* 59. A Candlelight, in enamel. 60. A Locust, in the month of *August*, 1748, was taken up in a street in *London*, in enamel. 61. A Shell, in enamel. 62. A Candlelight, from G. Dow, in enamel. 63. A Chinese figure, in enamel. 64. A Moth and Butterfly, in enamel. 65. A Candlelight drawing. 66. St. Catherine, unfinished, in oil."

* So written by the artist himself upon his etchings—Fuseli spells it Ruysdaal.

the highest fashionables of the day; the professional talents were of the first class, and Pall-Mall, upon Sunday evenings, was hardly passable. Amongst the numerous letters received by Mrs. Cosway at this time, she was honoured with the two following from her Grace Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

"DEAR MRS. COSWAY,

"I AM extremely sorry that my Mother's illness prevents my going out and coming to you to-night.——If you have the harp-woman, (I forget her hard name,) I wish you would tell her that I hope to see her as soon as my Mother is better.

"Believe me, yours ever,

"G. DEVONSHIRE."

"DEAR MRS. COSWAY, Thursday.

"PRAY send to Mademoiselle Carotine, and tell her I was sent for out of town on Election business, which will prevent my seeing her at five to-day.

"I am, dear Mrs. Cosway,

Yours,

"G. DEVONSHIRE."

The following complimentary letter, is from the celebrated Mrs. Cowley, one of the numerous literary characters who also attended Mrs. Cosway's concerts.

"MY DEAR MRS. COSWAY,

"THIS morning I was informed by Mr. Mathew, who received it from Mr. Hutton, that you have been extremely ill. I am—how foolish to say 'I am very sorry!' that phrase is in the mouths of all the children of indifference. I am

myself very ill, or, instead of my daughter, you would have seen me.

"But how can you, whom I saw last Tuesday at Somerset-house, so well,—how can you have been a long time ill? Yes, I saw you, yourself! If you can draw every body, as justly as the fair Maria, you will be the first portrait-painter in the kingdom. It is identically you, without subtraction or addition.

"Your Ossian is charming! the Maid of Arragon is placed too high;—but 'tis a sweet, elegant picture! I could not find the Love-sick damsel of the Sun;—but I must go again. Pray let me know how you are;—and tell me that some morning of the coming week I shall be a welcome visitant.

"Your ever affectionate,

"H. Cowley."

"Pov is-place.

"Sunday evening."

The next house inhabited by Cosway, was one of those, with a lion by its side, at the entrance of Stratford-place, Oxford-street, and was situate at the south-west corner. No sooner, however, were his stoves fixed, but an unlucky wight stuck the following lines upon his door, said to have been written by Peter Pindar:

"When a man to a fair for a show brings a lion,
'Tis usual a monkey the sign-post to tie on:
But here the old custom reversed is seen,
For the Lion 's without—and the Monkey 's within!"

Cosway, though a well-made little man, was certainly very much like a monkey in his face; and therefore, to avoid a repetition of this

attack, he left this lion-guarded mansion for No. 20, in the same street. I there recollect seeing him stand at the fireside, upon one of Madame Pompadour's rugs, leaning against a chimney-piece, dedicated to the Sun, the ornaments of which were sculptured by Banks, giving instructions to a Picture-dealer to bid for some of the Merly drawings, at the memorable sale of Ralph Willett, Esq. His new house he fitted up in so picturesque, and, indeed, so princely a style, that I regret drawings were not made of the general appearance of each apartment; for many of the rooms were more like scenes of enchantment, pencilled by a poet's fancy, than any thing, perhaps, before displayed in a domestic habitation. His furniture consisted of ancient chairs, couches, and conversation-stools, elaborately carved and gilt, and covered with the most costly Genoa velvets; escritoires, of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; and rich caskets for antique gems, exquisitely enamelled, and adorned with onyxes, opals, rubies, and emeralds. There were also cabinets of ivory, curiously wrought; mosaic-tables, set with jasper, blood-stone, and lapis-lazuli, having their feet carved into the claws of lions and eagles; screens of old raised oriental Japan; massive musical-clocks, richly chased with or-molu and

tortoise-shell; ottomans, superbly damasked; Persian and other carpets, with corresponding hearth-rugs, bordered with ancient family crests, and armorial ensigns in the centre; and rich hangings of English tapestry. The chimney-pieces were carved by Banks, and were farther adorned with the choicest bronzes, models in wax terracotta; the tables covered with old Sévre, blue, Mandarin, Nankin, and Dresden china; and the cabinets were surmounted with crystal cups adorned with the York and Lancaster roses, which might probably have graced the splendid banquets of the proud Wolsey. His specimens of armour were truly rich, but certainly not to be compared with those in Dr. Meyrick's splendid collection, of which the public can form but little conception from the work lately published: highly interesting and useful as it most unquestionably is, particularly to the antiquary, the historian, and above all, to artists and theatrical managers.

Being in possession of three original letters, addressed to Cosway by Tresham, Bourgeois, and Fuseli, I shall venture to present the reader with the following copies:—

"Ramsgate, Oct. 11th, 1801,
"No. 6, Chapel-place.

"DEAR COSWAY,

"BEING detained here much longer than I had originally intended, and not being, at present, able to determine the

time of my departure, I take up the pen to congratulate you as an Artist, and humane man, on the pacification that has taken place between rival nations, under the auspices of Lord Hawkesbury and Buonaparte. Peace, peace, peace, is echoed along the cliffs from this spot to Dover, from which place I have just returned, and where I received much gratification from visiting the Castle, and every thing interesting in the neighbourhood: this has been my second visit. Your friend Mr. Smith's house is situated in a most delightful and dangerous spot. I am in love with a tenement that he lets for two guineas a-year, cut out of the rock, and at present inhabited by a healthy-looking man, who exults in, and practises the art of drying flounders in the Dutch style. If this tenant should make a fortune and retire from business, Mr. Smith shall have an increase of rent, (indulging me with a preference in the lease). I long to have possession, remove my colour-box and books, suffer my beard to grow, and by becoming the Dover Hermit, retire into celebrity: until this event takes place, we must pursue the beaten-track; therefore I request you will favour me with a letter, replete with information on Academical surmises, plans, arrangements, intended elections, Thatched-house dinner-parties, and every thing that tends to gratify a greedy inquirer. My intention is to be in London, at farthest, on the first of November. An accident, which has brought on a violent inflammation in my aunt's leg, attended with alarming symptoms, has very much deranged our party, and, waiting for favourable symptoms, detains me. The surgeon that attends, hopes in a fortnight to be able to check the progress of mortification.

"'Tis curious to observe the vicissitudes in the human mind. My aunt now says that I am her only friend, and that my leaving her would be her death; that she expects from my affection what she never could purchase; and attentions on my side are the more meritorious, as she no longer has it in

her power to reward them. Thus, my dear friend, am I situated: with regard to health, the sea air and warm sea-baths have done me a great deal of service. I am firmer on my legs, and think I am so fortified, that I shall be able now to hold out a very long siege. If my name is not totally forgotten by Mrs. Cosway, present her with my best compliments. *Sir William Beechey* and *Sir Francis Bourgeois* have my very good wishes; when you see them, tell them I hope they sometimes think of me; and inform our excellent friend, honest *Paul Sandby*, that I have a budget of verses for his perusal; tell him they were inspired by love, and are most delectable trifles. Believe me to be with sincerity,

"Your friend, obedient, &c. &c.

"H. TRESHAM.

"My best compliments to Miss Cosway."

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I BEG you will attend to-morrow the General Meeting of the Royal Academy, ordered by Mr. West, contrary to the laws of the Institution, which prohibit any one *to enter the rooms before the Exhibition opens, the Council and necessary servants excepted.*

"You know, that by the laws, no picture can be admitted after it has been rejected by the Council, and that the said Council has the entire direction and management of all the business of the Society.

"I hope you will, on this occasion, prove, as usual, a steady friend to the laws of our Institution; and I am,

"Dear Sir,

Your's truly,

"F. BOURGEOIS."

"April 24, 1803."

"SIR,

"PERMIT me to inform you that, after long consideration, I venture to offer myself a Candidate for the place vacated by the demise of Mr. Wilton.

"I am not vain enough to imagine, that the familiarity with which you have honoured me, and the suffrage which, on a former occasion, you have given in my favour, will enable me at present to expect your vote in preference to other claimants. My hopes of some attention to my request, must solely arise from your conviction that those persons whose claims you might be inclined to support, cannot be successful candidates.

"I am, Sir,
With the highest esteem,
"Berners-street, Your obedient, humble servant,
Dec. 7th, 1803." "H. FUSELI."

Unfortunately for Mr. Cosway, he had the reputation of *shooting with a long bow*, and sometimes his stories were in the wildest spirit of supernatural agency, to which he was a devotee, as will appear by the following anecdote. One day, at the Royal Academy dinner, he assured a brother Academician, that he had that morning been visited by Mr. Pitt, who had then been dead about four years. "Well," asked the brother member, "and pray what did he say to you?"—*Cosway.* "Why, upon entering the room, he expressed himself prodigiously hurt that, during his residence on this earth, he had not encouraged my talents."—

Academician. "How can you, Cosway, utter such trash? You know all you have now uttered to be lies, and I can prove it; for this very morning, after Mr. Pitt had been with you, he called upon me and said, 'I know that Cosway will mention my visit to him at your dinner to-day; don't believe a word he says, for he will tell you nothing but lies.'"—I have heard Cosway relate conversations which he has held with King Charles I. so seriously, that I firmly believe he considered every thing he uttered to be strictly true.

When Mrs. Cosway left England, Mr. Cosway had the care of their daughter, of whom he was so doatingly fond, that he drew her portrait several times, and actually painted a picture of her when asleep, with a guardian angel rocking her cradle.

Upon Mrs. Cosway's return to England, after an absence of several years, she caused the body of their departed child, which her husband had preserved in an embalmed state within a marble sarcophagus, which stood in the drawing-room of his house in Stratford-place, to be conveyed to Bunhill-row, where it was interred; sending the sarcophagus to Mr. Nollekens, requesting him to take care of it for a time.

It is a curious coincidence, that at the same hour this sarcophagus was removed from Mr. Nollekens's residence, Mr. Cosway died* on the road to Edgeware, in the carriage of his old and most disinterested friend, Miss Udney, who had been accustomed during his infirm state occasionally to give him an airing.

* Mrs. Cosway employed Mr. Westmacott to erect a mural monument to the memory of her husband; in the centre of which he has placed a medallion portrait of the Artist, surrounded by three children, as Painting, Poetry, and Nature. The following inscription was written expressly for it by Syntax Coombe:—

"To the Memory
Of Richard Cosway, Esquire,
Royal Academician;
Principal Painter
To His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales.
He died July 4th, 1821, aged 80 years.
His Widow, Maria Cosway,
Erects this Memorial.
Art weeps, Taste mourns, and Genius drops the tear,
O'er him so long they loved, who slumbers here:
While colours last, and time allows to give
The all-resembling grace, his name shall live."

The monument is on the North wall under the gallery of Marylebone New Church.

HARLOW.

GEORGE HENRY HARLOW was placed by his mother with Henry De Cort, a Landscape-draughtsman, of slender abilities, but like such people, rather conceited; whose remains rest in the Eastern part of Old St. Pancras Churchyard.* He next became the pupil of Samuel Drummond, the Portrait-painter, now A. R. A. under whose instruction he studied assiduously and improved so rapidly, that Sir Thomas (then Mr.) Lawrence, being highly pleased with his productions, employed him to prepare some of his pictures in the dead colouring, to advance copies, &c. but whose repeated kindnesses, I am sorry to acknowledge, were ill-requited.

Harlow, naturally vain, became ridiculously foppish, and by dressing to the extreme of fashion, was often the laughing-stock of his brother artists, particularly when he wished to pass for a man of high rank, whose costume he mimicked; and that folly he would often venture upon without an income sufficient to pay one of his many tailor's bills.

As he was not accustomed to drinking, two

* De Cort was a native of Antwerp, and died June 28th, 1810, aged 71.

or three glasses of wine would take such an effect upon him, that in that state he held no curb upon his licentious conversation; which was at times so gross, that many persons who had for his rare talent invited him to their tables, were so disgusted that they never asked him again. However, notwithstanding all his foppish foibles and several great improprieties, I must own I feel the strongest impulse, when viewing his uncommon powers as a painter displayed in his ever memorable picture of the Kemble family, to join his numerous admirers, who endeavour to obtain him the longest possible respite from condemnation. His pencil was so rapid, and his eye for copying so quick, that when at Rome, he actually commenced and finished a copy of Raffaelle's Transfiguration, of the size of the original, in only eighteen days.

Of the immense number of portraits painted of Northcote, perhaps the one by Harlow may fairly be appreciated as the best likeness, particularly of those taken in that veteran's latter days: and of which there is an engraving, executed in an uncommonly fine style, by Lewis, so eminently successful in his fac-simile imitations of Sir Thomas Lawrence's chalk portraits of several persons of distinction; of which those of the late Duchess of Devonshire surpass the

rest. Harlow also made a highly-spirited beginning of a portrait of Nollekens, which is now honoured with a place in the Duchess of St. Alban's dressing-room, opening into the garden at her Grace's mansion in Piccadilly.

The same Painter likewise produced one of the most dignified and characteristic likenesses of Fuséli, for which that artist threw himself into a position, and gave the Painter every possible advantage, by affording him numerous sittings. This truly brilliant and invaluable picture is now in the possession of Mr. Knowles, one of Fuseli's most intelligent as well as best friends; and it may, from its richness of colouring, grandeur of effect, and exquisite finishing, be fairly considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of that highly-talented Artist, though perhaps most improvident of men.

Mrs. Benjamin West has favoured me with Harlow's letter addressed to her father-in-law, the late President of the Royal Academy, of which the following is a copy.

"Sir,

"There is a grand opening for me in Pall-Mall, wherein I may exercise the Art, having a great desire to make a copy of the celebrated head by Vandyck, and others, which will require your kind recommendation; if you think well of it, a few words from you will be sufficient for my

admittance there. My being a pupil of Mr. Lawrence, bound me to ask it of him, but his being out of town prevented me. You may, perhaps, have forgot me; I was the person who painted Sebastian Grandi's head, which was shown to you. Excuse the liberty I have taken—a few words will be enough, and the act shall be considered a lasting obligation by him that has the honour to remain,

"With much respect,

"GEORGE HARLOW."

The reader will, however, be better pleased with the following copy of a most interesting letter, kindly communicated to me by my friend Mr. Watts, Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, to whom the gentleman addressed had presented the original.

"4, Piazza Rosa secondo Piano
in casa di Polidori,
"Rome, November 23, 1818.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I OUGHT to have thanked you before this for the receipt of both your letters, which I assure you gave me great pleasure; you might probably have expected a letter between this and then, and my reason for not writing was, as you will easily suppose, being continually engaged from morning to night; however, the major part of my labours are now at an end, having, since my arrival, made an entire copy of the Transfiguration; the next was a composition of my own, of fifteen figures, which created no small sensation here. Canova requested to have the picture at his house for a few days, which was accordingly sent, and, on the 10th of November, upwards of five hundred persons saw it; it was then

removed to the Academy of St. Luke's, and publicly exhibited. They unanimously elected me an Academician, and I have received the diploma: there are many things which have made this election very honourable to me, of which you shall hear in England. You must understand, that there are two degrees in our Academy, one of merit, the other of honour; mine is of merit, being one of the body of the Academy: the same night of my election, the King of Naples received his honorary degree (being then in Rome on a visit to the Pope) in common with all the other Sovereigns of Europe; and I am happy to find the Duke of Wellington is one also. West, Fuseli, Lawrence, Flaxman, and myself, are *the only* British Artists belonging to St. Luke's, as Academicians. This institution is upwards of three hundred years standing. Raffaelle, the Carracci's, Poussin, Guido, Titian, and every great master that we esteem, were members. I had the high gratification to see my name enrolled in the list of these illustrious characters. Now, my dear friend, as this fortunate affair has taken place, I should wish it added to the print of Katherine's Trial; you would, perhaps, have the kindness to call on Mr. Cribb, the Publisher, in Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, and have it worded thus, *Member of the Academy of St. Luke's, at Rome.* I mention this, as it is a grand plate, and indeed ought to be added. I expect to be in England by Christmas-day, or near it; I shall have an immensity to talk over. I was much pleased with Naples, stayed ten days; went to Portici, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, and ascended Mount Vesuvius; this was a spectacle, the most awful and grand that I had ever witnessed, the fire bursting every two minutes, and the noise with it like thunder; red hot ashes came tumbling down continually where I stood sketching, many of which I brought away, and different pieces of the old Lava, which I hope to show you; the eruption took place a week or two after I left. But Pompeii exhibits now

the most extraordinary remains of antiquity in the world; a whole city laid open to view; the habitations are unroofed, but in other respects are quite perfect. The house of Sallust, the Roman historian, was particularly gratifying to me, unaltered, and in every respect, except the furniture, (which I believe is now in Portici,) the same as it was eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, when inhabited by him. There are many shops; in one, the amphoræ, which held the wine, are curious, and marks of the cups they used, upon the slabs, are distinctly seen: a milk-shop, with the sign of a goat, is perfectly preserved with the vessels, and also several other shops in the same perfect state. Rome has been a scene of the utmost gaiety lately, during the stay of the King of Naples. I was at three splendid balls given at the different palaces; we were obliged to appear in court-dresses, and the Cardinals added much to the richness and grandeur of the party. The ladies looked peculiarly striking, but they did not wear hoops, as in the English Court. We had French and English dances, &c. and the fire-works surpassed all my expectations. Upon the whole, the entertainments were very novel and very delightful. I am to be presented to the Pope either on the 2d or 3d of next month. Cardinal Gonsalvi will let me know when the day is fixed, and I leave Rome directly after; perhaps the next day—a day that I most sincerely dread, for I have become so attached to the place and the people, that I expect a great struggle with myself. I should be the most ungrateful of human beings, if I did not acknowledge the endless favours they have bestowed on me. It is the place of all others for an artist, as he is sure to be highly appreciated if he has any talent; and I shall speak of the country to the end of my days with the most fervent admiration.

I forgot to thank you for your kindness in calling on Mr. West, and the trouble you so very kindly took for me. The

Transfiguration, I think, will make a stare in England: there are other pictures, sketches, and prints, also two large Roman casts of figures, and some porphyry and Egyptian granite slabs, &c., which will be directed to Mr. Tijou, in Greek-street; and I hope you will remember me very kindly to him and to all my friends.

"Your's very sincerely,

"G. H. HARLOW.

"Thomas Tomkison, Esq.
Dean-street, Soho-square,
London."

Mr. Harlow, after lingering under the severest bodily affliction, departed this life at his house, No. 83, Dean-street, Soho, on the 4th of February, 1819, in his 32nd year. His funeral was attended by the Rev. G. Vardon, C. M. Cheere, Esq. M.P., Messrs. Cockerell, Fisher, Andrews, Goldicutt, White, and *his steady friends*, Messrs. Tijou, of Greek-street, &c.

FUSELI.

HENRY FUSELI considered the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds unequal. He said that a great many of them were indifferent, though some were so wonderfully fine, that nothing could surpass them;* but he observed, that even the most inferior picture from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence was excellent.

Fuseli, speaking of Nollekens to me, said, "He thinks himself a very cunning little fellow in his plagiarisms, but he can be detected as well as other artists. Why, the principle of the position of the Mercury he modelled from you, he took from Stella's print after Poussin's picture of the 'Accusation of Peter.'" This accusation reached the ear of Nollekens, who observed to me, that Fuseli had no occasion to make such a remark; "for I know," said he, "he frequently steals things himself. Why, do you know, he stole the idea of one of the figures for Seward's Anecdotes, from a female in the background of Pesne's print after Poussin's Woman at the Well. He sketched it in my parlour, one evening, from my print, and showed it to

* Sir Joshua Reynolds and Doctor Armstrong were Fuseli's best friends; the latter of whom frequently noticed him in the newspapers.

Mrs. Nollekens, and said it would do very well for a figure in deep meditation; so that I am sure Fuseli need not talk of my taking a hint for my Mercury. But he's always for ever ridiculing me." As to the extent of the truth of this, I shall not venture a remark: but this I do know, and Mr. Knowles is my authority, that when his friend, the late Mr. Coutts, requested him to recommend a Sculptor to execute a bust of him, Fuseli immediately answered, "Go to Nollekens for a bust."

It is well known that Fuseli could put forth his sting when he indulged his wit, as will appear in the following anecdote. Fuseli, hearing that Northcote, the Painter, kept a dog, immediately exclaimed, "What? Northcote keep a dog! what must he feed upon? Why he must eat his own fleas."

Severe as Fuseli was, I should be sorry to merit the lash of Northcote, for his thong would make any man's back tingle who dared to kick him viciously; indeed Fuseli has been known to smart at even the twitch of Northcote's retort-courteous. As for the dog alluded to, I will answer for Duke, that he, poor fellow! was one of the most sagacious, faithful, best-bred, and best-fed animals I ever knew. His very eyes smiled at his master and mistress's friendly

visitors. As I have said master and mistress, it is proper that the biographer of a century to come should not be misled, and conclude that Mr. Northcote had been a married man. His sister keeps his house, and their happiness seems to exist in the society of each other; they listen to each other's anecdotes with the pleasure of old friends, and receive their visitors with true hospitality.

A late worthy friend, who would now and then make my fireside-party smile, has declared, that Mr. Northcote's sister appeared to him like Northcote in petticoats; and they certainly are wonderfully alike. There is, indeed, one most honourable circumstance which this celebrated artist has to boast of, namely, that his pictures, whenever they have been resold at auctions, have always been knocked down for more than *four* times their original price; and what is more, they have generally been purchased by persons of high rank and taste. Lord Egremont has, perhaps, the finest specimens of his pencil.

One day, as Fuseli, Northcote, and Legat, the Engraver, were walking from Hampstead to London, the two latter gentlemen were extolling the talent of Brown, the Draughtsman, who was so much noticed by Mr. Townley. Fuseli, after having listened to the Artist's praise,

exclaimed, "Well Brown, Brown, we have had enough of Brown; let us now talk of Cipriani, who is in hell!" Cipriani had been one of Fuseli's best friends when he first came to England. Fuseli, whose wit was at all times spirited and unexpected, upon entering the Antique Academy one evening, bruised his shin against one of the student's boxes which stood in his way, but, instead of chiding the student who had left it there, he very good-humouredly cried out, drawing his leg up to his body, "Bless my heart! bless my heart! well, I see one thing, I must now wear spectacles upon my shins as well as upon my nose."

The students, whilst waiting to go into the schools one evening, were making so great a noise, that Fuseli came out of his office into the hall, and called out in a voice of thunder, "By G—d! you are a pack of d—d wild beasts, and I am your bl—st—d keeper!" upon which some of the students laughing at the singularity of the expression, the old gentleman was put into so good a humour, that he went back without saying any thing more.

Upon his entering the Model Academy, he observed the pieces of a figure on the ground; "Who the devil has been doing this?" A tell-tale of a student, wishing to ingratiate himself

with the Keeper, told him it was Mr. Medland, who had broken it by jumping over the rail. However, the mischief-maker was disappointed by the good-tempered manner in which the communication was received by Fuseli, who observed, "Well, if Mr. Medland is so fond of jumping, I would advise him to go to Sadler's Wells; that is the best academy I know of for the improvement of agility."

Rembrandt, who painted and etched his own portrait oftener than any other artist, in one of his pictures, represented himself with so large a nose, that Fuseli exclaimed, upon seeing it, "What a nose! why his nose is as big as his face! Well, he was a fine fellow; I like to see a great man with a great nose. Richard Wilson had a great nose."

A person wishing to see Mr. Fuseli upon business wholly concerning himself, was so close upon Sam Stowger's heels, that he announced himself, hoping that he did not intrude. "You do intrude," observed Fuseli.—"Then, Sir, I will come to-morrow, if you please."—"No, Sir," replied Fuseli, "I don't wish you to come to-morrow, for then you will intrude a second time; let me know your business now."

Mr. Northcote is in possession of a letter, which he received from Fuseli when at Rome,

in 1778, concluding with "Love me,—Fuseli." Northcote, in his dry manner, when noticing this epistle, was heard to remark, "A pretty creature to love, indeed! but I admire his talents."*

Upon one of the private days for viewing the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Fuseli coming in contact with Nollekens, who at that time had a scorbutic eruption on half his mouth and chin, fell back, and said, "Why, Nollekens, what the devil's the matter with you? you look like Valentine and Orson united; one half shaved and the other not at all."

The two following anecdotes were communicated to me by my worthy friend Mr. Cooper, the Academician. Mr. Nollekens greatly annoyed the members of the Academy by coughing incessantly when they were engaged in retouching their pictures, before the opening of an Exhibition. As he was passing Fuseli, after coughing several times, he muttered, "Oh! dear, I am sure I shall die!" to which Fuseli humorously replied, "While you have a cough, Nollekens, you can never die!"—A student of

* Mr. Northcote recollects one of Armstrong's newspaper paragraphs running something like this; "Parry may learn from Reynolds, but there is one now unknown and unpatronized, who will astonish, terrify, and delight all Europe!" &c.

the Academy, when showing his drawing to Mr. Fuseli, assured him that he had finished it without using a crumb of bread. "Take my advice," said Fuseli; "go and buy a two-penny loaf, and I think with that you will be able to rub it all out."

Mrs. Fuseli being in a great rage, was advised by her husband to swear. "Harriet, my dear, why don't you swear? it will ease your mind."

Fuseli thus reprimanded one of the porters in the hall, for calling the students fellows. "Fellows! I would have you to know, that those fellows, as you call them, may one day or another be Academicians."

One morning, two members of the Royal Academy, who had been disappointed in their wishes for the election of Fuseli as a member on the preceding evening, agreed to repeat their assurances of their future exertions in his favour. Accordingly they made him a visit; and as soon as the door was opened, Fuseli, who stood in the passage, knowing how the election had gone, with his accustomed humour, fiercely exclaimed, "Come in, come in!" but finding they continued to scrape their shoes, he again cried out, "Why the devil don't you come in? if you don't come in, you will do me a great injury." "How?" asked one of them. "Why,

if you stand there, my neighbour over the way will say, 'I saw two blackguards stand at Fuseli's door; I dare say he is going to prison!'"

Fuseli's severe criticisms upon the works of his brother artists were often so pointedly witty, that in some instances he rendered his best friends both uneasy and ridiculous; but as he good-naturedly bore many sarcasms from Doctor Wolcott and other critics of his time, so he thought his friends would receive, with equal good temper, whatever he said of them or their productions. I must, however, do him the justice to say, that I firmly believe his observations were not kept in reserve to show off in the presence of great people—a practice too common with men viciously inclined; for sometimes his most stinging remarks were made to those of the least perception: and I firmly believe that many of his best are now entirely lost, though now and then Sam Stowger would relate a few of them. One I recollect hearing respecting Northcote's picture of the Judgment of Solomon, in which the King's right hand was raised, as ordering the executioner to divide the living child. Mr. Northcote, to avoid vulgarity, employed two fingers of the hand to accompany the commands; but, unfortunately, these fingers Fuseli considered, as they were

wide apart, to be so much like an open pair of shears, that he was heard to make the following observation; "Ay, King Solomon suits his action to his words, he is saying, with his fingers, *cut him in two.*"

One year, during the time the artists were touching up their pictures in the great room at the Royal Academy, previous to the opening of the Exhibition, Northcote was looking at one of Fuseli's pictures, in which a man was represented in the attitude of shooting at another seated upon a throne. Fuseli, who observed Northcote to stop at this performance, went up to him, and said, "Well, Northcote, what do you think of it?" To which the answer was, "*He'll never hit him.*" Fuseli, without returning thanks for this pointed remark, sullenly ascended the ladder, and after working upon it for nearly an hour descended, and going to some distance to view it, was heard to utter, emphatically, "*He will hit him! I say he will hit him!!*" However, "Tit for tat." Northcote had hit Fuseli in the wing, for he could not fly, no, not even after the attempted struggle, as the marksman's arrow was drawn parallel to the top of the frame, perfectly horizontal, and the man he wished to shoot was seated in an inward angle of the composition!

and so the picture remained during the whole time of exhibition.

Fuseli seeing a person for some time looking steadfastly at one of his pictures in the Academy, went up to him and said, "He must be a devilish clever fellow who painted that picture!" at which the gentleman smiled, knowing it to be the production of the artist who accosted him.

Fuseli was heard to relate, that he begged a curious fly of his friend Lady Guildford, for a collector, to whom he had been under some obligations; her Ladyship gave him the insect, upon condition that his friend should not kill it. Fuseli observed that *he* should not kill it; but, as a mental reservation, he got somebody else to do it.

Fuseli once asked Cooper, who is an Entomologist, "Well, have you taken *Fraxina?*"*— "No," said he, "I have not been so fortunate."— "You can get it in Yorkshire," observed Fuseli; "why don't you walk there?"

All Fuseli's family had been Entomologists; and so attached was he to the pursuit, that one evening, late in life, when descending from the rostrum, after he had delivered a Lecture on Painting in the Royal Academy, which had

* One of the Underwings.

almost exhausted him, he was so revived by the sight of Cooper, who stood near him, that he said with a smile, "What! is it you, Cooper? well, how goes on entomology?"

Fuseli has seldom been spoken of as a Painter beyond a chiaro-'scurist, nor was it until I saw his picture of the Embrace of Sin and Death, that I had any idea of his knowledge of colouring; but, in that performance, he most certainly has proved that he could colour most beautifully, and why he neglected so essential a branch of his art, after producing so brilliant a specimen, is most extraordinary. This treasure is in the possession of Mr. Knowles, who has withstood every temptation to part with it, even from his dearest friend Fuseli himself; who, upon all occasions, declared it to be by far the best picture in every respect that he had produced. In my opinion, it possesses a combination of the style of Rembrandt and Titian; and is altogether, though not of so brown a cast, not unlike the usual effect of Sir Joshua Reynolds; in particular, the right arm of the female figure, which is altogether admirably drawn, is a rich, clear, and perfect specimen of flesh. There is neither name nor date upon this picture; nor was it, Mr. Knowles informs me, ever his custom to put his name either

upon his pictures or drawings; the latter he would date, and state where they were made, as "at Rome," "Putney-hill," &c.—I shall now close the few anecdotes respecting this great man, with a sincere wish that Mr. Knowles may soon favour the public with his intended Life of him, for the composition of which his close intimacy with Mr. Fuseli afforded him such excellent opportunities; indeed I am convinced, that no one is better qualified for the work, nor in possession of a richer mine of materials; as I understand that he has six unprinted Lectures, an abundance of papers of the most interesting kind, and two hundred original aphorisms, which, if we may judge from Fuseli's pungent wit, would alone make an entertaining volume. Mr. Knowles and Fuseli were inseparable and bosom friends; and as a convincing proof how highly he is respected by Mrs. Fuseli, that lady, who has so much in her power to communicate, has presented him with the splendid silver cup, so liberally designed by Flaxman for the Students of the Royal Academy, who presented it to their Keeper by subscription; for, however strange it may appear, though his manner was at times so repulsive to them, they all seemed to love him. Mr. Knowles kindly complied

with my request to insert, in this work, the following inscriptions engraven upon it.

"TO
HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R.A.
KEEPER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,
FROM
THE STUDENTS;
1807."

To the above inscription Mrs. Fuseli caused the following to be added.

"GIVEN TO
JOHN KNOWLES, ESQ. F.R.S.
AT THE REQUEST OF
HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R.A.
BY HIS WIDOW."*

Another favour I now publicly ask of Mr. Knowles, namely, that he will allow an engraving of his friend's portrait, painted by Harlow, to accompany his life. For this picture, Fuseli placed himself in a studious position, and the Painter, who had numerous sittings, has succeeded beyond expression; for it is not only a fine specimen of colouring, but of most exquisite finishing: he was two days engaged upon his right hand only, which accords most admirably in character with his face. Fuseli,

* The cup is a splendid one, and was executed by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge.

severe as he certainly was in his remarks upon modern art, was extremely serviceable to Harlow, particularly in his picture of the Kemble Family, which gained him so much fame, in consequence of its extensive dissemination in the print so beautifully engraven by Clint. When Fuseli first saw this picture, which then contained thirty-one figures, they were all without feet, but by his advice, Harlow immediately altered it, and also introduced the back figure of a boy in a diagonal direction across the picture, suggested and actually drawn for him by Fuseli, which immediately produced a connexion, and perfected the composition. Harlow was unquestionably an artist of very high talent, but owing to some circumstances, he did not make his way into the Royal Academy, though he, like all other Waltonites, attempted to tickle the trout, by painting portraits of some of its members. In addition to the one already mentioned of Fuseli, he produced a capital likeness of Northcote, of which Lewis has made an admirable print: he also painted the one of Stothard, so well engraved by Worthington; and he began one of Nollekens, which was never completed. Harlow, unlike the generality of his brother artists, was so ridiculously foppish in his attention to dress, that I have known him to follow

the height of Fashion's follies so closely, that in consequence of the enormous length of his spurs, he has been inevitably obliged to walk down-stairs backwards, to save himself from falling headlong.

Fuseli, when in company, was frequently teased by persons, who asked him what he thought of such a work? how he held the talents of such a man? and, indeed, some would go so far as to observe, "I wonder you can suffer such trash to be praised."

To one of these persons he put the following question: "Pray, Sir, do you think I am to carry a shovel wherever I go, to clear away every dunghill I meet with?"

When Northcote was touching upon his celebrated picture of the lowering the Princes down the steps to their place of burial, so spiritedly engraved by Skelton for Boydell's Shakspeare, Fuseli objected to the hands belonging to a figure below, raised to receive the victims. "You should not," observed the critic, "have the fellow's hands so employed; he ought to be digging the hole for them: only think how awfully grand it would have been had you made him with a pick-axe—dump—dump—dump!" Upon which Northcote, who was fully aware of his man, requested to know in what

way he would paint the sound of dump—dump—dump.

Fuseli, upon hearing that a figure had been broken in the Antique Academy, entered the room with the following vociferation. "Which is the man who broke the cast? where is he? which is he?—Well, Sir, it is you who have broken the cast. Will you look round the room, and see if there be any other you would wish me to order out for you to break?"

Fuseli, for a length of time, had been teased by an idle and stupid student for his opinion of his drawing. "It is bad; take it into the fields and shoot at it, that 's a good boy."

When Morton, the Portrait-painter, first studied at the Academy, he commenced drawing the sandal of a foot before he got in the toes. Fuseli, after turning his drawing in every direction, asked him what he intended it for. "Is it a horse's bridle?" The assiduous student, though he had considered his mode no bad way of drawing the foot, found, by the admonition of the Keeper, that it was not the best way of doing it. Some students would have been displeased at the remark, but upon Morton's exertions it acted with so strong a stimulus, that he had the honour of gaining two medals in

the Royal Academy for drawings of the human figure.

It has been reported that Fuseli and Lavater, whose friendship commenced in their childhood, were obliged to quit Switzerland when very young, for most seriously and premeditatedly frightening a young lady, by attempting to produce the apparition of her deceased lover. True it is, that no persons could more mutually regard each other than Lavater and Fuseli, nor was their attachment lessened till the death of the Physiognomist, who certainly had paid every compliment to the Artist; for he not only introduced his portrait in his work, of which he spoke in the highest terms,* but

* Lavater, speaking of Fuseli, says:

"The curve which describes the profile in whole, is obviously one of the most remarkable; it indicates an energetic character, which spurns at the idea of trammels. The forehead, by its contours and position, is more suited to the poet than the thinker. I perceive in it more force than gentleness; the fire of imagination rather than the coolness of reason. The nose seems to be the seat of an intrepid genius. The mouth promises a spirit of application and precision, and yet it costs the original the greatest effort to give the finishing touch to the smallest piece. His extreme vivacity gets the better of that portion of attention and exactness with which Nature endowed him, and which is still distin-

placed the English translation of that interesting book entirely under his direction.

Fuseli was short in stature, his eyes full, prominent, and, like the eagle's, piercingly bril-

guishable in the detail of all his works. You will even sometimes find in them a degree of finishing almost over-curious, and which, for this reason, affords a singular contrast with the boldness of the whole. Any one may see, without my telling it, that this character is not destitute of ambition, and that the sense of his own merit escapes him not. It may also be suspected that he is subject to impetuous emotions; but will any one say that he loves with tenderness, with warmth, to excess? There is nothing, however, more true: though, on the other hand, his sensibility has occasion continually to be kept awake by the presence of the beloved object: absent, he forgets it, and troubles himself no more. The person to whom he is fondly attached, while near him, may lead him like a child; but, quit him, and the most perfect indifference will follow. He must be roused, be struck, in order to be carried along. Though capable of the greatest actions, to him the slightest complaisance is an effort. His imagination is ever aiming at the sublime, and delighting itself with prodigies.

The sanctuary of the Graces is not shut against him, but he has no great skill in sacrificing to them, and gives himself very little concern about it. Though formed to feel it, he seldom reaches the sublime. Nature intended him for a great poet, a great painter, a great orator; but, to borrow his own words, 'inexorable fate does not always proportion the will to our powers; it sometimes assigns a copious proportion of will to ordinary minds, whose faculties are very contracted; and frequently associates with the greatest faculties, a will feeble and impotent.'"

liant. He dressed well, and at all times looked like a superior man. His remarks were generally witty, and sometimes severely cutting; but to the ladies, particularly those who were qualified to give him the retort-courteous, he was cautiously and precisely polite. In early life, he suffered each of his many female admirers to suppose herself the favourite fair. Miss Moser, at one period, drew that conclusion, and for a long time he flirted with Angelica Kauffmann; but he found at last that that lady's glances were directed towards Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Parker. In Fuseli's marriage state, Mrs. Wolstoncraft fell desperately in love with him; and many other ladies were extremely delighted with his conversation, even to the extent of a long life, for his company was much courted.

One evening, when Mr. Nollekens accompanied Fuseli to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Coutts, the lively hostess, who had dressed herself as Morgiana, went round the room, after dinner, presenting a dagger to the breast of every one of her visitors, as if she intended to stab them;* and when she came to Nollekens, Fuseli was heard to cry out, "You may strike with safety; Nolly was never known to bleed."

* This was what Fuseli told Nollekens was "play-acting."

FLAXMAN.

JOHN FLAXMAN was born in York, July 6th, 1755, and when a boy, was not, like other children, fond of toys; but took the greatest delight in every thing pertaining to Sculpture. I have heard my father relate, that little John, when only six years of age, while standing between his knees, made the following request: "Mr. Smith, will you let me take a squeeze from your blue seal. My father has given me several impressions, and allows me to look at them when I am not engaged with my Latin books." To this anecdote I also subjoin the following, as it may be useful to some future biographer, who may be inclined to favour the public with a classic life of the inimitable Flaxman.

I have heard my late friend, the Rev. H. Mathew, relate, that in consequence of an accident which befel a model in his possession, he applied to Mr. Flaxman, a plaster figure-maker, who then lived in New-street, Covent-garden, to have it repaired. After he had conversed with him for some time in his shop, he heard a child cough behind the counter, and looking over, saw a little boy seated in a small chair before a large one, upon which he had a book.

Mr. Mathew asked him what book he had. "It is a Latin one, Sir," replied the interesting little fellow, raising himself by the assistance of his crutches: "I am trying to learn Latin, Sir."—"Indeed!" observed the Divine; "then I will bring you a better book when I come to-morrow;" and from this incident Mr. Mathew continued to notice him, and, as he grew up, became his first and best friend.

When the boy could walk as far as Rathbone-place, (for, in consequence of a weak state of body, it was many years before he could take much exercise,) he was introduced to Mrs. Mathew; who was so kind as to read Homer to him, whilst he made designs on the same table with her at the time she was reading. These were noticed by her friend Mr. Crutchley, of Sunning-hill-park, who gave him a commission to make a set of historical drawings for him in black chalk, consisting of figures nearly two feet in height, which now are in the possession of my worthy friend Dr. Mathew, to whose mother they had been given by Mr. Crutchley, upon his leaving his town-residence in Clarges-street. They are six in number, and the subjects are:—

1. Œdipus conducted by his daughter Antigone to the Temple of the Furies; in which the uncertain step of Œdipus

admirably expresses his blindness. 2. Dolon arrested as a spy by Diomedes and Ulysses. 3. The Death of Hector, in which are eight figures mourning over his body. 4. Alexander taking the cup from Philip, his physician, to whom Alexander has handed the accusation of an intention to poison him; wherein the Philosopher and aged Soldier are finely delineated. 5. Alceste about to preserve the life of her Husband, of whom and her Children she is taking leave; and the 6th represents her release from the Infernal Regions, and her restoration to her Husband by Hercules. The costume of the above drawings, and their effect of light and shade, prove the Artist's great attention to his subjects, even in his youth.

Mrs. Mathew also introduced young Flaxman to the late Mr. Knight, of Portland-place, who became his first employer as a Sculptor. For this gentleman he modelled a statue of Alexander the Great; and it is very remarkable, that my father, between whose knees little Flaxman had stood to request an impression of his seal, was the Sculptor selected by him to carve it. Mr. Flaxman's father had removed from New-street to a house in the Strand, opposite to Durham-yard, where Mr. Flaxman Jun. became his lodger; but after his marriage, he took a small house in Wardour-street, now No. 27, and there he executed, as a Sculptor, many works for his friend Mr. Knight, who generously supplied him with money.

During his residence in this house, he was chosen by the Parish of St. Anne, in which he

resided, as one of the Collectors for the Watch-rate; and I have often seen him, with an ink-bottle in his button-hole, collecting the rate. I also recollect reading in some newspaper the following paragraph: "We understand that Flaxman, the Sculptor, is about to leave his modest mansion in Wardour-street for Rome." In 1787, he left England, and studied in Rome, where he increased his friends and his fame, and returned to England in 1794. Upon his arrival, he took the premises in Buckingham-street, Fitzroy-square, where he died; and perhaps no man of such high and distinguished abilities had fewer enemies, nor a greater number of friends.

I cannot suffer the uninformed reader to conclude, that the carver's powers are not absolutely requisite to the fame of the designer and modeller; for, without his tasteful finishing, the most exquisite model may be totally deprived of its feeling, by the want of that fleshiness, which must ever charm the eye accustomed to dwell upon the fine productions of ancient Sculpture. The expression of a feature, —an eye for instance, so fascinating to the beholder, in which the very focus and soul of the modeller is seated,—if carelessly finished, might be lost for ever, particularly if too much of the stone were cut away. What an acquisi-

tion, then, an excellent carver must be in the studio of the classic Sculptor of high fame, whose mind must necessarily be engaged upon his designs; and whose hand, had it once been master of the tool, for the want of practice, could not manage it with so much ease as that of the artist who is continually employed on the marble only; nor, indeed, could his numerous commissions be executed by his hands alone. How, then, ought the modeller to value that carver, who possesses qualifications so highly essential to his future fame; and in the hour of sickness or affliction, how wise it would be in the employer, setting aside gratitude, which ought to be the first mover, to be attentive to the wants of one so useful to him!

In this feeling Nollekens was extremely deficient, for he seldom bestowed his encouragement, even upon the most deserving person; though he would raise the wages of an idle fellow who fed his dog, and suffer his most valuable assistants to want. Poor Gahagan, for instance, who carved his figure of Pitt, erected in the Senate-house, at Cambridge, had only *three hundred* pounds for the task, when Nollekens's charge was *three thousand!* and when this excellent carver applied to Nollekens for *fifty* pounds more, stating that he had made a very hard bargain, his

answer was, that he would think of it; and he certainly did leave him a small sum in his will, but Gahagan did not receive it until several years had elapsed, during which time he had undergone many serious vicissitudes of ill-fortune. Now, if the amount of the same sum had been given at the moment, it might have saved him many a cheerless and melancholy day. I most sincerely lament, that it was not in my power to render him that assistance, which, in a letter addressed to me, he requested; but had I been a Residuary Legatee of Mr. Nollekens's vast property, I can assert most solemnly, that my first act should have been to have requited him with the small sum which he so modestly and so painfully solicited. To the eternal honour of Flaxman be it recorded, that whenever any of *his* assistants were ill, or visited with misfortune, he made them frequent presents, or sent them the full amount which they would have received had they been occupied for his interest; nor did his humanity rest here, for if it were deemed expedient to have the opinion or advice of a physician, he always paid for his attendance.

Independently of my own long personal knowledge of Mr. Flaxman, I am enabled to relate several anecdotes of his goodness, with

which I have been favoured by his pupil Baily, the Royal Academician, a native of Bristol, who now stands so eminently conspicuous in the Art of Sculpture.

In the early part of Flaxman's career, when at Rome, he was much noticed by an English nobleman, who employed him to execute a group of the Fury of Athamas, for which he was to receive a very small recompense. The artist, after working upon the marble for a considerable time, in conjunction with De Vere, whom he paid liberally for his assistance, often complained of the severe task which his inexperience had induced him to undertake for so small a sum of money; but at the same time declaring, that instead of giving it up, and returning to England, he would persevere with all his powers to accomplish it, even though he were to die by the block.

Modest as Flaxman in many instances certainly was, particularly in his later days, when he would listen to the opinions of others, few persons would believe that when he was a young man, he was the most conceited artist of his day; which, however, he acknowledged to his friend Baily to have been correctly the fact. He said, that when he presented his model for the gold medal at the Royal Academy, he believed,

what many students then told him, that to a certainty he would gain the prize, and he continued to entertain that opinion even to the very hour of distribution; though he had received a pretty severe check on the day upon which he and his antagonist were to try their skill, by modelling a subject proposed by the Council in the presence of the Keeper, in order to convince the Academicians that each artist was fully capable of producing models equal to those they had sent in. Now it must be here noticed, that the two candidates, Flaxman and Engleheart, had agreed to allow each other to see what he had produced, within a certain time of the hours limited by the Council; at the expiration of the proposed time, Engleheart stepped forward to see what Flaxman, who had worked rapidly, and with the fullest confidence, had done; but when Flaxman walked round to look at Engleheart's model, he found that he had not even commenced; upon which, he was bold enough to conclude, that the medal must unquestionably be adjudged to him. Engleheart, who had been deeply engaged in thought, was not discouraged by what he had seen, but received fresh vigour, and ultimately astonished Flaxman, who, notwithstanding, was so perfectly satisfied in his own mind of success, that he

had boldly invited several friends to dine with him on the day of distribution, and actually left them with a view to go and take his medal, and a promise to return as soon as he had received it. But, alas! how fondly do we deceive ourselves! what was his chagrin, when, instead of hearing the name of Flaxman, that of Engleheart was pronounced as the successful candidate!

This timely lesson, he declared, so effectually operated upon his conceit, that he was determined ever after to talk less of his own talents, and to endeavour to do justice to those of others, who were also aspiring to the pinnacle of fame.—Sir Joshua Reynolds meeting Flaxman soon after he had received the hand of Miss Denman, in 1782, said to him, "So, Flaxman, you are married; there 's no going to Italy now." Mr. Baily, my informant, added, that it has been said, that it was in consequence of this observation of the President, that he was determined to visit Rome. Little did Sir Joshua imagine that the Sculptor to whom he then spoke, who at that time was only a student in the Academy, and inhabiting No. 27, one of the smallest houses in Wardour-street, would execute a statue to his memory, and that it would be erected in the Cathedral of St. Paul; nor could he ever suspect, great

as his fame was, that this statue would have been as often visited as those of Pasquin and Marforio, or that the pedestal would have displayed the signatures of some of the highest characters in Europe, so justly celebrated for their worth and talent.

Lord and Lady Inchiquin solicited Nollekens to execute Sir Joshua's monument, which he declined, by stating that his engagements would not permit him to undertake it; but I never heard until lately, that he had recommended it to Flaxman, as some have asserted. For my own part, too, I do not believe it, as they were never intimate, and their modes of thinking and living were so diametrically opposite, that it was not possible for a man with Flaxman's elegant and benevolent feelings, to associate with Nollekens. I am fully convinced also, from the ignorant observations which I have heard him make upon Flaxman,—whose sublime ideas and conversations on Art he never could understand,—that Flaxman never would have been preferred by him to Scheemakers's nephew, whose business of monument-making, for so I must call it with him, arose entirely from the overflowings of the studio of Nollekens, his uncle's pupil.

At no period of Mr. Flaxman's life did he

ever receive a present from any one beneath himself; and whenever he accepted any thing from persons, even in the highest station, he always selected something to give them in return, of at least double the value of that received: nor did he at any time, under any consideration whatever, when making a purchase, give less than what he conscientiously considered to be the full value. On the contrary, he has frequently been heard most vehemently to reprobate that detestable custom, so often practised by sordid and speculative money-getting men, of monopolizing articles, with a view of their increasing enormously in value at some future period.

Lavater, who has thought proper to judge of the qualities of a man's mind, by many slight peculiarities in the person's face or hand-writing, would have been perfectly safe, had he estimated the eminence of Flaxman's talents from the simplicity of his dress. His hair was simply combed, he never at any time wore powder, nor did he ever attempt to exhibit ornaments of finery; he never kept a servant in livery, though sometimes his polisher of marble, John Burge, stood behind his chair, at the Royal Academy dinners, in his Sunday clothes.

It is not the practice of modern Sculptors to

use the carving-tool according to the custom of the ancients.: Michel Angelo was at times his own *boaster*, and it has been said, that he would carve a figure at once from the block, without having any model to work from. Of Michel Angelo's method of carving, our country can boast of a noble specimen, in the exquisitely-beautiful composition of the Holy Family, brought to England by Sir George Beaumont, and now erected by the worthy Baronet in his gallery in Grosvenor-square. Its effect is so imposing, that when the spectator is standing at a little distance, this inestimable treasure, though unfinished, appears more like the commencement of a chiaro-oscuro picture, than a production in any kind of stone. The style of the whole work is square and bold beyond conception, and appears as if the great artist had played with his chisel, as he did with his modelling tool; the hand of the Virgin is inimitable.

Nollekens's time was mostly employed in modelling, and in consequence of his great practice, he acquired such dexterity with his clay, that he brought a bust wonderfully forward with his thumb and finger only. Flaxman also principally employed himself in modelling; but though not so dexterous as Nollekens, he kneaded the clay in a rough manner with the

hand, under the influence of a great mind. The manner in which he produced that noble specimen, the shield of Achilles, for Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, the eternal monument of his fame, was truly curious. He first modelled the general design, without attending minutely to the respective parts; it was then moulded in compartments, and cast in plaster, and he afterwards finished it up, by cutting away to that inimitable height of excellence, which enabled his spirited employers to produce those splendid casts of it in silver gilt, which adorn the sideboards of the King, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, &c.

No one could be more blessed with the friendship of men of worth than Flaxman. Those highly esteemed characters William Hayley, Thomas Hope, and Samuel Rogers, were among his dear and inseparable friends; the latter of whom has not only the good fortune of having the chimney-pieces and cornices of the rooms of his elegant mansion in St. James's-place, executed from the designs of Flaxman, but is also, fortunately, in possession of two figures of Cupid and Psyche; which works alone would do eternal honour to the artist, and the liberal and tasteful possessor,

who bespoke them. The first monument by Flaxman after his return to England, was that of Lord Mansfield, erected in Westminster Abbey. In 1804, he had two other public monuments in hand; one being to the memory of Captain Montagu, for Westminster Abbey, the other of Admiral Earl Howe. In 1808, he was engaged in the following public works:— A national monument, for St. Paul's, of Admiral Viscount Nelson, in which the hero is resting on an anchor, surrounded by figures of the Seas; and beside the pedestal, Britannia is directing the attention of two boys to the Admiral. A statue of Mr. Pitt, for Glasgow. A statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, for St. Paul's. A monument of Mr. Pitt, for India, as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In 1820, the Duke of Bedford nobly converted a building, erected in 1789 for a greenhouse, into a gallery, for the reception of ancient and modern Sculpture. It measures one hundred and thirty-eight feet in length, twenty-five in breadth, and twenty-two by seven inches in height; and I shall here insert a quotation from a magnificent folio volume, privately printed at the Duke's expense, entitled, "Outline Engravings and Descriptions of the Woburn Abbey Marbles. 1822."

"On the tympanum of the pediment of the portico of the Temple of Liberty, is a beautiful allegorical group, composed by Flaxman, representing the Goddess of Liberty, supporting a spear with one hand, and elevating in the other her pileus, or symbolical cap. On her right is Peace, holding a branch of olive, and caressing a lamb, near which a lion is reposing. On the left of the Goddess, are Genii, pouring out of the horn of plenty the rich fruits of the earth; near which are a bale of merchandize and sheaves of corn."

Plate thirty-eighth of this costly work, exhibits an outline of the above pediment, beautifully etched by Moses, whose needle is sure to enrich every work in which it is employed.

When the late Mr. Kemble retired from the stage, several of his numerous friends, considering that some decided and permanent mark of their high approbation of his dignified career should be voted him, Mr. Flaxman was requested to design a cup, or vase, which it was agreed should be executed by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, and presented at the Farewell-dinner. Flaxman, entertaining the most profound veneration for the grand and elevated talents of Kemble, not only acquiesced in their wishes, by commencing immediately upon the pleasing task, but liberally presented the design as his part of the subscription, which composition was modelled by his pupil Mr. Baily.

The design is a tripod-stand, upon which a

cup or vase is placed, surmounted by a wreath of laurels, standing erect. The first panel contains a bust of Shakspeare on a therme.* A figure, representing Kemble, is seated, studying with a book in his hands; a winged figure, the Genius of Shakspeare, has just descended to direct his attention to the following characters of the great dramatic poet, which are inscribed on the therme in the following order; viz. King John, Macbeth, Hamlet, Richard, Hotspur, Wolsey, Posthumus, Romeo, Brutus, and Coriolanus. The second side represents Mr. Kemble, advanced in years, and just descended from the stage, upon which he has left his senatorial chair, and dropped his dagger, while a figure of Tragedy, who has followed him, is crowning him with laurels. Upon the third was engraven the dedicatory inscription, composed by Mr. Poole. The whole of the working-expenses of this elegant tripod-cup and wreath, (weigh-

* Mr. Flaxman took this head of Shakspeare from Droeshout's print, which, if we may rely upon the testimony of Ben Jonson, who was no flatterer, was considered an excellent likeness of his rival. My own humble opinion is, that most, if not all the pictures which have been engraved with the greatest avidity, are most impudent impositions; produced, as many of them can be proved, by well-known impostors and needy men, whose necessitous families have urged them, like the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, to sell the poison.

ing nearly four hundred ounces of silver, in value about three hundred guineas) were liberally presented by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge as their subscription.

The cup not being finished, the drawing and cast were produced, by Mr. Mathews and Mr. Rae, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on June 27th, 1817, the day Mr. Kemble attended his Farewell-dinner, which was graced by the presence of twenty-two Noblemen, nine Members of the Royal Academy, William Locke, Samuel Rogers, and other eminent and highly talented characters.

'Mr. Flaxman, after receiving the highest encomiums upon so classic and elegant a design, in returning thanks, kept gradually walking up to the noble President, and, when he had finished his address, returned to his seat, filled his glass, with which he again advanced to the noble Lord, and drank to the whole company for the honour they had done him in drinking his health. The address of Mr. Flaxman to Lord Holland was, like most of his speeches, short and nervous. He declared that the merit of the design was highly increased by the name of the man whose memory the cup was to perpetuate; and he also assured his Lordship, that

he felt proud in knowing that his name would be hereafter associated with the object of that day's commemoration.

When Mr. Kemble left this country for the benefit of his health, which, by his theatrical exertions, was most seriously impaired, he left this elegant memento in the possession of his celebrated sister, Mrs. Siddons.

Upon Mr. Flaxman seeing some of Mr. Stothard's early and beautiful designs for the Novelist's Magazine, in the course of its periodical publication, he observed to his father, that he should like to know the artist; an intimacy soon commenced, and they ever after entertained a mutual friendship for each other. Wherever Mr. Flaxman found superior talent, he upon all occasions spake openly and nobly of its possessor. I recollect, when my father showed him the early productions of Mr. Howard, the Academician, that he considered them as works of the highest promise, and nothing could possibly exceed the encomiums which Mr. Flaxman continued to express, till the end of his life, upon the productions of that amiable artist: and I must also declare, though I own in feeble language, that the eloquent and honourable eulogium passed upon Mr. Flaxman, by the President of

the Royal Academy, did not surpass in esteem and respect the manner in which Mr. Howard has always mentioned the name of Flaxman.

I was present one evening, at the Argyll-Rooms, when Pistrucci, the Improvisatore, received, amongst other papers, from the audience, a request for his ideas in poetry for the composition of a monument to the memory of Canova; after he had read the request, he bowed to the centre of the second seat before him, and passed an elegant encomium upon our late British Phidias; saying, he could not think of delivering his ideas upon that subject, while there was a Flaxman present, who could, with a few lines of his pencil, far surpass ten thousand lines of his verses.

To the eternal honour of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the first English Artist who has followed the noble example of Sir Peter Paul Rubens, by liberally purchasing the works of contemporary artists, he has not only secured likenesses of Fuseli, Smirke, and Stothard, but unquestionably one of the finest busts of Flaxman extant, which are from the hand of Baily, the Academician, Flaxman's favourite pupil. Sir Thomas is also the fortunate possessor of two figures, designed and modelled by Flaxman, measuring about two feet in height; one re-

presents Michel Angelo, the other Raffaelle. These stand in his front-parlour, unconscious of the inestimable treasures the cabinets of that room contain from their immortal hands.

For some weeks previous to his decease, though he was met in the street by several friends only three days before his death, he certainly was on the decline; and yet his dissolution was unexpected. He departed in his house in Buckingham-street, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, next to that of St. Pancras Old Church.

The following inscription is cut upon an altar-tomb erected to the memory of his wife in the middle of the burial-ground:—

"JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.P.S.*
Whose mortal life
Was a constant preparation
For a blessed immortality:
His angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver,
On the 7th of December, 1826,
In the 72d year of his age."

* He was the first Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy.

BLAKE.

I BELIEVE it has been invariably the custom of every age, whenever a man has been found to depart from the usual mode of thinking, to consider him of deranged intellect, and not unfrequently stark staring mad; which judgment his calumniators would pronounce with as little hesitation, as some of the uncharitable part of mankind would pass sentence of death upon a poor half-drowned cur who had lost his master, or one who had escaped hanging with a rope about his neck. Cowper, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, dated June 3d, 1788, speaking of a dancing-master's advertisement, says, "The author of it had the good hap to be crazed, or he had never produced any thing half so clever; for you will ever observe, that they who are said to have lost their wits, have more than other people."

Bearing this stigma of eccentricity, William Blake, with most extraordinary zeal, commenced his efforts in Art under the roof of No. 28, Broad-street, Carnaby-market; in which house he was born, and where his father carried on the business of a hosier. William, the subject of the following pages, who was his second son, showing an early stretch of mind, and a

strong talent for drawing, being totally destitute of the dexterity of a London shopman, so well described by Dr. Johnson, was sent away from the counter as a booby, and placed under the late Mr. James Basire, an Artist well known for many years as Engraver to the Society of Antiquaries. From him he learned the mechanical part of his art, and as he drew carefully, and copied faithfully, his master frequently and confidently employed him to make drawings from monuments to be engraven.

After leaving his instructor, in whose house he had conducted himself with the strictest propriety, he became acquainted with Flaxman, the Sculptor, through his friend Stothard, and was also honoured by an introduction to the accomplished Mrs. Mathew, whose house, No. 27, in Rathbone-place, was then frequented by most of the literary and talented people of the day. This lady, to whom I also had the honour of being known, and whose door and purse were constantly open and ready to cherish persons of genius who stood in need of assistance in their learned and arduous pursuits, worldly concerns, or inconveniences,—was so extremely zealous in promoting the celebrity of Blake, that upon hearing him read some of his early efforts in poetry, she thought so well of them, as to request the Rev. Henry

Mathew, her husband, to join Mr. Flaxman in his truly kind offer of defraying the expense of printing them; in which he not only acquiesced, but, with his usual urbanity, wrote the following advertisement, which precedes the poems.

"The following sketches were the production of an untutored youth, commenced in his twelfth, and occasionally resumed by the author till his twentieth year; since which time, his talents having been wholly directed to the attainment of excellence in his profession, he has been deprived of the leisure requisite to such a revisal of these sheets, as might have rendered them less unfit to meet the public eye.

"Conscious of the irregularities and defects to be found in almost every page, his friends have still believed that they possessed a poetical originality, which merited some respite from oblivion. These, their opinions, remain, however, to be now reproved or confirmed by a less partial public."

The annexed Song is a specimen of the juvenile playfulness of Blake's muse, copied from page 10 of these Poems.*

SONG.

"How sweet I roam'd from field to field,
And tasted all the Summer's pride,
'Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

* The whole copy of this little work, entitled "Poetical Sketches, by W. B." containing seventy pages, octavo, bearing the date of 1783, was given to Blake to sell to friends, or publish, as he might think proper.

He show'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty."

But it happened, unfortunately, soon after this period, that in consequence of his unbending deportment, or what his adherents are pleased to call his manly firmness of opinion, which certainly was not at all times considered pleasing by every one, his visits were not so frequent. He however continued to benefit by Mrs. Mathew's liberality, and was enabled to continue in partnership, as a Printseller, with his fellow-pupil, Parker, in a shop, No. 27, next door to his father's, in Broad-street; and being extremely partial to Robert, his youngest brother, considered him as his pupil. Bob, as he was familiarly called, was one of my playfellows, and much beloved by all his companions.

Much about this time, Blake wrote many

other songs, to which he also composed tunes. These he would occasionally sing to his friends; and though, according to his confession, he was entirely unacquainted with the science of music, his ear was so good, that his tunes were sometimes most singularly beautiful, and were noted down by musical professors. As for his later poetry, if it may be so called, attached to his plates, though it was certainly in some parts enigmatically curious as to its application, yet it was not always wholly uninteresting; and I have unspeakable pleasure in being able to state, that though I admit he did not for the last forty years attend any place of Divine worship, yet he was not a Freethinker, as some invidious detractors have thought proper to assert, nor was he ever in any degree irreligious. Through life, his Bible was every thing with him; and as a convincing proof how highly he reverenced the Almighty, I shall introduce the following lines with which he concludes his address to the Deists.

> "For a tear is an intellectual thing;
> And a sigh is the sword of an Angel-King;
> And the bitter groan of a Martyr's woe
> Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow."

Again, at page 77, in his address to the Christians:

"I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall."

In his choice of subjects, and in his designs in Art, perhaps no man had higher claim to originality, nor ever drew with a closer adherence to his own conception; and from what I knew of him, and have heard related by his friends, I most firmly believe few artists have been guilty of less plagiarisms than he. It is true, I have seen him admire and heard him expatiate upon the beauties of Marc Antonio and of Albert Durer; but I verily believe not with any view of borrowing an idea; neither do I consider him at any time dependent in his mode of working, which was generally with the graver only; and as to printing, he mostly took off his own impressions.

After his marriage, which took place at Battersea, and which proved a mutually happy one, he instructed his *beloved*, for so he most frequently called his Kate,* and allowed her, till

* A friend has favoured me with the following anecdotes, which he received from Blake, respecting his courtship. He states that "Our Artist fell in love with a lively little girl, who allowed him to say every thing that was loving, but would not listen to his overtures on the score of matrimony.

the last moment of his practice, to take off his proof impressions and print his works, which she did most carefully, and ever delighted in the task: nay, she became a draughtswoman; and as a convincing proof that she and her husband were born for each other's comfort, she not only entered cheerfully into his views, but, what is curious, possessed a similar power of imbibing ideas, and has produced drawings equally original, and, in some respects, interesting.

Blake's peace of mind, as well as that of his Catherine, was much broken by the death of their brother Robert, who was a most amicable link in their happiness; and, as a proof how much Blake respected him, whenever he beheld him in his visions, he implicitly attended to his opinion and advice as to his future projected works. I should have stated, that Blake was supereminently endowed with the power of disuniting all other thoughts from his mind,

He was lamenting this in the house of a friend, when a generous-hearted lass declared that she pitied him from her heart. 'Do you pity me?' asked Blake. 'Yes; I do, most sincerely.'—'Then,' said he, 'I love you for that.'—'Well,' said the honest girl, 'and I love you.' The consequence was, they were married, and lived the happiest of lives."

whenever he wished to indulge in thinking of any particular subject; and so firmly did he believe, by this abstracting power, that the objects of his compositions were before him in his mind's eye, that he frequently believed them to be speaking to him. This I shall now illustrate by the following narrative.

Blake, after deeply perplexing himself as to the mode of accomplishing the publication of his illustrated songs, without their being subject to the expense of letter-press, his brother Robert stood before him in one of his visionary imaginations, and so decidedly directed him in the way in which he ought to proceed, that he immediately followed his advice, by writing his poetry, and drawing his marginal subjects of embellishments in outline upon the copper-plate with an impervious liquid, and then eating the plain parts or lights away with aquafortis considerably below them, so that the outlines were left as a stereotype. The plates in this state were then printed in any tint that he wished, to enable him or Mrs. Blake to colour the marginal figures up by hand in imitation of drawings.

The following are some of his works produced in this manner, viz.; "Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience," "The Book

of Jerusalem," consisting of an hundred plates, "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "Europe and America;" and another work, which is now very uncommon, a pretty little series of plates, entitled "Gate of Paradise."

Blake, like those artists absorbed in a beloved study, cared not for money beyond its use for the ensuing day; and indeed he and his "beloved" were so reciprocally frugal in their expenses, that, never sighing for either gilded vessels, silver-laced attendants, or turtle's livers, they were contented with the simplest repast, and a little answered their purpose. Yet, notwithstanding all their economy, Dame Fortune being, as it is pretty well known to the world, sometimes a fickle jade, they, as well as thousands more, have had their intercepting clouds.

As it is not my intention to follow them through their lives, I shall confine myself to a relation of a few other anecdotes of this happy pair; and as they are connected with the Arts, in my opinion they ought not to be lost, as they may be considered worthy the attention of future biographers.

For his marginal illustrations of "Young's Night Thoughts," which possess a great power

of imagination, he received so despicably low a price, that Flaxman, whose heart was ever warm, was determined to serve him whenever an opportunity offered itself; and with his usual voice of sympathy, introduced him to his friend Hayley, with whom it was no new thing to give pleasure, capricious as he was. This gentleman immediately engaged him to engrave the plates for his quarto edition of "The Life of Cowper," published in 1803-4; and for this purpose he went down to Felpham, in order to be near that highly respected *Hermit.*

Here he took a cottage, for which he paid twenty pounds a-year, and was not, as has been reported, entertained in a house belonging to Mr. Hayley rent-free. During his stay he drew several portraits, and could have had full employment in that department of the Art; but he was born to follow his own inclinations, and was willing to rely upon a reward for the labours of the day.

Mr. Flaxman, knowing me to be a collector of autographs, among many others, gave me the following letter, which he received from Blake immediately after his arrival at Felpham, in which he styles him

"DEAR SCULPTOR OF ETERNITY.

"WE are safe arrived at our cottage, which is more beautiful than I thought it, and more convenient. It is a perfect model for cottages, and, I think, for palaces of magnificence; only enlarging, not altering, its proportions, and adding ornaments and not principals. Nothing can be more grand than its simplicity and usefulness. Simple without intricacy, it seems to be the spontaneous effusion of humanity, congenial to the wants of man. No other-formed house can ever please me so well; nor shall I ever be persuaded, I believe, that it can be improved either in beauty, or use.

"Mr. Hayley received us with his usual brotherly affection. I have begun to work. Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen, and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses. My wife and sister are both well, courting Neptune for an embrace.

"Our journey was very pleasant; and though we had a great deal of luggage, no grumbling. All was cheerfulness and good-humour on the road, and yet we could not arrive at our cottage before half-past eleven at night, owing to the necessary shifting of our luggage from one chaise to another; for we had seven different chaises, and as many different drivers. We set out between six and seven in the morning of Thursday, with sixteen heavy boxes, and portfolios full of prints.

"And now begins a new life, because another covering of earth is shaken off. I am more famed in Heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain, are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity, before my mortal life;

and those works are the delight and study of archangels. Why then should I be anxious about the riches or fame of mortality? The Lord, our father, will do for us and with us according to his Divine will for our good.

"You, O dear Flaxman! are a sublime Archangel, my friend and companion from eternity. In the Divine bosom is our dwelling-place. I look back into the regions of reminiscence, and behold our ancient days before this earth appeared in its vegetated mortality to my mortal-vegetated eyes. I see our houses of eternity which can never be separated, though our mortal vehicles should stand at the remotest corners of Heaven from each other.

"Farewell, my best friend! Remember me and my wife in love and friendship to our dear Mrs. Flaxman, whom we ardently desire to entertain beneath our thatched roof of rusted gold; and believe me for ever to remain,

"Your grateful and affectionate,

WILLIAM BLAKE."

"Felpham, Sept. 21st, 1800.

"Sunday morning."

In a copy of Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper," illustrated by Stothard, which had been the one belonging to the Author's son, and which he gave after his death to Blake, are these verses in MS. by the hand of the donor.

"Accept, my gentle visionary, Blake,
Whose thoughts are fanciful and kindly mild;
Accept, and fondly keep for friendship's sake,
This favor'd vision, my poetic child.

"Rich in more grace than fancy ever won,
To thy most tender mind this book will be,
For it belong'd to my departed son;
So from an angel it descends to thee.

"W. H.
July, 1800."*

Upon his return from Felpham, he addressed the public, in page 3 of his Book of Jerusalem, in these words, "After my three years' slumber on the banks of the ocean, I again display my giant-forms to the public," &c.

Some of the "giant-forms," as he calls them, are mighty and grand, and if I were to compare them to the style of any preceding artist, Michel Angelo, Sir Joshua's favourite, would be the one; and were I to select a specimen as a corroboration of this opinion, I should instance the figure personifying the "Ancient of Days," the frontispiece to his "Europe, a Prophecy." In my mind, his knowledge of drawing, as well as design, displayed in this figure, must at once convince the informed reader of his extraordinary abilities.

I am now under the painful necessity of relating an event promulgated in two different ways by two different parties; and as I enter-

* I copied the above from the book now in the possession of Mrs. Blake.

tain a high respect for the talents of both persons concerned, I shall, in order to steer clear of giving umbrage to the supporters of either, leave the reader to draw his own conclusions, unbiassed by any insinuation whatever of mine.

An Engraver of the name of Cromek, a man who endeavoured to live by speculating upon the talents of others, purchased a series of drawings of Blake, illustrative of Blair's "Grave," which he had begun with a view of engraving and publishing. These were sold to Mr. Cromek for the insignificant sum of one guinea each, with the promise, and indeed under the express agreement, that Blake should be employed to engrave them; a task to which he looked forward with anxious delight. Instead of this negotiation being carried into effect, the drawings, to his great mortification, were put into the hands of Schiavonetti. During the time this artist was thus employed, Cromek had asked Blake what work he had in mind to execute next. The unsuspecting artist not only told him, but without the least reserve showed him the designs sketched out for a fresco picture; the subject Chaucer's "Pilgrimage to Canterbury;" with which Mr. Cromek appeared highly delighted. Shortly after this, Blake discovered that Stothard, a brother-artist to whom

he had been extremely kind in early days, had been employed to paint a picture, not only of the same subject, but in some instances similar to the fresco sketch which he had shown to Mr. Cromek. The picture painted by Stothard became the property of Mr. Cromek, who published proposals for an engraving from it, naming Bromley as the engraver to be employed. However, in a short time, that artist's name was withdrawn, and Schiavonetti's substituted, who lived only to complete the etching; the plate being finished afterwards by at least three different hands. Blake, highly indignant at this treatment, immediately set to work, and proposed an engraving from his fresco picture, which he publicly exhibited in his brother James's shop window, at the corner of Broad-street, accompanied with an address to the public, stating what he considered to be improper conduct.

So much on the side of Blake.* On the

* In 1809, Blake exhibited sixteen poetical and historical inventions, in his brother's first-floor in Broad-street; eleven pictures in fresco, professed to be painted according to the ancient method, and seven drawings, of which an explanatory catalogue was published, and is perhaps the most curious of its kind ever written. At page 7, the description of his fresco painting of Geoffrey Chaucer's Pilgrimage commences.

part of Stothard, the story runs thus. Mr. Cromek had agreed with that artist to employ him upon a picture of the Procession of Chaucer's Pilgrimage to Canterbury, for which he first agreed to pay him sixty guineas, but in order to enable him to finish it in a more exquisite manner, promised him forty more, with an intention of engaging Bromley to engrave it; but in consequence of some occurrence, his name was withdrawn, and Schiavonetti was employed. During the time Stothard was painting the picture, Blake called to see it, and appeared so delighted with it, that Stothard, sincerely wishing to please an old friend with whom he had lived so cordially for many years, and from whose works he always most liberally declared he had received much pleasure and edification, expressed a wish to introduce his portrait as one of the party, as a mark of esteem.

Mr. Hoppner, in a letter to a friend, dated May 30th, 1807, says of it,

"This intelligent group is rendered still more interesting by the charm of colouring, which though simple is strong, and most harmoniously distributed throughout the picture.

This picture, which is larger than the print, is now in the possession of Thomas Butts, Esq. a gentleman friendly to Blake, and who is in possession of a considerable number of his works.

The landscape has a deep-toned brightness that accords most admirably with the figures; and the painter has ingeniously contrived to give a value to a common scene and very ordinary forms, that would hardly be found, by unlearned eyes, in the natural objects. He has expressed too, with great vivacity and truth, the freshness of morning, at that season when Nature herself is most fresh and blooming—the Spring; and it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine we perceive the influence of it on the cheeks of the Fair Wife of Bath, and her rosy companions, the Monk and Friar.

"In respect of the execution of the various parts of this pleasing design, it is not too much praise to say, that it is wholly free from that vice which painters term *manner;* and it has this peculiarity beside, which I do not remember to have seen in any picture, ancient or modern, namely, that it bears no mark of the period in which it was painted, but might very well pass for the work of some able artist of the time of Chaucer. This effect is not, I believe, the result of any association of ideas connected with the costume, but appears in primitive simplicity, and the total absence of all affectation, either of colour or pencilling.

"Having attempted to describe a few of the beauties of this captivating performance, it remains only for me to mention one great defect. The picture is, notwithstanding appearances, *a modern one.* But if you can divest yourself of the general prejudice that exists against contemporary talents, you will see a work that would have done honour to any school, at any period." *

In 1810, Stothard, to his great surprise, found that Blake had engraved and published a plate

* See the "Artist," by Prince Hoare, Esq. No. 13, Vol. I. page 13.

of the same size, in some respects bearing a similarity to his own.* Such are the outlines of this controversy.

Blake's ideas were often truly entertaining, and after he had conveyed them to paper, his whimsical and novel descriptions frequently surpassed his delineations; for instance, that of his picture of the Transformation of the Flea to the form of a Man, is extremely curious. This personification, which he denominated a Cupper, or Blood-sucker, is covered with coat of armour, similar to the case of the flea, and is represented slowly pacing in the night, with a

* I must do Mr. Stothard the justice to declare, that the very first time I saw him after he had read the announcement of Blake's death, he spoke in the handsomest terms of his talents, and informed me that Blake made a remarkably correct and fine drawing of the head of Queen Philippa, from her monumental effigy in Westminster Abbey, for Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, engraved by Basire. The collectors of Stothard's numerous and elegant designs, will recollect the name of Blake as the engraver of several plates in the Novelist's Magazine, the Poetical Magazine, and also others for a work entitled the Wit's Magazine, from drawings produced by the same artist. Trotter, the engraver, who received instructions from Blake, and who was a pattern-draughtsman to the calico-printers, introduced his friend Stothard to Blake, and their attachment for each other continued most cordially to exist in the opinion of the public, until they produced their rival pictures of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrimage.

thorn attached to his right hand, and a cup in the other, as if ready to puncture the first person whose blood he might fancy, like Satan prowling about to seek whom he could devour. Blake said of the flea, that were that lively little fellow the size of an elephant, he was quite sure, from the calculations he had made of his wonderful strength, that he could bound from Dover to Calais in one leap.* Whatever may be the public opinion hereafter of Blake's talents, when his enemies are dead, I will not presume to predict;† but this I am certain of, that on the score of industry at least, many artists must

* This interesting little picture is painted in Fresco. It is now the property of John Varley, the Artist, whose landscapes will ever be esteemed as some of the finest productions in Art, and who may fairly be considered as one of the founders of the Society of Artists in Water Colours; the annual exhibitions of which continue to surpass those of the preceding seasons.

† Blake's talent is not to be seen in his engravings from the designs of other artists; though he certainly honestly endeavoured to copy the beauties of Stothard, Flaxman, and those masters set before him by the few publishers who employed him; but his own engravings from his own mind are the productions which the man of true feeling must ever admire, and the predictions of Fuseli and Flaxman may hereafter be verified—"That a time will come when Blake's finest works will be as much sought after and treasured up in the portfolios of men of mind, as those of Michel Angelo are at present."

strike to him. Application was a faculty so engendered in him that he took little bodily exercise to keep up his health: he had few evening walks and little rest from labour, for his mind was ever fixed upon his art, nor did he at any time indulge in a game of chess, draughts, or backgammon; such amusements, considered as relaxations by artists in general, being to him distractions. His greatest pleasure was derived from the Bible,—a work ever at his hand, and which he often assiduously consulted in several languages. Had he fortunately lived till the next year's exhibition at Somerset-house, the public would then have been astonished at his exquisite finishing of a Fresco picture of the Last Judgment, containing upwards of one thousand figures, many of them wonderfully conceived and grandly drawn. The lights of this extraordinary performance have the appearance of silver and gold; but upon Mrs. Blake's assuring me that there was no silver used, I found, upon a closer examination, that a blue wash had been passed over those parts of the gilding which receded, and the lights of the forward objects, which were also of gold, were heightened with a warm colour, to give the appearance of the two metals.

It is most certain, that the uninitiated eye

was incapable of selecting the beauties of Blake; his effusions were not generally felt; and in this opinion I am borne out in the frequent assertions of Fuseli and Flaxman. It would, therefore, be unreasonable to expect the booksellers to embark in publications not likely to meet remuneration. Circumstanced, then, as Blake was, approaching to threescore years and ten, in what way was he to persevere in his labours? Alas, he knew not! until the liberality of Mr. Linnell, a brother-artist of eminence, whose discernment could well appreciate those parts of his designs which deserved perpetuity, enabled him to proceed and execute in comfort a series of twenty-one plates, illustrative of the Book of Job. This was the last work he completed, upon the merits of which he received the highest congratulations from the following Royal Academicians: Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Baily, Mr. Philips, Mr. Chantrey, Mr. James Ward, Mr. Arnald, Mr. Collins, Mr. Westmacott, and many other artists of eminence.

As to Blake's system of colouring, which I have not hitherto noticed, it was in many instances most beautifully prismatic. In this branch of the art he often acknowledged Apelles to have been his tutor, who was, he said, so much pleased with his style, that once when

he appeared before him, among many of his observations, he delivered the following:—"You certainly possess my system of colouring; and I now wish you to draw my person, which has hitherto been untruly delineated."

I must own that until I was favoured by Mr. Upcott with a sight of some of Blake's works, several of which I had never seen, I was not so fully aware of his great depth of knowledge in colouring. Of these most interesting specimens of his art, which are now extremely rare, and rendered invaluable by his death, as it is impossible for any one to colour them with his mind, should the plates remain, Mr. Richard Thomson, another truly kind friend, has favoured me with the following descriptive lists.

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE. The author and printer, W. Blake. Small octavo; seventeen plates, including the title-page. Frontispiece, a winged infant mounted on the shoulders of a youth. On the title-page, two figures weeping over two crosses.

Introduction. Four Stanzas on a cloud, with a night-sky behind, and beneath, a figure of Earth stretched on a mantle.

Earth's Answer. Five Stanzas; a serpent on the ground beneath.

The Clod and the Pebble. Three Stanzas; above, a head-piece of four sheep and two oxen; beneath, a duck and reptiles.

A Poison Tree. Four Stanzas. The tree stretches up the

right side of the page; and beneath, a dead body killed by its influence.

The Fly. Five Stanzas. Beneath, a female figure with two children.

Holy Thursday. Four Stanzas. Head-piece a female figure discovering a dead child. On the right-hand margin a mother and two children lamenting the loss of an infant which lies beneath. Perhaps this is one of the most tasteful of the set.

The Chimney-Sweeper. Three Stanzas. Beneath, a figure of one walking in snow towards an open door.

London. Four Stanzas. Above, a child leading an old man through the street; on the right-hand, a figure warming itself at a fire. If in any instance Mr. Blake has copied himself, it is in the figure of the old man upon this plate, whose position appears to have been a favourite one with him.

The Tiger. Six Stanzas. On the right-hand margin, the trunk of a tree; and beneath, a tiger walking.

A Little Boy Lost. Six Stanzas. Ivy-leaves on the right-hand, and beneath, weeping figures before a fire, in which the verses state that the child had been burned by a Saint.

The Human Abstract. Six Stanzas. The trunk of a tree on the right-hand margin, and beneath, an old man in white drawing a veil over his head.

The Angel. Four Stanzas. Head-piece, a female figure lying beneath a tree, and pushing from her a winged boy.

My Pretty Rose Tree. Two stanzas: Succeeded by a small vignette, of a figure weeping, and another lying reclined at the foot of a tree. Beneath, are two verses more, entitled, *Ah! Sun Flower;* and a single stanza, headed *The Lilly.*

Nurse's Song. Two Stanzas. Beneath, a girl with a youth and a female child at a door surrounded by vine-leaves.

A Little Girl Lost. Seven stanzas; interspersed with

birds and leaves, the trunk of a tree on the right-hand margin.

The whole of these plates are coloured in imitation of fresco. The poetry of these songs is wild, irregular, and highly mystical, but of no great degree of elegance or excellence, and their prevailing feature is a tone of complaint of the misery of mankind.

AMERICA: *a Prophecy.* Lambeth: Printed by William Blake, in the year 1793; folio; eighteen plates or twenty pages, including the frontispiece and title-page. After a preludium of thirty-seven lines commences the Prophecy of 226, which are interspersed with numerous head-pieces, vignettes, and tail-pieces, usually stretching along the left-hand margin, and enclosing the text; which sometimes appears written on a cloud, and at others environed by flames and water. Of the latter subject a very fine specimen is shown upon page 13, where the tail-piece represents the bottom of the sea, with various fishes coming together to prey upon a dead body. The head-piece is another dead body lying on the surface of the waters, with an eagle feeding upon it with outstretched wings. Another instance of Mr. Blake's favourite figure of the old man entering at Death's door, is contained on page 12 of this poem. The subject of the text is a conversation between the Angel of Albion, the Angels of the Thirteen States, Washington, and some others of the American Generals, and "Red Orc," the spirit of war and evil. The verses are without rhyme, and most resemble hexameters, though they are by no means exact; and the expressions are mystical in a very high degree.

EUROPE: *a Prophecy.* Lambeth: Printed by William Blake, 1794; folio; seventeen plates on the leaves, inclusive of the frontispiece and title-page. Coloured to imitate the ancient fresco painting. The Preludium consists of thirty-

three lines, in stanzas without rhyme, and the Prophecy of two hundred and eight; the decorations to which are larger than most of those in the former book, and approach nearest to the character of paintings, since, in several instances, they occupy the whole page. The frontispiece is an uncommonly fine specimen of art, and approaches almost to the sublimity of Raffaelle or Michel Angelo. It represents "The Ancient of Days," in an orb of light surrounded by dark clouds, as referred to in Proverbs viii. 27, stooping down with an enormous pair of compasses to describe the destined orb of the world,* "when he set a compass upon the face of the earth."

"——— in His hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure;
And said, "Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O World!"
Paradise Lost, Book vii. line 236.

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* He was inspired with the splendid grandeur of this figure, by the vision which he declared hovered over his head at the top of his staircase; and he has been frequently heard to say, that it made a more powerful impression upon his mind than all he had ever been visited by. This subject was such a favourite with him, that he always bestowed more time and enjoyed greater pleasure when colouring the print, than any thing he ever produced.

Mr. F. Tatham employed him to tint an impression of it, for which I have heard he paid him the truly liberal sum of three guineas and a half. I say liberal, though the specimen

Another splendid composition in this work, are the two angels pouring out the black spotted plague upon England, on page 9; in which the fore-shortening of the legs, the grandeur of their positions, and the harmony with which they are adapted to each other and to their curved trumpets, are perfectly admirable. The subject-matter of the work is written in the same wild and singular measures as the preceding, and describes, in mystical language, the terrors of plague and anarchy which overspread England during the slumbers of Enitharmon for eighteen hundred years; upon whose awaking, the ferocious spirit Orc bursts into flames "in the vineyards of red France." At the end of this poem, are seven separate engravings on folio pages, without letter-press, which are coloured like the former part of the work, with a degree of splendour and force, as almost to resemble sketches in oil-colours. The finest of these are a figure of an angel standing in the sun, a group of three furies surrounded

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is worth any price, because the sum was so considerably beyond what Blake generally had been accustomed to receive as a remuneration for his extraordinary talents. Upon this truly inestimable impression, which I have now before me, Blake worked when bolstered-up in his bed only a few days before he died; and my friend F. Tatham has just informed me, that after Blake had frequently touched upon it, and had as frequently held it at a distance, he threw it from him, and with an air of exulting triumph exclaimed, "There, that will do! I cannot mend it." However, this was not his last production; for immediately after he had made the above declaration to his beloved Kate, upon whom his eyes were steadfastly fixed, he vociferated, "Stay! keep as you are! *you* have ever been *an angel* to me, I will draw you;" and he actually made a most spirited likeness of her, though within so short a period of his earthly termination.

by clouds and fire, and a figure of a man sitting beneath a tree in the deepest dejection; all of which are peculiarly remarkable for their strength and splendour of colouring. Another publication by Mr. Blake, consisted only of a small quarto volume of twenty-three engravings of various shapes and sizes, coloured as before, some of which are of extraordinary effect and beauty. The best plates in this series are,—the first of an aged man, with a white beard sweeping the ground, and writing in a book with each hand, naked; a human figure pressing out his brain through his ears; and the great sea-serpent; but perhaps the best is a figure sinking in a stormy sea at sun-set, the splendid light of which, and the foam upon the black waves, are almost magical effects of colouring. Beneath the first design is engraven "*Lambeth, printed by W. Blake*, 1794."

Blake's modes of preparing his ground, and laying them over his panels for painting, mixing his colours, and manner of working, were those which he considered to have been practised by the earliest fresco-painters, whose productions still remain, in numerous instances, vivid and permanently fresh. His ground was a mixture of whiting and carpenter's glue, which he passed over several times in thin coatings: his colours he ground himself, and also united them with the same sort of glue, but in a much weaker state. He would, in the course of painting a picture, pass a very thin transparent wash of glue-water over the whole

of the parts he had worked upon, and then proceed with his finishing.*

This process I have tried, and find, by using my mixtures warm, that I can produce the same texture as possessed in Blake's pictures of the Last Judgment, and others of his productions, particularly in Varley's curious picture of the personified Flea. Blake preferred mixing his colours with carpenter's glue, to gum, on account of the latter cracking in the sun, and becoming humid in moist weather. The glue-mixture stands the sun, and change of atmos-

* Loutherbourgh was also, in *his* way, very ingenious in his contrivances. To oblige his friend Garrick, he enriched a Drama, entitled "*The Christmas Tale,*" with scenery painted by himself, and introduced such novelty and brilliancy of effect, as formed a new era in that species of art. This he accomplished by means of differently-coloured silks placed before the lamps at the front of the stage, and by the lights behind the side scenes. The same effects were used for distance and atmosphere. As for instance, Harlequin in a fog, was produced by tiffany hung between the audience and himself. Mr. Seguire, the father of the Keeper of the King's Pictures, and those of the National Gallery, purchased of Mr. Loutherbourgh ten small designs for the scenery of Omiah, for which scenes the manager paid him one thousand pounds. Mr. Loutherbourgh never would leave any paper or designs at the theatre, nor would he ever allow any one to see what he intended to produce; as he secretly held small cards in his hand, which he now and then referred to in order to assist him in his recollections of his small drawings.

phere has no effect upon it. Every carpenter knows that if a broken piece of stick be joined with good glue, the stick will seldom break again in the glued parts.

That Blake had many secret modes of working, both as a colourist and an engraver, I have no doubt. His method of eating away the plain copper, and leaving his drawn lines of his subjects and his words as stereotype, is in my mind perfectly original. Mrs. Blake is in possession of the secret, and she ought to receive something considerable for its communication, as I am quite certain it may be used to the greatest advantage both to artists and literary characters in general.

That Blake's coloured plates have more effect than others where gum has been used, is, in my opinion, the fact, and I shall rest my assertion upon those beautiful specimens in the possession of Mr. Upcott, coloured purposely for that gentleman's godfather, Ozias Humphrey, Esq. to whom Blake wrote the following interesting letter.

TO OZIAS HUMPHREY, ESQ.

"THE design of The Last Judgment, which I have completed by your recommendation for the Countess of Egremont, it is necessary to give some account of; and its various parts ought to be described, for the accommodation of those who give it the honour of their attention.

"Christ seated on the Throne of Judgment: the Heavens in clouds rolling before him and around him, like a scroll ready to be consumed in the fires of the Angels; who descend before his feet, with their four trumpets sounding to the four winds.

"Beneath, the Earth is convulsed with the labours of the Resurrection. In the caverns of the earth is the Dragon with seven heads and ten horns, chained by two Angels; and above his cavern, on the earth's surface, is the Harlot, also seized and bound by two Angels with chains, while her palaces are falling into ruins, and her counsellors and warriors are descending into the abyss, in wailing and despair.

"Hell opens beneath the harlot's seat on the left hand, into which the wicked are descending.

"The right hand of the design is appropriated to the Resurrection of the Just: the left hand of the design is appropriated to the Resurrection and Fall of the Wicked.

"Immediately before the Throne of Christ, are Adam and Eve, kneeling in humiliation, as representatives of the whole human race; Abraham and Moses kneel on each side beneath them; from the cloud on which Eve kneels, and beneath Moses, and from the tables of stone which utter lightning, is seen Satan wound round by the Serpent, and falling headlong; the Pharisees appear on the left hand pleading their own righteousness before the Throne of Christ: The Book of Death is opened on clouds by two Angels; many groups of figures are falling from before the throne, and from the sea of fire, which flows before the steps of the throne; on which are seen the seven Lamps of the Almighty, burning before the throne. Many figures chained and bound together fall through the air, and some are scourged by Spirits with flames of fire into the abyss of Hell, which opens to receive them beneath, on the left hand of the harlot's seat; where others are howling and descending into the flames, and in the act of drag-

ging each other into Hell, and of contending in fighting with each other on the brink of perdition.

"Before the Throne of Christ on the right hand, the Just, in humiliation and in exultation, rise through the air, with their Children and Families; some of whom are bowing before the Book of Life, which is opened by two Angels on clouds: many groups arise with exultation; among them is a figure crowned with stars, and the moon beneath her feet, with six infants around her, she represents the Christian Church. The green hills appear beneath; with the graves of the blessed, which are seen bursting with their births of immortality; parents and children embrace and arise together, and in exulting attitudes tell each other, that the New Jerusalem is ready to descend upon earth; they arise upon the air rejoicing; others newly awaked from the grave, stand upon the earth embracing and shouting to the Lamb, who cometh in the clouds with power and great glory.

"The whole upper part of the design is a view of Heaven opened; around the Throne of Christ, four living creatures filled with eyes, attended by seven angels with seven vials of the wrath of God, and above these seven Angels with the seven trumpets compose the cloud, which by its rolling away displays the opening seats of the Blessed, on the right and the left of which are seen the four-and-twenty Elders seated on thrones to judge the dead.

"Behind the seat and Throne of Christ appears the Tabernacle with its veil opened, the Candlestick on the right, the Table with Shew-bread on the left, and in the midst, the Cross in place of the Ark, with the two Cherubim bowing over it.

"On the right-hand of the Throne of Christ is Baptism, on his left is the Lord's Supper—the two introducers into Eternal Life. Women with infants approach the figure of an aged Apostle, which represents Baptism; and on the left-hand the Lord's Supper is administered by Angels, from the

hands of another aged Apostle; these kneel on each side of the Throne, which is surrounded by a glory: in the glory many infants appear, representing Eternal Creation flowing from the Divine Humanity in Jesus; who opens the Scroll of Judgment upon his knees before the living and the dead.

"Such is the design which you, my dear Sir, have been the cause of my producing, and which, but for you, might have slept till the Last Judgment.

"WILLIAM BLAKE.

"January 18, 1808."

Blake and his wife were known to have lived so happily together, that they might unquestionably have been registered at Dunmow. "Their hopes and fears were to each other known," and their days and nights were passed in each other's company, for he always painted, drew, engraved and studied, in the same room where they grilled, boiled, stewed, and slept; and so steadfastly attentive was he to his beloved tasks, that for the space of two years he had never once been out of his house; and his application was often so incessant, that in the middle of the night, he would, after thinking deeply upon a particular subject, leap from his bed and write for two hours or more; and for many years, he made a constant practice of lighting the fire, and putting on the kettle for breakfast before his Kate awoke.

During his last illness, which was occasioned

by the gall mixing with his blood, he was frequently bolstered-up in his bed to complete his drawings, for his intended illustration of Dante; an author so great a favourite with him, that though he agreed with Fuseli and Flaxman, in thinking Carey's translation superior to all others, yet, at the age of sixty-three years, he learned the Italian language purposely to enjoy Dante in the highest possible way. For this intended work, he produced seven engraved plates of an imperial quarto size, and nearly one hundred finished drawings of a size considerably larger; which will do equal justice to his wonderful mind, and the liberal heart of their possessor, who engaged him upon so delightful a task at a time when few persons would venture to give him employment, and whose kindness softened, for the remainder of his life, his lingering bodily sufferings, which he was seen to support with the most Christian fortitude.

On the day of his death, August 12th,* 1827, he composed and uttered songs to his Maker so sweetly to the ear of his Catherine, that when she stood to hear him, he, looking upon her most affectionately, said, "My beloved, they are not mine—no—they are not mine." He

* Not the 13th, as has been stated by several Editors who have noticed his death.

expired at six in the evening, with the most cheerful serenity. Some short time before his death, Mrs. Blake asked him where he should like to be buried, and whether he would have the Dissenting Minister, or the Clergyman of the Church of England, to read the service; his answers were, that as far as his own feelings were concerned, they might bury him where she pleased, adding, that as his father, mother, aunt, and brother, were buried in Bunhill-row, perhaps it would be better to lie there, but as to service, he should wish for that of the Church of England.

His hearse was followed by two mourning-coaches, attended by private friends: Calvert, Richmond, Tatham, and his brother, promising young artists, to whom he had given instructions in the Arts, were of the number. Tatham, ill as he was, travelled ninety miles to attend the funeral of one for whom, next to his own family, he held the highest esteem. Blake died in his sixty-ninth year, in the back-room of the first-floor of No. 3, Fountain-court, Strand, and was buried in Bunhill-fields, on the 17th of August, at the distance of about twenty-five feet from the north wall, numbered eighty.

Limited as Blake was in his pecuniary cir-

cumstances, his beloved Kate survives him clear of even a sixpenny debt; and in the fullest belief that the remainder of her days will be rendered tolerable by the sale of the few copies of her husband's works, which she will dispose of at the original price of publication; in order to enable the collector to add to the weight of his book-shelves, without being solicited to purchase, out of compassion, those specimens of her husband's talents which they ought to possess.

THE END.

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